BEGINNING — **THE PRIVATE LIFE OF MARIE DRESSLER**
By **ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS**

MAY 13,
1933

Liberty

5¢

SCISSORS
KNIVES
SHARPENED
HARRY
T
FISK

DANCING ON GLASS

ILLUSION:
In India, the fakirs present a spectacle to tourists. Two lovely performers appear, throw jagged pieces of glass into a box already filled with broken glass. They step *barefooted* into the box and do an Oriental dance—uninjured.

EXPLANATION:
Before appearing the performers toughen their feet in a solution of alum water and rub them with pulverized resin. They throw the sharp glass around the *edges* of the platform. The glass on which they actually do dance has the edges rounded off. They just *pretend* to dance on the *sharp* glass.

SOURCE: *"Magic Stage Illusions and Scientific Diversions" by Albert A. Hopkins, Munn & Co., New York.*

Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED ...IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

One of the tricks of cigarette advertising is to pretend that "Heat Treatment" is an exclusive process, making one cigarette better than any other.

EXPLANATION: *All* cigarette manufacturers use heat treatment. The first Camel cigarette ever made, and every one of the billions of Camels produced since, has received the necessary heat treatment. Harsh, raw tobaccos require *intensive* processing under high temperatures. The more expensive tobaccos, which are naturally mild, *call* for only a moderate application of heat.

It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

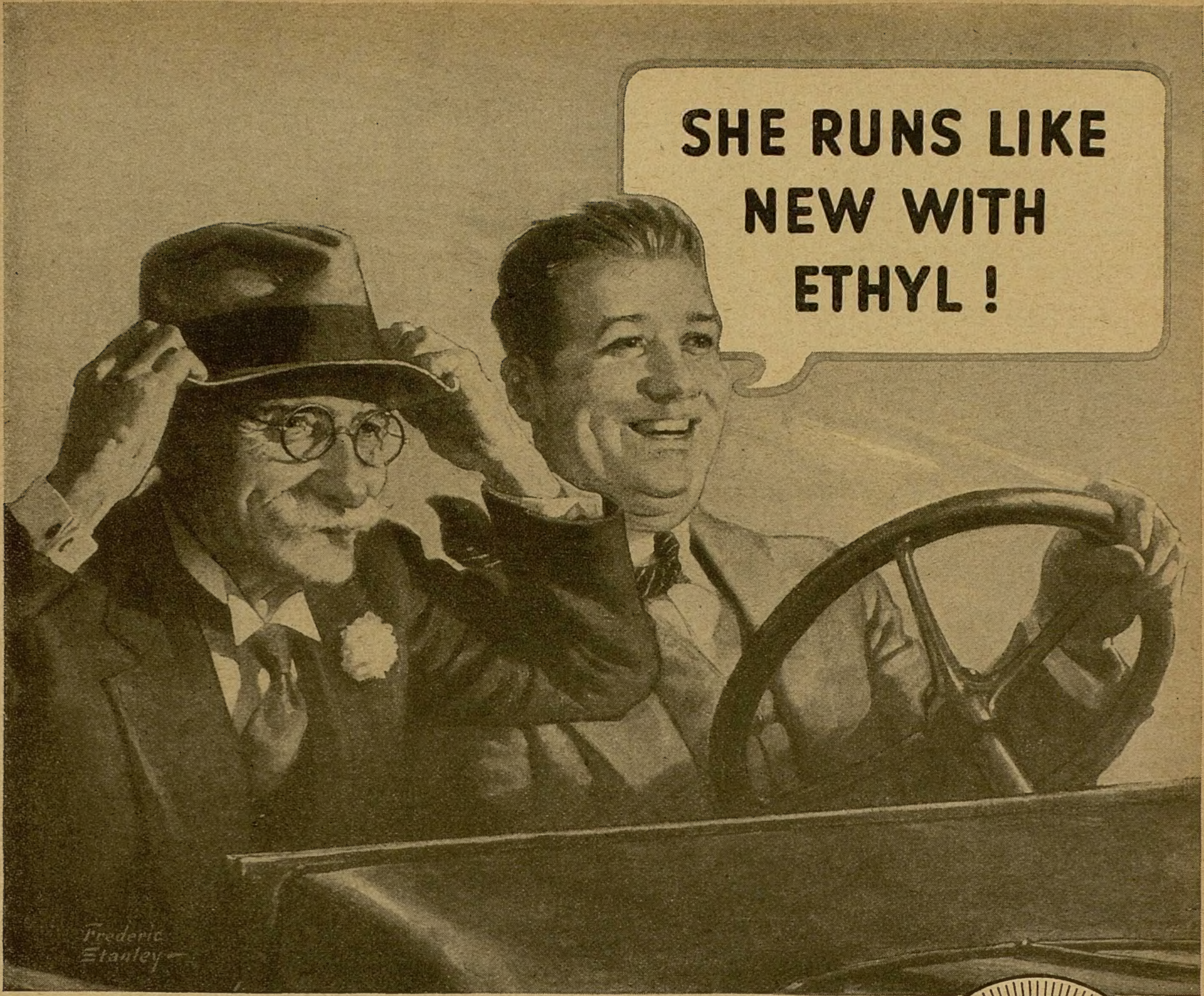
Try Camels. Judge them critically. Compare them with others for mildness, for throat-ease, for good taste. They'll win you!

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY
CAMEL 20's

KEPT FRESH IN THE WELDED HUMIDOR PACK

NO TRICKS —JUST COSTLIER TOBACCOS

IN A MATCHLESS BLEND


SHE RUNS LIKE NEW WITH ETHYL !
Frederic Stanley

WITH

ETHYL

(TRADE MARK) REG. U.S. PATENT OFF.

BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
NEW YORK, U.S.A.

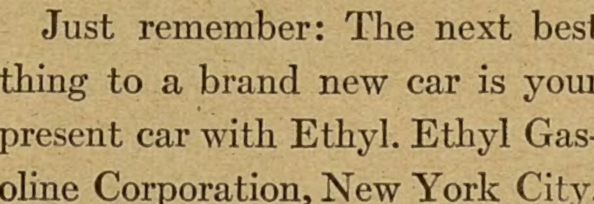
THE WORLD'S HIGHEST QUALITY MOTOR FUEL

IT TAKES MORE than good gasoline to make an old car kick up its heels and act young again. It takes good gasoline *plus* the life-restoring action of Ethyl fluid.

Inside the car engine, Ethyl fluid banishes harmful knock and sluggishness. It brings lost youth and power back to your motor. It gives you again the old thrill when you step on it!

These days, when we have to do without so many things, we *need* the pleasure our cars can give us. And even if you don't place dollars and cents value on the *fun* of driving with Ethyl Gasoline, you'll make savings in lessened repair bills that *more* than offset the small extra cost.

Just remember: The next best thing to a brand new car is your present car with Ethyl. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.



Ethyl fluid contains lead. © E. G. C. 1933

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

All Ethyl Gasoline is red, but not all red gasolines contain Ethyl fluid. The color is for identification only and has nothing to do with performance. Look for this Ethyl emblem on the pump (or its globe).

* * *

The all-round quality of Ethyl Gasoline is doubly tested: at the time of its mixing, and through constant inspection of samples taken from pumps. The Ethyl Gasoline standard of anti-knock quality is higher today than ever before.

NEXT TIME STOP AT THE ETHYL PUMP

Liberty

America's Best Read Weekly

MAY 13, 1933 VOL. 10, NO. 19

> *"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."*
> —*Abraham Lincoln.*

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Cover by HARRY T. FISK

A PLAN TO PUT MILLIONS TO WORK WITHOUT COST TO THE GOVERNMENT

Governmental improvements can be made with the help of literally millions of workers without expense to the government if the plan presented by Professor Irving Fisher of Yale is approved by the Washington legislators.

Already Professor Fisher's plan has the enthusiastic support of Representative Pettengill of Indiana and Senator Bankhead of Alabama. They have introduced a bill in the Senate to make this idea work to the advantage of the host of unemployed. The plan has been presented in detail in Senate Bill 5674 and House Bill 14757 authorizing the United States government to issue up to one billion dollars in stamped money certificates of one-dollar denomination.

Every Wednesday for fifty-two consecutive weeks a two-cent postage stamp must be affixed by the holder on the back of the certificate. When fully stamped this certificate is to be redeemable by the Treasury with other lawful money of the United States. This makes the entire issue fully self-liquidating within one year, with a profit to the government of forty million dollars on a billion-dollar issue.

Stamps to the value of a dollar and four cents in fifty-two weeks would have to be affixed to each certificate. Therefore on every bill there would be a gross profit of four cents to the government.

The special advantage of this plan is that hoarding becomes expensive. A dollar's value is reduced by two cents every week it is retained.

This money could be furnished to the various states *pro rata* in accordance with their population for only one purpose, and that is public improvements of various kinds. It could not be used in competitive trade except when it had been spent by workers who had secured it in the form of wages.

As a means of lowering taxes and furnishing employment for millions of unemployed it offers interesting possibilities. Everywhere throughout the country there are public improvements which have been delayed because of the lack of funds. This money could be furnished to the various states without cost, and paid out to the workers, who would have to spend it promptly to secure its full value.

It would be valid for every purpose if the stamps due at the time have been affixed thereon. If these bills were deposited in banks two cents would be assessed for each dollar deposited.

Two weeks after this money had been issued by the federal government the weekly payment of two cents would begin. To make the affixing of stamps convenient, ordinary postage could be used.

This is indeed a revolutionary idea—but these are revolutionary times. We have not given the plan sufficient study to support it in every detail, but it is certainly worth careful consideration.

The plans for the "peace army" which our President is now forming need not be held up for the lack of funds if this plan is adopted. In every town and city in the United States millions of the unemployed could be put to work without cost to the taxpayers.

Relief organizations everywhere are bitterly complaining about the financial shortage. The various sources which they have previously used for replenishing their treasuries have in many instances been entirely exhausted. Such a plan would provide employment for all those whom they are now supporting in idleness.

Some people might term this a sales tax, as it represents a two-percent payment for each week the money is retained; but these bills would probably change hands several times a week, and on Tuesdays there would doubtless be an orgy of spending on the part of holders.

At this time, when spending is so greatly restricted, there would be no complaint on that score. This money would simply be a temporary measure; it would have to be used during one year. It might furnish relief that is appallingly needed at this time and help us over the hard places that we have inherited from the depression.

If you think this plan is worthy of support, do your part. Write the senator from your district, urging him to support this bill. Or a letter to Representative Pettengill or Senator Bankhead commending them for their interest in this legislation would be helpful.

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Ever smoke to
keep from dozing?

Do you smoke like sixty when you're working, writing, or driving into the dawn? Does it make you wonder how anyone can keep up such a pace as a regular thing? . . . You ought to see the letters we receive from heavy smokers! "You can smoke one Spud right after the other," they write. "Spud is *always* cool and enjoyable."

SPUD FANS ARE MADE, NOT BORN . . . First, Spud fans tell us, they try them out on some non-stop smoking bout. Find, to their surprise, that they can smoke all they want. Then they get to like the moist-cool, clean taste of Spud's fragrant tobacco flavor. And that settles it! They're with Spud for keeps. *Mouth-happy!*
THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

SPUD

Spud
Menthol-Cooled
CIGARETTES
CHOICE TOBACCO

MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES · 20 FOR 15c
(25c IN CANADA)

The INSIDE on the BANKING *Investigations*

How Unscrupulous Bankers Used Depositors' Money to Bolster Unsound Securities and Brought About the Financial Crisis

(Reading time: 26 min. 20 sec.)

By F. H. LA GUARDIA

PART ONE— THE BANKETEERS

Mr. La Guardia, famed as a fighting progressive, represented a New York constituency in Congress from 1917 to March 4 last, except in 1921-23. He has an enviable war record in the United States Air Service, in which he rose to the rank of major. A New Yorker by birth, he began his career in the consular service, turned to law, became deputy attorney-general of his state. He has been president of New York City's board of aldermen and a candidate for mayor.

IT takes more than a pair of spats and a love nest on Park Avenue to make a real banker. But our banking system has become a sort of fraternity. It is no longer a question of what you know, but whom you know. Anybody with a political contact can procure a charter. Bookmakers and fur dealers who happen to be acquainted with congressmen have obtained national bank charters.

Now, we have reached the stage where we have either to put some of our bankers in Atlanta or let Al Capone out. There's little difference between the racketeer and the banketeer these days! One uses a machine gun, and the other a stock ticker. I have been telling my countrymen about this for six years, and I still have plenty of information available!

Statistics are like alienists—they will testify for either side. Let us consider the human aspect of this question. Look at the stark tragedy of the past months, and then think of the simple problem that confronts this nation.

All that we ask is the assurance that when we put a hundred dollars in an American bank, we can get it out when we want it! That assurance we lack at present, because so many of our leading bankers have violated their trust. Many of them have been protected for years by officers of the government and the antiquated banking laws.

The truth is just beginning to come out. Look around you. A complete wreck! Marcus and Singer of the Bank of United States are in Sing Sing; Mitchell of the National City Bank and Harriman of the Harriman National are under indictment; and numbers of others, to escape the same fate, are blowing out their brains or jumping from high windows. We have had bank holidays, liquidations, conservators, receivers, and investigations. It all means that the unsuspecting public that deposited money for safe-keeping has been robbed.

The American people have been kept in ignorance. Their elected and appointed officers did not act to protect them. That goes from Andrew W. Mellon down.

Charles E. Mitchell boasted that one of his concerns was successfully evading the laws of Massachusetts; and *for nine long years* I have been trying to get some action to protect depositors in the Harriman National Bank. Witness this letter, on stationery bearing the imprint of the Treasury Department, dated May 28, 1924, and signed by Henry M. Dawes, Comptroller of the Currency:

> MY DEAR MR. LA GUARDIA:
>
> I note your letter of May 20th, and we will take proper recognition of the situation, if the Harriman National Bank of New York City has been violating the National Bank Act.

And I repeated that warning more than a year ago. I could not get any action at either time. I will state on my own responsibility, and since March 4 I have had no congressional immunity, that the Harriman National Bank is as filthy a pawnshop as ever operated under the cloak of a national charter.

By the time this article is off the press the Harriman Bank's former president and namesake will be under indictment. At least he should be. [EDITOR'S NOTE: Since the article was written, Joseph W. Harriman has been indicted.] Once in a while it seems the tentacles of the law *can* reach out and clutch a real crook! An alert Attorney-General could get others.

The late Harry B. Rosen, a vice president of the Harriman Bank, told me himself that "millions of dollars had been grafted every year through bonuses and commissions on loans made by that bank to individuals."

"But why 'bonuses and commissions'?" I inquired innocently. "After all, any reputable person entitled to a loan can get money on proper collateral."

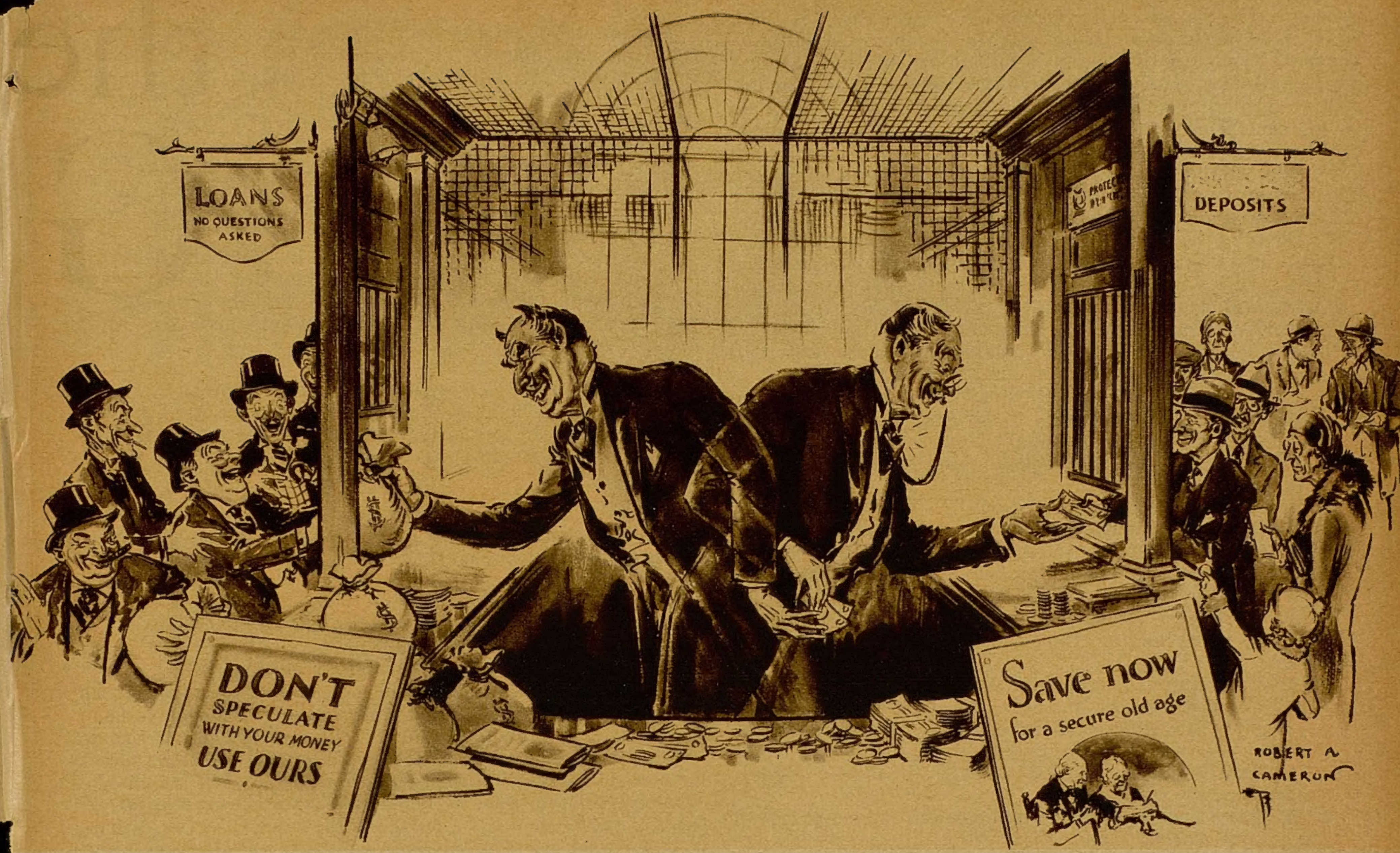
"Don't be a fool, major," rejoined Rosen. "Any reputable person with collateral ought to know better than to come to the Harriman National Bank!"

He chuckled and continued:

"In addition to bonuses and commissions, if a guy gets a loan from our bank he generally takes out life insurance from me, and I get my commission on *that*."

"My God, that's terrible!" I said. "Why, from all that, you must be making a million a year!"

"I am," replied Rosen, "but I've got to split it three or four ways."


LOANS
NO QUESTIONS ASKED
DEPOSITS
DON'T SPECULATE WITH YOUR MONEY USE OURS
Save now for a secure old age
ROBERT A CAMERON

Some of our leading bankers have violated their trust. The unsuspecting public has been robbed.

"To split it with officers of the bank?" I asked.

"With who else, then?" smiled Rosen.

I said: "Rosen, you'll land in Atlanta some day!"

"If I do," he answered, "there'll be a few Christian bankers to go along with me."

At the time of this conversation I was president of the Board of Aldermen of New York City and was being mentioned as a candidate for mayor. Rosen was trying to impress me in order to persuade me what a "splendid" candidate for city comptroller he would make!

I was disgusted. I finally told him that I doubted very much if the politicians would ever permit me to become mayor of New York. But if they did, one of my first official actions would be to order the Department of Health to send a truckload of chloride of lime and formaldehyde down and thoroughly disinfect the Harriman National Bank and all its officers, including himself.

He broke into a roar of laughter.

"That's a splendid joke, major!" he chuckled. "I must tell that to Harriman."

When I recently attempted to expose the truth about banking conditions, I was confronted with the most obstinate opposition by means of all sorts of propaganda. In all fairness, it must be said that some reputable banks would not lend themselves to this campaign, nor would they contribute financially to carry it on.

When I was exposing gambling, crooked pools, and bear markets on the New York Stock Exchange, it was not surprising to find half a dozen of the crookedest banks allied in the fight to oppose corrective legislation. Among such the Harriman National Bank was selected to conduct a nation-wide campaign against it and the revelations I was making.

Paid advertisements were inserted by the Harriman National Bank in every New York newspaper and, I am informed, in prominent dailies throughout the United States, attacking my attitude on the tax bill, which they said forced down the prices of stocks. I ask: What is the connection between a national bank and the Stock Exchange? Can there be any legitimate connection? Assuming for the moment that the taxes which I contemplated on stock transfers were excessive, what did that have to do with a national bank? Who paid for this advertising? Was it some stockbroker, or stockbrokers, or the Harriman National Bank which claimed credit for the ads? Did the cost of this advertising come out of depositors' money?

I again called the attention of the Comptroller of the Currency and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to the condition of the Harriman National Bank less than a year ago. If the authorities had acted then, the Harriman Bank catastrophe might not have occurred.

The Harriman National Bank fiasco shows how lax was the supervision of banks under the Mellon régime and the tradition which "the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton" has left behind him!

ANOTHER sacred cow which has profaned the financial holy of holies is the National City Bank. Before the recent moratorium it was doing business unloading securities through the National City Investment Company. They are now divorced through mutual consent, and the public has so far failed to notice that the investment company stock has been divided among the bank's stockholders. It is under exactly the same control as the bank. The alleged present reform is all bunk.

This National City Investment Company was kicked out of Massachusetts. It was forbidden to do business there because of the way in which it had handled the stock of the Oliver Farm Equipment Company of Chicago. It floated several million dollars' worth of this preferred stock at one hundred dollars a share in 1929. The price dropped even when other stocks were rising. Finally it got down to about one dollar a share.

When the company was kicked out of Massachusetts, I wired the National City Bank asking for an explanation of its position.

Charles E. Mitchell telegraphed me on May 10, 1932, in Washington, admitting that the National City Investment Company of Boston, a subsidiary of the National City Bank, had been fined five thousand dollars " for unintentional technical violation of the Massachusetts Sale of Securities Act." (Ask any holder of this stock about this " unintentional and technical " violation!) He stated further that the Securities Commission had taken the view that the Superior Court conviction automatically revoked the company's license.

Then he went on to explain that " rather than await a Supreme Court's decision, a new subsidiary, known as the State City Company of Massachusetts, had been organized, and had been promptly granted a license by the Securities Commission." He boasted that they were still doing business, under a new name, but apparently still selling the public the same kind of securities.

" For God's sake, La Guardia," cried a friend of the National City whom he sent to see me, " don't make your information public! You don't want to cause a national catastrophe, do you? This is all going to be straightened out! "

It *never* was " straightened out "! Yet the officials of the National City Bank continue today to pose as respectable bankers, and to sell doubtful securities which they refuse to guarantee, in many other states.

I make the following charges, each of which I am prepared to back with evidence, against these big bankers and the office-holding allies who assisted and protected them:

1. They dumped quantities of securities, which they knew to be worthless, on their own depositors.
2. They forced those same securities on small bankers, and thereby wrecked the little banks.
3. They have been speculating with the money of their depositors.
4. They assisted stock gambling, and rigged prices of their own stocks.
5. They played politics.
6. They failed entirely to furnish any leadership during this crisis.
7. They have been profiteering on emergency relief measures. Depositors have suffered all of the loss.
8. They have been deliberately violating and evading the laws of their country, and they have advised and assisted others to do likewise.

WHAT do I mean by " evading the law "? Just what I say. Why are taxes so high? Because these big bankers calmly coach their wealthy clients as to the best means of evading their fair share of the cost of the government. This is done not by shyster lawyers or irresponsible citizens but by great financial institutions.

Just a year ago, when the tax bill was under consideration, the Chase National Bank of New York—one of the biggest financial institutions in the world—sent a letter to its patrons under date of March 26, 1932. The letterhead bears the names of Albert H. Wiggin, John McHugh, Charles McCain, Winthrop W. Aldrich, and Vice President Reeve Schley, by whom it is signed.

I introduced this letter before the House on March 31, 1932. It read as follows:

> The proposed federal estate supertax is leading many of our clients to scrutinize their real-estate plans very carefully, in order to obtain maximum economies between now and the effective date of the proposed law.
>
> It will be possible in certain instances to effect maximum economies by setting up irrevocable living trusts. But after the passing of the new revenue bill—which is expected to include the new gift tax—the amount which an estate owner can save by setting up irrevocable living trusts will be substantially reduced.
>
> Since it appears that the new bill does not contain any retroactive clause, those who act at once to create irrevocable living trusts may be able to save the gift-tax levy and at the same time minimize their estate liabilities and income taxes.
>
> If you will write us, indicating a time and place of appointment, we shall be glad to arrange a meeting between you and a member of our Trust Department staff, to discuss this problem with you.

I pointed out on the floor of the House at the time that the chairman of the board of governors of this institution is Mr. Albert H. Wiggin, who is one of the prime sponsors of a movement in this country for reducing wages and bringing down the standard of living.

This great financial institution, and others, had been criticizing Congress for its delay in balancing the budget, and here's an example of their efforts to destroy the work of Congress and defeat the very taxes necessary to balance that budget.

Since we now know that Charles E. Mitchell of the National City was avoiding the payment of the tax on his own income, it is not surprising to find that his bank was carefully advising its myriad clients how also to *avoid* taxes!

I HAVE in my possession a memorandum written by the National City Bank to their attorneys. (The Attorney-General ought to go through all the files of these large banks.) That memo speaks for itself. It reads as follows:

> We have had up with you the matter of the federal estate tax in connection with the securities accounts standing on the books of the National City Bank in the name of Marshal Chang Hsiao-Liang and Madam Chang. We wish to supplement the suggestion to Marshal Chang regarding the rearrangement of his accounts *so as to avoid, as far as possible, the federal estate tax.* [Italics mine.]
>
> He [our representative] proposes to suggest that securities having a market value of approximately one half million dollars be transferred out of his personal account and placed in an account to be opened in the name of Madam Chang; that a further amount of about one half million, market value, be placed in an account to be opened in the name of Marshal Chang's children, who, we understand, are minors; the balance of the account to be carried in his name.
>
> It is intended that if Marshal Chang acts on this proposal, and the two additional accounts are opened, Madam Chang will request the bank to accept such instructions as Marshal Chang may wish to give in regard to the disposition of income and the principal, if he should so desire.
>
> In order to assist in dealing with the subject, he suggests that counsel prepare a letter to be signed by Marshal Chang, instructing the bank to make the transfers in question. He would also like to get the form of letter which Madam Chang should write to the National City Bank instructing it to accept such instructions as Mr. Chang may choose to give with regard to the operation of her account.
>
> In the case of the minor children of Marshal Chang, I take it it will be sufficient for him to instruct the bank to transfer certain securities out of his joint account into the account to be opened in his name, as natural guardian; and that the bank will accept his instructions regarding the operation of this account.

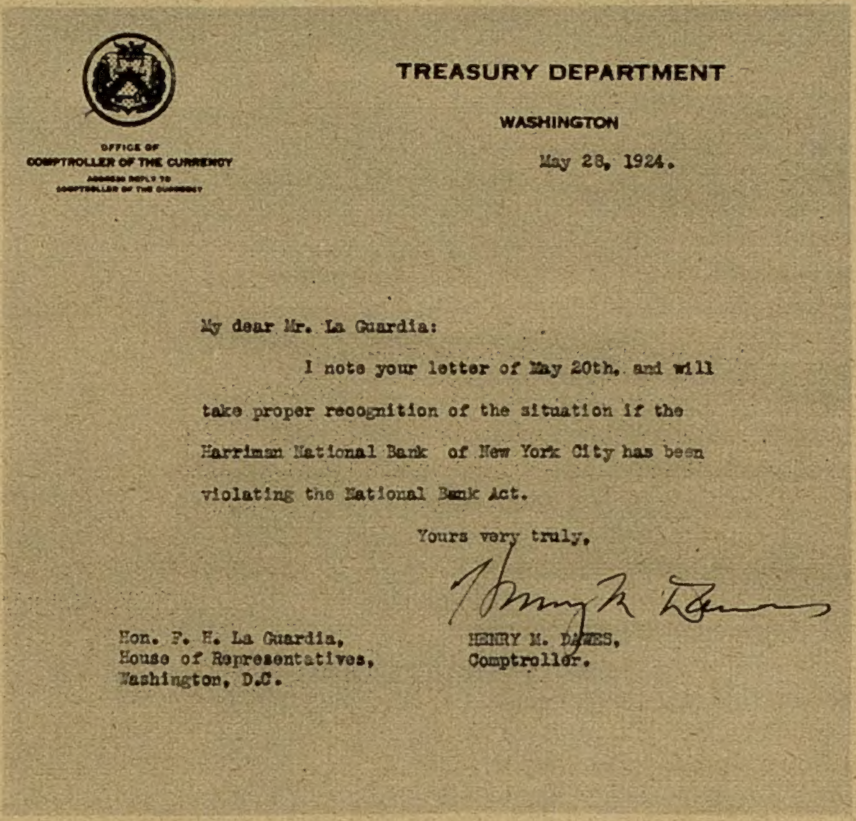
And there you have the written evidence of their policy. They were publicly urging Congress to enact a new revenue bill to establish more taxes to be forced on the small wage earners, while at the same time they maintained special departments to assist in the *evasion* of taxes. " Soak the little fellow with a sales tax! " shouted the multimillionaire and his big banker friends. " But if you try to tax us, we will duck, and make money by telling others how they can dodge their taxes also."

These things were reprehensible. But the blackest crimes of all were embodied in their stock-market activities! Big bankers, brokers, and politicians were all in the mess together. They all betrayed their clients and constituents, and they misled the country horribly. Some of the bankers were crooked; some were merely ignorant.

The opinion which Otto H. Kahn expressed to me some time ago is illuminating. (Mr. Kahn, incidentally, has never had any reason for feeling friendly toward me. I suppose I have criticized his firm as much as I have any other firm in Wall Street.) It was just before the final crash, and I was pointing out my misgivings about the future. Much to my surprise, Mr. Kahn told me I was even optimistic! I told him of the difficulties I was encountering in getting information on actual figures from the bankers. Mr. Kahn smiled. " Mr. Congressman," he said, " I don't believe there are six men who could be classified as genuine bankers, in the strict sense, in this city! "

There can be no doubt that these banketeers who, knowingly, foisted worthless securities on their fellow countrymen almost wrecked the United States for their own profit!

No less a personage than Ogden Mills, former Secretary of the Treasury, practically admitted that, when he appeared before our Allied Progressive group in Congress to plead for the passage of the moratorium. Ogden Mills almost got down on his knees before us, warning us that our whole financial structure might not survive more than two weeks unless we passed this legislation.



TREASURY DEPARTMENT
WASHINGTON

OFFICE OF
COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY
ADDRESS REPLY TO
COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY

May 28, 1924.

My dear Mr. La Guardia:

I note your letter of May 20th, and will take proper recognition of the situation if the Harriman National Bank of New York City has been violating the National Bank Act.

Yours very truly,

HENRY M. DAWES,
Comptroller.

Hon. F. H. La Guardia,
House of Representatives,
Washington, D.C.

Here is proof that Mr. La Guardia was trying nine years ago to get some action taken to protect depositors in the Harriman National Bank.

Ogden Mills certainly did not say (as was publicly declared later) that the moratorium spelled the end of the depression, the beginning of a new era, and the solution of all our problems. Instead, he told us that nobody knew what was going to happen!

As a result of his testimony there remained no doubt that the moratorium was precipitated by the bad banking practices of American bankers. Even though we realized this, the Allied Progressive group finally gave the administration the legislation it sought.

At that time the Reconstruction Finance Corporation Bill was before the House. Eugene Meyer wished to appear before us. We refused to hear him, because we did not feel that he knew what he was talking about; nor that we could have believed him.

Bankers and politicians alike were misleading our people at that time with false assurances of the end of the crisis.

At the same time they were attacking Congress and holding over our heads the threat that they would create a panic unless they secured whatever measures they wanted!

From the very earliest days of the present financial crisis (and I go back to 1929) there has been a constantly repeated series of such *threats*. These have emanated from bankers and members of the Stock Exchange.

WHENEVER they wanted anything done or not done, they resorted to this means of intimidation. It was so with the moratorium and the R. F. C. When President Hoover courageously called attention to the bear raids by the same gang of ticker tricksters that were going on, raids that had attained an undue, unreasonable, and unwarranted point in the control of the prices of stocks and commodities, the President was on the right track. But what happened? A conference was called, which took place at the White House; and once again appeared the threat of panic, financial confusion, what not, if measures looking toward adequate investigations were pressed!

It was not a new procedure. A similar condition had confronted President Wilson. The subject of certain banking practices and Stock Exchange methods was the cause of some very bitter discussion during the Wilson campaign. Then they threatened a panic. But Woodrow Wilson was not to be bluffed so easily. He replied: " If anyone dares to do it, I'll hang him higher than Haman! "

On the other hand, the story of false reassurances that the depression was over is too well known to be repeated at length. These reassurances began on October 25, 1929, when President Hoover declared that the fundamental business of the country was on " a sound and prosperous basis." They were repeated by Alexander Legge, chairman of the Federal Farm Board, by Secretary of the Treasury Andrew W. Mellon, by Secretary of Commerce Robert P. Lamont, and by Secretary of Labor James J. Davis.

I have never subscribed to the hush-hush policy invoked by the Mellon régime and deliberately fostered by the Hoover administration. It was not only wrong; it was dishonest. A frank statement of actual conditions would have saved millions of dollars to honest investors and would have gradually decreased the cost of our national financial reconstruction.

I absolve no one in the Coolidge administration. A dark page in the national history will indicate its participation in the financial policy of the day!

I HOPE that Woodin will avoid this pitfall; and I wonder what Parker Gilbert, of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., is doing around the Treasury Department. He is a very competent man. I do not wish to detract from his ability. I wish he were still in the government service.

So it goes. When we develop a good man the big bankers take him.

The hush-hush policy made it possible for the banketeers, the stock riggers, and the ticker-tape gamblers to go to any length. I don't accuse Hoover of any malicious intent in fostering this policy. He's naturally a timid man. He can't help it. The bankers bluffed him and got away with it.

The R. F. C. measure was forced through Congress. It was a ruthless coercion on the part of the bankers, who threatened to wreck the savings banks and insurance companies and bring ruin on the country unless it was passed.

It is a millionaires' dole! And you can't get away from that! It is a subsidy for broken bankers, a subversion for bankrupt institutions, a reward for reckless and unscrupulous bond pluggers!

At the time it was under discussion, January 11, 1932, I took the floor and said:

" Gentlemen, I came here today not to defend the bankers of my city but to apologize for them. Reference has been made to the ingenuity of our financially big men. May I say that the whole financial banking system of the United States has not produced *one* original idea, or one man of genius, in this crisis! On the contrary, these same bankers are entirely responsible if the public has lost confidence and has withdrawn deposits! These same bankers sold their own depositors worthless securities. They rigged their own bank stocks up to ridiculous and unwarranted prices, and sold the stocks to the public! "

They wrecked little banks, and big banks too.

The Bank of United States and its 400,000 depositors could undoubtedly have been saved. I am holding no brief for Marcus, Singer, and the rest of the officers. I think some of them are right where they should be, in jail, for the same reason that many other leading bankers should be in jail cells also! That reason is their connection with the sale of their own stocks. The men at the head of the Bank of United States in this respect did exactly the same as the men at the head of the National City and other banks: they rigged their own stocks and plugged them on sale—always with the assurance that purchasers could get their money back at any time! They wrote letters to their depositors, telling them how much money they had on hand, and promising that if they invested their savings in the bank stock they would make more, and could always get their money back.

I have actually seen these letters.

But, disregarding the sale of stock, the Bank of United States could have been saved. It was not. It was Hitlerized.

New York's leading bankers could have taken this bank over on December 11, 1930. They led the bank officials on, and then allowed the Superintendent of Banks to believe that they intended to do so. But when the crucial moment arrived they called a meeting and deliberately discounted every Bank of United States mortgage by 100 per cent.

This meeting was held at the United States Federal Reserve Bank. It was attended by Charles E. Mitchell, Albert H. Wiggin, Thomas W. Lamont, Francis D. Barstow (of J. P. Morgan & Company), Charles H. Sabin, and other financial giants. When the meeting was ended, Joseph A. Broderick, State Superintendent of Banks, hurried over to inform the directors of the Bank of United States of the action taken.

He entered the room where they were meeting, between 5 and 5:30 A. M., and announced: "Well, fellows, you have lost your fight! That's the first round; but you're not licked yet by a damn' sight. I think what's happened and what's going to happen to this bank is a damn' shame.

"Apparently real-estate assets, or loans secured by real estate, or real-estate securities are worth *nothing* and should be thrown out! I wonder what would happen to these same bankers if their formula should be applied to them? I repeat, to close this bank is a damn' shame. *You are solvent.*"

I know that the reason for permitting the Bank of United States to fail was explained to two or three of the Christian directors. They were informed that the other banks did not want to save a Jewish bank. They were told that there were already too many Jewish banks in New York City.

And some 400,000 depositors were sacrificed to anti-Semitic prejudice!

The bankers and the brokers are all in the same boat. I could quote you endless examples. I told you how the National City Bank sold Oliver Farm Equipment stock and was kicked out of Massachusetts for doing so. Here before me is one of their 1929 advertisements, offering the stock at 100 a share, pointing out that it was redeemable at the option of the company upon thirty days' notice, at 107½ a share, plus accumulated unpaid dividends. Today (March 24, 1933) it is quoted at 2½ a share.

ON November 15, 1930, Lee, Higginson & Company of New York was plugging Kreuger & Toll, recommending it for investment, and stating: "From the standpoint of yield, future appreciation in value, and *diversification*, we regard these certificates as highly desirable for the long-time *American* investor." Kreuger & Toll was also plugged by Hayden, Stone & Company and others.

Even the sainted Babson poured out advice which was as utterly worthless as all the others'! C. W. Stone, vice president of Babson's statistical organization, was writing to a client in 1929:

"As a concrete suggestion, we recommend that you purchase Niagara-Hudson Power common at 30 or under (traded in on the New York Curb). This is a stock in which we are especially interested, and we believe if you will purchase a few shares, the ultimate profit thereon will more than pay for a year's subscription to our service."

Look at your morning paper and see where that stock, so highly recommended by Babson, is today.

And if you want to see another example of what they did to the American people, take a look at this list of depression-proof stocks, issued by McNeel's Financial Service of Boston in November, *1929*. The leaflet bears the headline: "Pessimism Reduced to an Absurdity. Reasons for Believing Low Prices of Last Week End of Decline. Sanity Returning." It goes on to state that "While it is impossible to definitely declare that the decline in the stock market is over, prices reached such a state of ridiculousness last Wednesday that there was, and is, no question as to whether the investor is buying real values under present conditions. Nothing could change that opinion except a complete loss of faith in the future of the United States of America. . . ."

It lists seven stocks as depression-proof, saying:

The following are recommended for their investment and speculative merits, because past records show that even in times of general business recession the enterprises in which they are engaged are relatively immune:

Name of Stock	Recent High	Nov., 1929 Current Price	Price March 24, '33
Warren Bros.	207¾	129	3⅞
American Tobacco	232½	180	56
Electric B. & S.	189	67	12¾
American Tel. & Tel.	310¼	219	95
Fox Film	105⅝	65	1½
Gillette Razor	143	95	15
Kroger Grocery	122½	45	18

THE Secretary of the Treasury, the Comptroller of the Currency, and the State Superintendent of Banking had ample warning. But they did nothing. This is what has been happening for months: All over the country little banks have been closing, while great banks remained powerful in the financial realm and, in some cases, great in rascality.

This is what caused the trouble: The big banks went into the investment field. They made arrangements with underwriters, and then took it upon themselves to distribute the securities underwritten to the smaller banks and to their own customers.

The uninformed investor said: "If the great Such-and-Such Bank of New York underwrites this issue for $100,000,000, it certainly ought to be good enough for my $5,000!" They never realized that the big bank was dumping its entire $100,000,000 of securities on an unsuspecting public.

Take, for example, such issues as Kreuger & Toll, American Bond & Mortgage, S. W. Straus & Company, Inc., South American and Peruvian, foreign industrials and many railroad bonds—and scores more could be mentioned. The municipality, government, or corporation turned over these bonds and got their money. Of course they did not get face value for them. The difference was the underwriters' gravy. A whole issue would be apportioned among three or four of our gigantic banks that were connected with them. The three or four big banks passed the allotments along to the little banks all over the country, and they in turn disposed of the securities to their customers.

(The little bank must do business with the big bank; and the big bank always knows just how much money the little bank has!) The big bank dumped these worthless securities on the little bank in two installments. The little bank had to accept one installment for itself, and pass along the other to its customers.

The smaller bank could not refuse. If it protested, "We need our cash," the big bank responded: "O. K. These securities are so good that we will *lend you* the cash you need on them as security!"

But when the market dropped, the big bank suddenly called its loans, saying, "The security furnished us for your loans is inadequate." "But we bought the securities from you yourselves!" responded the little bank. "Oh, no," replied the great financial institution, "you didn't buy them from *us*. You bought them from our affiliate investment company!"

In Liberty next week Mr. La Guardia will go further into the practices of those bankers who have backed gambling at their depositors' expense. He will discuss the efficacy of the reform measures thus far adopted, and their relative benefits to the banker and the depositor. He will then consider what is needed for a full restoration of confidence, and will explain how a federal guaranty of bank deposits can be effected, and how it would work.

"Hello EVERYBODY!

I WANT TO GIVE YOU SOMETHING AND TELL YOU SOMETHING!"

"Most of you remember those Sunday nights on the radio when I was crusading for Safety Glass . . . telling you about the terrible toll of injury that ordinary glass was taking in automobile accidents. Thousands of you helped me with letters that told of your own experiences. Because Safety Glass is the greatest available protection against broken, flying glass, I predicted that the day would come when every car in America would have Safety Glass throughout. That prediction is mighty close to being true. I am mighty happy, and mighty proud, to have played the part I did in making Safety Glass protection available to *everyone* who buys a new car, either free of charge, or at a price *everyone* can afford to pay. This page tells a story important to YOU. Read it."

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In Graham, Reo Flying Cloud, Willys, Ford, Buick 50 and 60, Chevrolet, Oldsmobile, Pontiac, Rockne, Auburn and Cord, super Safety Glass is supplied in windshields at no extra charge and you can have it in the windows at this *new low price*, without delaying delivery.

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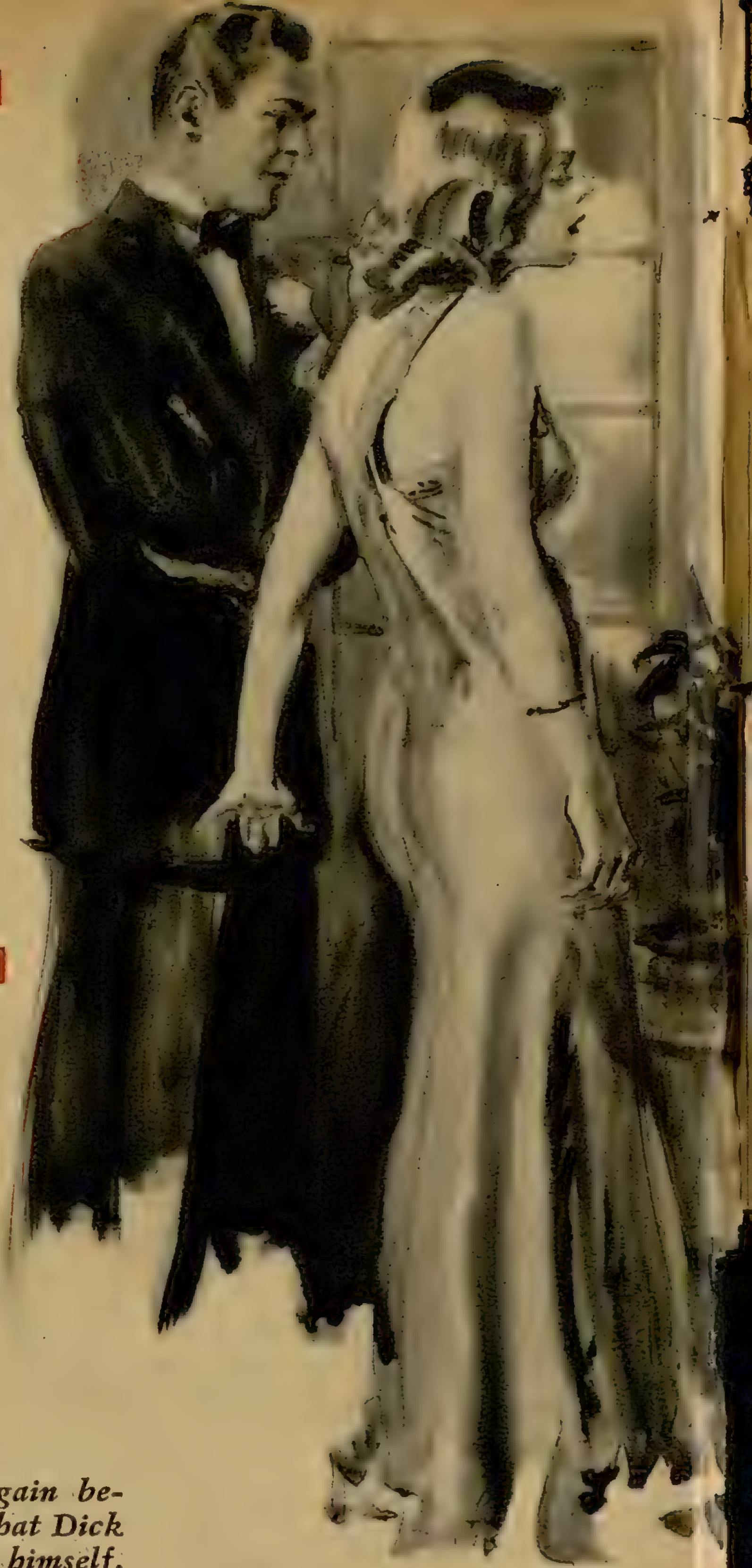
Not Made in Heaven

It Takes a Girl in Love to Catch a Girl Who Isn't



Tony hit him again before he realized that Dick would not defend himself.

(Reading time: 26 minutes 3 seconds.)

JILTED! Connie Travers turned the note over as though there would be something written on the other side. But there wasn't. She wanted to laugh.

She felt that if she didn't laugh she might cry. Or call Tony up and say something awful.

She looked at the note again and reread it.

> Connie dearest, it's no good. I shouldn't have expected it to be. I can't and won't stand for your going out with anybody else and you can't and won't stand for jealousy, so where are we?

"We're in the soup," Connie said, "that's where we are. We're in the soup and we're not engaged any more, and I suppose you feel big and masterful."

> . . . you want to have a good time. I can't blame you for that. I want to have a good time too, but I can have it with you. The trouble with you is you've been spoiled for a one-woman man. You've had too much attention and now you can't live without it. . . .

Connie folded the note carefully and threw it into the grate. The flames licked at it first tentatively and then, as though approving the fare, greedily.

"There," Connie said, "is your engagement. Right there in front of you. I hope you're not thinking that you can't live without him. I hope you're not that big a fool. I hope you'll put on your prettiest dress tonight and charm the ears right off Vic Dodge, that's what I hope."

The front door banged. She wiped her eyes. Her brother came in, wet and cold. He stood in front of her and warmed his hands behind his back at the fire.

"The old man's in a stew," he said. "Did you, or did you not, heave a brick through the window of the country club?"

"I did," Connie said. "Larry bet me I couldn't clip the head off that awful statue just in front of the bird bath."

"And you couldn't," Dick said.

"That's right," said Connie.

"He says you're not a lady," Dick said. "You'd better clear out before he gets here."

"I'm leaving at five," she said. "Tea at Philip's and then dinner with Vic Dodge."

"What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing much."

"Yes, there is."

"Tony's not going to marry me," said Connie; "that's all."

Dick regarded her with his lips pursed in silent sympathy. "What's the row?"

"Because I went out with Larry."

"He didn't tell me about it," Dick said. "I had lunch with him."

"He's a clam," Connie said. "He doesn't believe in talking unless he has a complaint and then he writes it."

"I expect you're pretty cut up," Dick said.

"I?" Connie said. "About what?"

"All right, if you want it that way," said Dick.

Connie sniffed. She looked at her watch. "Time to dress," she said. "I'll be seeing you around somewhere."

"Not I," said Dick. "I'm being entertained."

"Where?"

"At Lucia's."

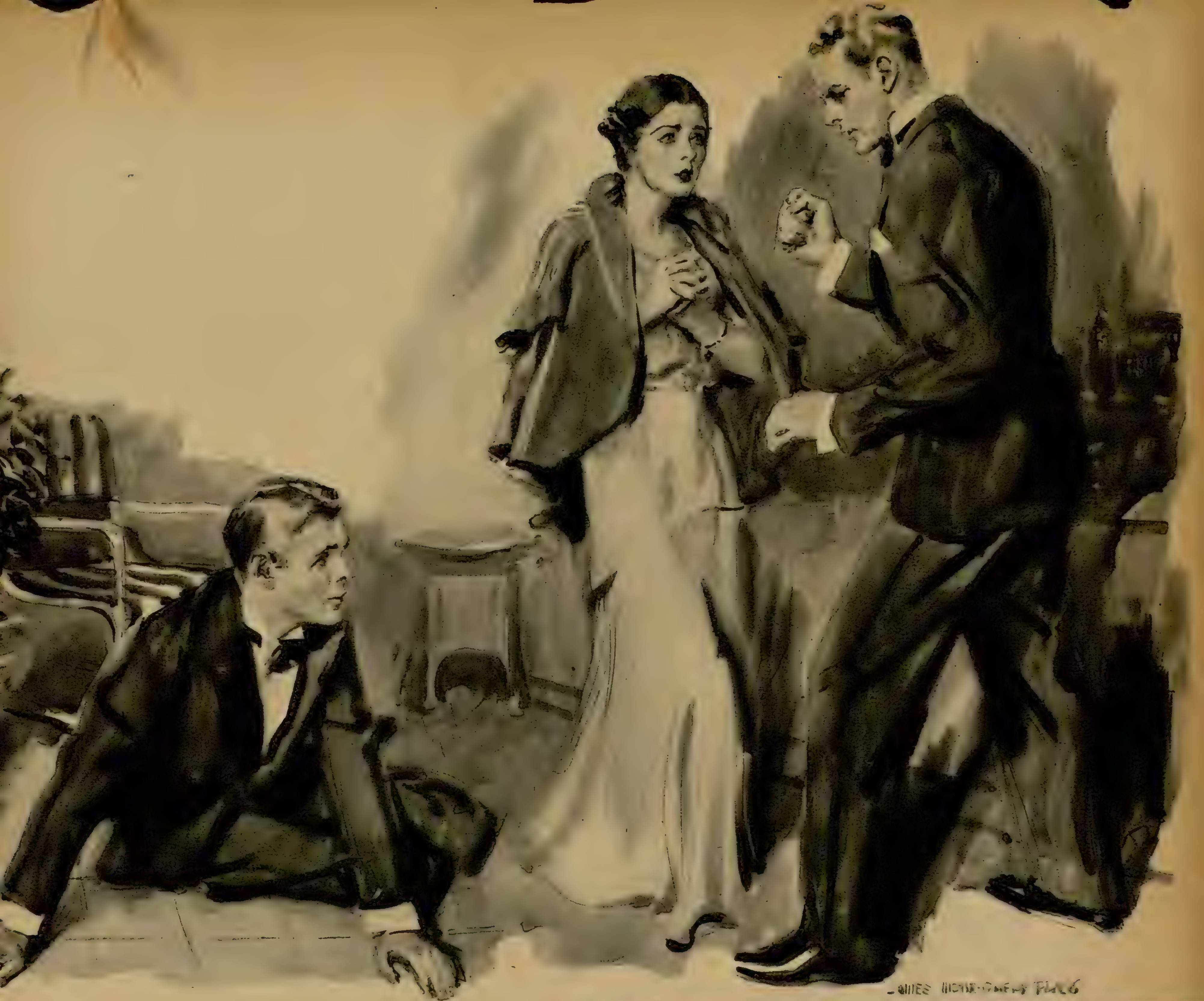
"Oh, the home girl," said Connie. "Ask her if she'll send me her recipe for biscuits, will you, darling?"

"Go to the devil," said her adoring brother.

She paused in the doorway, a slight green-jersey-clad figure. "Didn't he say *anything* about me at lunch?"

Dick lit a cigarette. "No."

"Of course," Connie said later, "I might as well be perfectly honest with myself, Vic. I do love Tony—I guess."



By HAGAR WILDE

Illustrated by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"Why don't you tell him that you'll stop going around, if you want him so much?"

Connie shook her head and lit a cigarette. "That doesn't settle it. It's not you—or Larry—or any of the others. It's what's inside me. He doesn't like that. He doesn't like thinking that I can have fun with anybody else, and I can, so I have to be honest with myself and with him, don't I?"

"I don't know," Vic said helplessly. "Sometimes I think we're none of us honest with ourselves or anybody else."

"Well," she said slowly, "we ought to be, I guess. I could settle it all by calling him and saying I can't live without him—all those things—but the truth is that I can. I know that, you see, and I'd know that I was lying. I don't object to lying if it's going to get me something, but I can't see what that lie would get me except that I'd have Tony, and I don't want Tony on false pretenses."

"I get it," Vic said.

"Maybe so," Connie said, "but I've a hunch that there's more to it."

"What do you mean, more? It all sounds perfectly simple to me. Tony doesn't want you to go out with other men, and you want to. If you said you wouldn't, you'd have to keep your word and you don't want it that way."

"That's only part of it," Connie said.

"What's the rest?"

She spread her hands out helplessly and looked at him with great troubled blue eyes. "I don't know," she said. "That's what I'm trying to find out. It's something in me or something in Tony. Either way, we couldn't marry each other and be happy because one of us would be giving up something which belongs in us, don't you see?"

"No," Vic said, "I guess I don't. I guess your mind is whirling around a little."

"I guess maybe it is," she said.

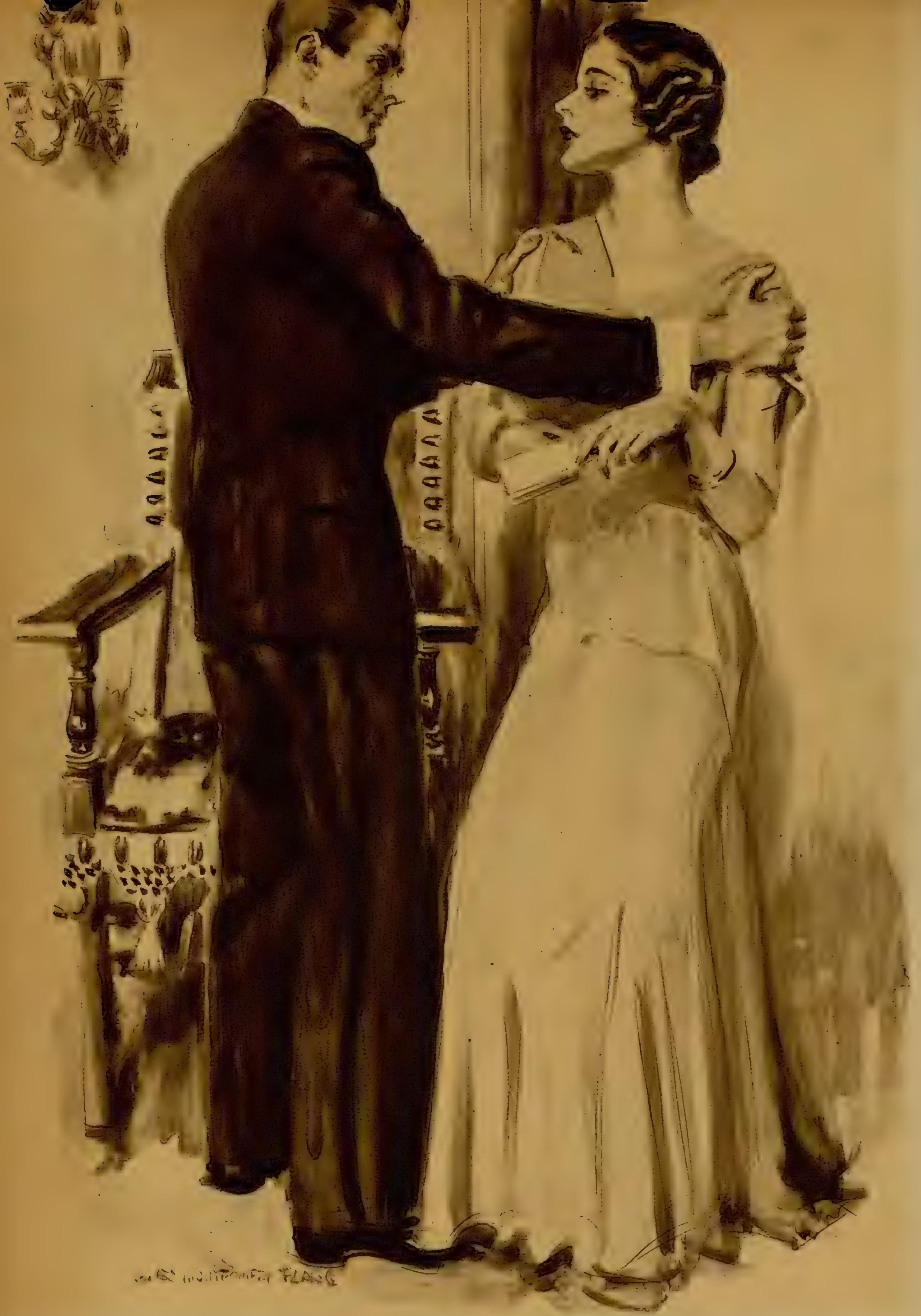
THEY stopped in at Vanetti's on the way home. The place was full. Connie stood in the doorway and drew a great sigh. "There's Tony," she said.

"We needn't go in," said Vic.

"Might as well," Connie said. "I have it to face eventually."

The tables were crowded close together. Tony was with Margot Lane. Margot looked a little self-conscious but triumphant. She'd wanted Tony for a long time.

Connie powdered her nose thoughtfully and put the small puff back in place with infinite care. She snapped



"One isn't expected to have self-control in hell," she said. "All pictures show them squirming and yelling."

the vanity case. It made a sharp click. She felt Tony's eyes upon her and raised hers to meet them.

"I got your note," she said.

"I thought you might call me," Tony said.

She looked at him, puzzled, as though she were trying to see into some part of his mind. "I didn't have anything to say."

He put his hand out and turned his glass around slowly and then back.

"I see."

They dropped it there. She heard herself chattering animatedly with Vic. It was all pretty senseless. None of it meant anything, but her mouth had to keep going. At the other side she could hear Margot's voice caressing Tony. Margot had that way. Margot was a wench. Margot was a trollop in sleek black velvet. Margot was a liar of liars.

Connie clenched her hand under the table and wished that Margot's throat was just under her thumb. It was no good going on that way. She relaxed and felt tired.

"I've got to go home," she said to Vic.

He called for the check. She said good-by to Margot and Tony.

On the way home her head rested against Vic's shoulder. He kissed her occasionally, casually but tenderly. She kept thinking of Margot and Tony.

"Wonder if Tony's going to give Margot a rush," Vic said.

She sighed. "She'll give him the run-around," she said. "Margot's got the idea that what they don't know won't hurt them."

"It's not your worry," Vic said.

"Maybe not," said Connie. . . .

During the next few months she found that life wasn't the same without Tony. She had expected that, of course, but she hadn't expected it to feel just the way it felt.

The flat and empty sensation she had prepared for. That was all right. It could be borne. The continual measuring of others she had not prepared for, but that, too, could be borne. She found she didn't like the careless way that Vic Dodge paid restaurant checks. He looked at the total and slapped a bill on the silver plate as though the whole commercial world were infallible, or if it wasn't, that a dollar more or less meant nothing to him. That was true, but there was no reason why he should make it too apparent. She loathed the way Larry Cummings spoke to head waiters—as though restaurants were run for his especial benefit and the diners who were not in the Social Register should be moved into corners which enabled him to have the table he selected.

SHE found herself alert and watchful, checking up on their smallest and most unimportant movements, comparing silently their social and human gestures with those of Tony. And back of it all that buzzing, continuous whirling, constant searching in her mind. Somewhere in the middle of her mind was a point which offered the answer, clarified her reasons for not calling Tony to say, "Look, I can't stick it. Let's make up and I'll do what you want me to."

But it didn't come clear, and until it did, she thought despairingly, her hands were tied. In the meantime she played rather too desperately and obviously. She saw Tony and Margot everywhere together.

Dick waited up for her one night and called to her from the library as she came in. She went in, dragging the folds of her velvet wrap from a listless arm.

"It's late," Dick said.

Connie looked at the clock. The hands pointed to three thirty. She nodded and threw her wrap across the back of a chair, seating herself on the arm.

"You've been drinking again," Dick said.

"Not much." She lit a cigarette and squinted through the haze of smoke. "What's up?"

"Nothing much." The way he fooled around, straightening objects on the desk, lighting cigarettes and squashing them out almost immediately, showed that he was lying. "I just came in a little while ago. I thought I'd wait."

"'And the truth was not in him,'" Connie said. "What is it?"

"Well," he said, "what about Tony?"

"What about him?"

"What are you going to do about him?"

"Nothing," she said.

"You're going to sit around and watch Margot wreck his life?"

"Tony has to help," she said. "Margot can't be a whole wrecking crew by herself."

"Don't be an ass," Dick said.

"What can I do about it?"

"You can step in, you blithering idiot," Dick said.

"I'm not a blithering idiot," she said, "and I can't step in."

Dick didn't look at her squarely. "Margot's not Tony's sort," he said.

"I know that."

"Then do something about it."

"Dick."

"What?"

"Look at me."

He looked at her.

"What have you against Margot?"

He looked away. "Nothing," he said.

"You mean you won't tell me."

"Approximately," Dick said.

"I'm to figure it out for myself," said Connie. She put her cigarette out thoughtfully. "All right, sister's keeper, I'll do that."

Dick looked at her and smiled ruefully. "You don't think I'm a meddler?" he said.

"No, sir," she said.

"Better get some sleep."

"I will." She trailed upstairs. It must have taken quite a bit of courage for Dick to come so close to an admission of that sort. She didn't know he'd ever seen Margot more than casually. She shook out of her clothes and crawled wearily into bed. Life was not simple. Things didn't seem to come right for anybody unless nothing mattered to him. Maybe that was the secret—training oneself to believe that nothing did matter.

She saw Margot and Tony standing before a minister, Margot clothed in white satin and lies, and Dick standing at the back of the church feeling sorry for Tony. That wouldn't do. She turned over and pushed her face into the pillow. Dick and Margot, and Dick hating Margot for a liar. That wouldn't do at all. Tony and Margot, and Tony not knowing her for a cheat. No, nothing was right and nothing was simple. It was all so complicated that she could be excused for crying.

The next day she called him up.

"Tony," she said, "this is Connie."

"I know," Tony said.

"I thought maybe"—she didn't like the way her voice stuck and quivered in her throat—"I thought maybe you'd ask me for tea this afternoon."

"Why, certainly," he said. "Why don't we have tea this afternoon?"

"I think that would be most admirable," she said. "Five o'clock at the Plaza."

"Wear a carnation," Tony said. They hung up, breaking the telephonic but not the psychic connection. Connie cried for fifteen minutes for apparently no reason.

AT five she wore beaver and an impudent red hat. And a carnation. He came along in that memorable way and stopped in front of her. He touched the carnation and smiled.

"You must be the one," he said.

"I figured it would give you something to say," she said, "right at first, like." Again she hated her voice for quivering.

Seated, they avoided each other's eyes. The menu took up the dragging seconds. She put hers down first and said, "Stuffed celery and *petits fours*."

"God, what execrable tastes!" Tony said. "I'll have an English muffin and orange marmalade. Well buttered."

She folded her hands and then unfolded them to reach for a cigarette.

He said, "You just finished one."

Steadily she tugged one out and lit it, blowing the match out.

She smoked and he watched her. "You've something on your mind," he said. "What is it?"

"Nothing much," she said. "It's about us."

"We can't be changed," he said. "Nothing about us can be changed, Connie. It's gone too far."

"I'm not sure," she said. She couldn't look at him, but she could hear her heart beating in her ears. "I think we should talk about some things. The things we fought about. I've some ideas. Maybe they could be worked out."

"That wasn't what I meant." He seemed to be speaking with an effort. There was a little white line around his mouth. He always had that line when he was wrought up or when he had been drinking too much.

"What's the matter?" she said.

"I think," the words seemed to drag out of him as though he were trying to hold them back, "before we go any further, I should tell you something. I'm going to be married. That's what I meant about—about things not being changed. Nothing can be, you see."

"Margot?" she said. Wonder! Her voice was clear and steady, holding to the track.

"Yes."

"Well!" she said.

"I didn't think it mattered to you," he said. "I didn't think anything mattered to you—not anything."

"That's not very important, is it?" She fumbled for a piece of stuffed celery and got it neatly into her mouth, bit it savagely, making a horrible crunching sound.

"Margot went off the deep end," he said. "I didn't expect her to fall in love with me. I had to see somebody or I'd have gone mad. I—"

"You'll hate yourself if you go on," she said. "You'd better not say any more."

"I know. I shouldn't have said even that, but I wanted you to know how—"

"That's not very important now, is it?" she said again.

"No, I suppose not."

They talked of Dick. They talked of the winter season and of the cafés in Europe. They spoke of New Year's and the various parties. He was to be married just after the New Year.

"You and Margot must come to my New Year's party," Connie said. "Don't make any other plans. Sailing parties are always fun."

"You're going away?" he said.

"Yes."

"Where?"

"I don't know yet," she said.

"I didn't know about it."

"Oh, it's been planned for a long time," she said. "Months." She didn't, as she had said, mind telling a lie if it helped her into something or got her out of something without hurting anybody.

They finished their tea. She noticed that he didn't, as he usually did, glance over the check. He slapped the money on the silver tray and let it be carried away. She thought it was an admirable and graceful gesture, and was torn between her desire to howl there in the Plaza dining room and the impulse to powder her nose nonchalantly. She powdered her nose.

When he helped her out of the taxi at her door they shook hands and said good-by. She didn't realize until the cab had left the curb that she had not wished him happiness. Maybe it was just as well.

As she passed Dick's bedroom she noticed that there was a light under the door. She knocked and went in when he called out. She sat on the edge of the bed, her feet dangling an inch from the floor, a cigarette dangling from her finger tips. She drew a deep sigh. Get it over. Get it out. Hear it in the room.

"Tony's going to be married," she said flatly.

DICK turned around from the dresser where he'd been fussing with the small box which held his shirt studs. He saw her—little, punch-drunk, but holding her head up. The red hat looked gay and sad at once.

"Married?" he said.

"To Margot," Connie said steadily.

"Tough," Dick said, and kept staring at her.

"And I just discovered this afternoon," she said in the same level tone, "that the answer didn't matter much."

"The answer?" Dick said.

"To what kept us apart," she said. "I want Tony in spite of hell and high water. There always has to be an answer to everything, and I thought maybe if I held out a little I'd find it, and we could settle the whole business satisfactorily."

"You held out too long," Dick said.

"That's about it."

"That's tough," he said again.

She got up and chucked the cigarette into the fireplace. "Well, that's that," she said.

And she didn't say any more about it from that day until the night of the sailing party. That, as far as she was concerned, and as far as the interest of everybody else was concerned, *was* that.

On the night of the party she came home late from a tea engagement. Dick heard her run upstairs and slam the door of her bedroom. He went to the door and listened. He had hoped that she would hold out a little longer, but maybe that wasn't human. He opened the door and went in without an invitation. Sitting down beside her on the edge of the bed he said, "Well, you'll be a devil of a sight."

Her voice was muffled. "It was this way," she said. "I went there—"

"Where?"

"To Philip's. He'd asked me for tea. I went there and she—Margot, I mean—was there—alone with him."

"Alone with Philip?"

"Yes. I was early. I'd finished my shopping, so I went."

"Well?"

CONNIE sat up. "He'd been kissing her," she said. "He had lipstick on his face. She wears that kind. It doesn't come off even with good, healthy rubbing."

"What did you say?"

"What would I say?" she said. "I said hello."

"What did they say?"

"They said hello too," she said.

"Sounds like fascinating conversation," he said.

"It was brilliant until she left," Connie said.

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going away," she said. "I'm going to France, where they admit it."

"That's a splendid idea. In the meantime you might get dressed. You've guests for dinner."

"Damn dinner," Connie said, but she got dressed.

At dinner she drank too much wine despite Dick's signals from the other side of the table. Connie had a way of grinning blandly right through the most eloquent signals.

He watched her winding up inside, coiling around and around until the spring which held her together was taut and quivering.

After dinner he collared her in the hall.

"You're a sinful woman and flushed with intoxicating liquors," he said. "You'll be damned and double damned and burn in hell and lose your self-control."

"One isn't expected to have self-control in hell," she said. "All the pictures show them squirming and yelling."

There wasn't any answer to that. He just said, "Well, don't squirm where anybody can see you." She kissed him and turned the radio on a little louder.

There were thousands of guests, with fifty or sixty Margots and Tonys among them. Everywhere she turned, she saw either Tony or Margot or both. Everybody wanted her to drink to the New Year with him and all the men wanted her to marry them and start the New Year right. She declined some and accepted others.

She distributed balloons and then went around destroying them. The popping of the balloons rested her. It drowned out a similar noise in her brain. Philip was there, following Margot around and getting in Tony's way.

Twelve o'clock came. Bells pealed out and the noisemakers started yapping. Connie tried to operate a squawker and a clapper at once. She succeeded admirably. She made more noise than anybody in that corner of the room.

Tony came over to her in the din, put his arm around her, and lifted her chin with his forefinger. "Happy New Year, Connie," he said, and kissed her.

"A happy New Year to you, sir," she said and stuffed the squawker into her mouth just in time. Afterward, miraculously, Dick was there and his arm slid into place, holding her firmly, pressing against her side. Good old Dick, always on hand, always holding her up or back or pushing her forward. She wanted to creep away and cling to Dick and take the squawker out of her mouth.

(Continued on page eighteen)

"If we get fat . . . we get fired!"

say RICHARD ARLEN *and* MARY BRIAN

Time out for a "Hollywood Lunch" on the set at the Paramount Studio between scenes for the new Charles R. Rogers production "Legal Crime."

The "Hollywood Lunch" helps another famous couple "keep fit without fat!"

OUT IN HOLLYWOOD, screen stars watch the scales as keenly as they watch their cues. For slimness is more than a matter of personal pride.

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For instance, here are Dick Arlen and Mary Brian lunching on the set at the Paramount Studio between scenes for the Charles R. Rogers production "Legal Crime," their latest picture. They are enjoying a "Hollywood Lunch"—*a sandwich and a glass of malted milk!*

Get the "Hollywood Lunch" habit

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Have a Hollywood Lunch tomorrow—and every day. For home use, Borden's Malted Milk also comes in handy glass jars.

Borden's Richer Malted Milk

GO TO THE FOUNTAIN THAT DISPLAYS THE BORDEN DIAMOND

(Continued from page sixteen) "Good old Dick," she said.

"I suppose he had to do it," Dick said, "but it wasn't the thing, quite."

"Oh, it was quite the thing," she assured him. "Auld Lang Syne and all. Quite, quite the thing, Dickie darling."

"You make me feel like a canary," Dick said. "Are you all right?"

"I'm fine," she said.

"I'll just go over and kiss Lucia a happy New Year then."

"Ask her for her biscuit recipe," she called after him.

"She doesn't make biscuit with her mouth," Dick said, "thank heaven. It has such nice other uses."

"He kisses her," Connie said miserably, and to no one in particular. "My brother kisses Lucia. It doesn't seem possible that my brother kisses anyone. I don't see how anybody could enjoy being kissed by Dickie. He's so beastly brotherly."

Across the room she saw Philip leave by the door which led to the terrace. Good old Philip. Philip and his trysts. Philip could have a tryst with anybody, even in the Grand Central Station. Philip the snake, born to fill the rôle of tryster.

Margot went out the same door very casually. Connie saw red and then a deeper red. Nothing, not even her hat, which was the reddest hat she had been able to find, had ever been redder than the red she saw. She placed her squawker on the table carefully. She punched a balloon in the vicinity with the pin she carried for that purpose. She slid down off the table and started for the door. On the way she encountered Dick.

"Where are you going with that look on your face?" he said.

"I've got business," Connie said flatly, and wrenched away from him.

"Hey," Dick said, unheard by her, "it's cold out there."

But she was out and gone, a girl with a mission.

She found them standing in the shelter of the glassed-in veranda. They were one shadow until the sound of her footsteps separated them.

"You wench!" she said between her teeth.

"Connie, don't make a scene," Philip muttered.

"Keep out of this," Connie said.

Margot was indignant. "You've a lot of gall," she said.

"I've a lot of something else," Connie said, "and I'm going to make you a present of it!"

She slapped her, and Philip held Margot, so Connie couldn't slap her again because Margot couldn't hit back.

"YOU'RE going to marry him and sneak off to Philip and your other big moments in your spare time, are you?" she said. "Well, you're not. You're going to marry him and you're going to stay married and like it. I'm going to see to that. I've never told on anybody in my life, but if you don't do a tall bit of acting in the old school of decency after you're married, I'm going to give you some dramatic coaching. Oh, you trollop! You told him you were madly in love with him, so he's marrying you, isn't he? It's a feather in your cap to get Tony, isn't it? He was about your last chance, wasn't he? Do you know why? Because he's decent, that's why, and you're going to—" Her voice broke and she couldn't go on.

Back in the house Tony was looking for Margot. He met Dick going out with a coat over his arm.

"Seen Margot?" he said.

"Nope. I'm taking this out to Connie. She'll catch her death of cold. If she didn't smoke so many cigarettes she might live to a ripe old age. She's going to pop off with triple pneumonia one of these days. Watch her." He went on out. Tony went out and stood in the doorway. He saw Dick walk toward a group of figures at the other end of the porch, thought he heard Margot's voice.

"Of course," Margot was saying as Dick came up, "it's no wonder you're sneaking around guarding the morals of other people. If you'd been such a paragon you'd have Tony now. That's all that's bothering you."

Dick threw the coat over Connie's shoulders. She was crying. He said, "Margot, of all the cheap women I've ever known, you're probably the cheapest. You're undoubtedly the ultimate in all forms of low animal life."

Tony, on his heels, had a good view of Dick's jaw. He hit it squarely. Connie got down on her knees beside him, still crying. She tried to get his head in her lap. Dick said, "I'm all right," and got up. Tony hit him again before he realized that Dick would not defend himself, then he stood there, his arms hanging inertly at his sides. Connie was screaming, "You can't do that, Tony! You can't do that! He won't fight back. You've been friends for too long to think that Dick—"

"Oh, to hell with it!" Dick was on his feet and had his arm around her. "Come on, Connie. Come in the house."

"WAIT a minute!" Tony's voice stopped them three steps away. He said, "I guess we'd better have an all-around explanation. You start, Dick."

"I haven't anything to say," Dick said.

"Connie?"

"It was all a gag," Connie said, and went on crying.

Tony turned to Margot. "It's your turn."

"There's nothing to explain," she said stiffly. "Connie and Dick came out here and started insulting me."

"Sure," Tony said. "Connie and Dick go around insulting people right and left."

Tony looked at Philip. "Have you anything to say?"

Philip shrugged. "What would I have to say?" he said.

"I'm beginning to get it," Tony said. "You should have worn a coat, Margot. For protracted periods the weather out here is inclement." He looked at Dick. "I'm sorry I hit you," he said. "Hope it doesn't hurt much."

"It's all right," Dick said. "I'll be able to use my jaw in another two weeks."

Tony turned to Margot. "It's a little hard to put delicately," he said, "but I'm going to let you make a choice of escorts. Would you prefer to have Philip take you home or shall I?"

"Since you put it that way," she said—"Philip."

He went back into the house ahead of Dick and Connie.

A half hour later Connie found him in the library. Her eyes were still a bit red from weeping. She sat down and lit a cigarette.

"You're a sucker for pneumonia," he said. "You smoke too much."

She nodded. "Sorry there was such a row," she said. "It wasn't meant to be."

"That's all right. I turned it from a scene into a row. I'm sorry for that."

"We're both sorry," she said, "so that makes it all right."

"Does it?" Tony said.

"As right as things can be usually," she said.

"Could we get along that way, do you think?" he said.

"As well as people do usually, I guess," she said.

"If you look at it that way—" he said, and kissed her.

She settled down comfortably. "You see," she said, "I figured it out. I'd rather look at it that way with you than the other way with anybody else."

"That's very sound," Tony said. "I'm sure of that, because, you see, I'd figured it out in about the same way."

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

BEGINNING

MIKE

by

GRACE PERKINS

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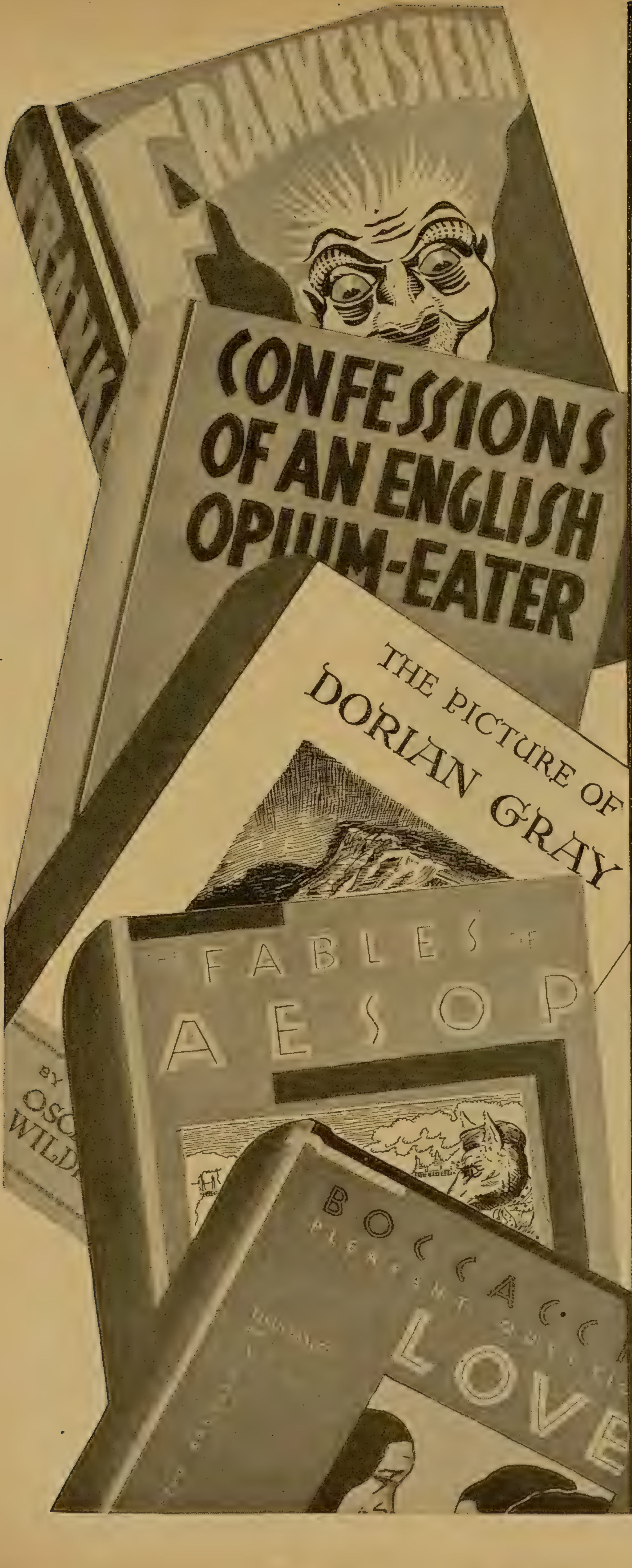
Also stories and articles by F. H. La Guardia—Adela Rogers St. Johns—Konrad Bercovici—Georges Surdez—Lawrence Iverson and others.


FRANKENSTEIN
CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER
THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY
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★ BEGINNING ★

The PRIVATE LIFE OF Marie Dressler

by ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

The Extraordinary Career of the Beloved Screen Star Who Has Become the World's Greatest Box-Office Attraction

(Reading time: 22 minutes 45 seconds.)

PART ONE—THE UGLY DUCKLING

UPON a Sunday morning in the fall of 1921 a woman came down the steps of a New York church and joined the fashionable throng moving along Central Park West.

No one noticed her as her flat-heeled black shoes carried her upon an unseeing but familiar way. Had anyone glanced at her, he would have thought her an old woman and considered the black-robed figure and weary mask of tragedy a discordant note in the bright autumn pageant.

But no one did, and she moved on across the park to the small house where the man she loved lay dying.

At fifty, anyone in the world would have told you that Marie Dressler was through, finished, washed up. Nothing ahead of her but an occasional part given from friendship or pity.

On the stage at thirteen, to earn a living for her family.

A Broadway favorite when she was twenty.

Coney Island peanut vendor at thirty.

The greatest of stage comédiennes, cheered and fêted on every hand, before she was forty.

At fifty, the woman who had swept the country selling Liberty Bonds, led the chorus girls up Fifth Avenue in an Equity parade, made one of the first sensationally successful moving pictures, had been swept into the discard by the world's mad passion for youth.

Had her story ended there, Marie Dressler would be today a forgotten woman, remembered only when some orchestra revived "Heaven will protect the working-girl" or some photograph told history of bygone days in the theater.

Had it been anybody but Marie Dressler, that is what would have happened.

Marie Dressler never in her life knew when she was licked. The Fates laid wager after wager that they could daunt her, and each time she took the challenge and went forward. Therefore, instead of accepting the verdict of the vast majority and of her own broken heart, Marie Dressler went to Hollywood.

Upon an afternoon just before Christmas of 1932, an open car slid through the heavy New York traffic. A red light blazed. The car halted. Almost instantly it was surrounded by a mob of people, their tired faces alight with love.

From the Park to Washington Square that open car drew throngs, and always upon their faces was that same look of eager delight.

Within that car sat a great and famous woman.

That tribute, unparalleled as far as I know in the case of a private citizen simply out for an airing, was offered to a lined, dynamic, fearless, ugly and beautiful, ever-young tender face upon which was written the history of sixty-one years of *life*.

Eleven years after they tagged her "finished" Marie Dressler was receiving the homage of her vast public.

Today she is more beloved than any other woman in the world.

Perhaps the world doesn't know why. Perhaps she doesn't. But no

Picture by
Robert A. Cameron

actress can arouse in the breasts of the people in such an age as ours a devotion which manifests itself in the desire of old and young, rich and poor, great and lowly, merely to touch her hand unless she offers far more than acting. Marie Dressler is not just an actress, a movie star.

She is the woman from whom, above all others, this old world has borrowed its mirth during the darkest days any of us remember. A philosopher speaking words of cheer and comfort. Could those words have struck home in millions of hearts if they were not the outgrowth of her own amazing life, her own defeats and victories?

During the early days of the war a group of philanthropic New York women asked Marie Dressler to suggest the name of an actress to represent the stage in the war work they were planning.

Said Marie Dressler, "It should be a woman who has lived, loved, suffered, sacrificed, fallen, fought and won."

She was right. And that group of women followed her advice. They selected Marie Dressler.

At sixty-one, at a time of life when most women consider their work done, Marie Dressler is the greatest box-office attraction in the entire motion-picture industry. She is the close and respected friend of the great and powerful. She lives in a stately house. She earns a magnificent salary. She is the honored guest of those who open their doors only to what is fine. She has a social position such as no other stage woman has ever achieved.

She is loved because she has lived, loved, suffered, sacrificed, fallen, fought and won. Because she once sold peanuts at Coney Island rather than lower her flag in a managerial battle. Because she once spent her last dollar for a gay potted geranium to help her through days when she couldn't get a job—and then gave the darn' thing to an elevator boy to take home to his sick mother. Because she has strolled in Italian gardens with ambassadors, and been the friend of kings and cardinals, but has known what it was to be sued for debt and to work her fingers to the bone to pay back the last penny.

Because she once loved a man so greatly that Dante and all the company of great lovers must have saluted her from their pedestals—loved so greatly that no sacrifice was too costly.

By what struggles, through what trials and triumphs, did this woman rise to greatness?

ON a cold November day, in a small house upon the outskirts of the little Canadian town of Cobourg, a second daughter was born to Alexander Koerber and his wife Anne. Her initial entrance received no applause, because the country doctor and the father were too busy trying to save the frail life of the mother. It was only after hours of effort that was finally triumphant that they had time to notice the lusty infant and select the name Leila.

Leila Koerber, who was to become famous as Marie Dressler, was born on November 9, 1871. She had one sister, May, then five years old.

"You will find," Marie Dressler said to me one day, "that it is seldom that both parents in a family measure up. Usually one is fine and the other is a washout.

"In my family my mother was a saint. A greater woman, in my opinion, than any I have known since. I never did like my father, and that's all there is to it."

Alexander Koerber was a German musician. He had served in the German army and had fought with distinction for the British. He was an autocratic, domineering man, but he was also cultured and profoundly artistic. Marie may not have liked him, but from him she inherited her artistic temperament, which was later to become famous along Broadway, and her *grande dame* manner which once made her a part of New York's Four Hundred and has frequently discommoded Hollywood.

It is probable that he was connected with the Austrian aristocracy. Marie remembers words and incidents which indicated that he had forsaken a higher place in the world and severed all connections when he left the old country. And one year, when Marie was upon one of her many European tours, she had a strange experience.

Mrs. Robert Morris Phillips, Social Registerite of Park Avenue, was her companion upon this trip and is one of her closest friends. Together they were touring Austria and the Alps. They had seen so many castles and climbed so many mountains that they were happy but slightly fagged when they found themselves in a certain small Austrian village.

"Madame must see the castle," said the innkeeper.

"No more castles," said Marie Dressler, escaping into her stein.

The innkeeper was distressed. "But, madame, this castle—" He expatiated at length upon the special features of the castle perched upon a crag above their heads. Eventually Marie yielded. She and Mrs. Phillips stormed the castle.

As they followed the guide from room to room Mrs. Phillips noted a strange expression upon Marie's face. A puzzled expression, as though she were trying to remember something and couldn't.

"We've been here before," she said at last. "I'll slay that innkeeper if he's made us see the same castle twice!"

Mrs. Phillips reassured her. All Austrian castles had points of similarity, but this one was virgin territory so far as they were concerned.

"I don't care," said Marie. "I've been here before."

IN one of the picture galleries was a portrait of a long-dead Austrian nobleman in full regimentals. Marie stopped dead before it, upon her face that expression of belligerent bewilderment which has become known to millions.

"Hallie," she said, "that might be a picture of my father!"

They discovered that the castle had once belonged to a titled family named von Koerber and that the portrait was of a general in the family. What strange trick of the subconscious had given Marie the feeling of memory, she never knew. But it seems probable that her father belonged in some way to this family.

"Why don't you find out?" I asked Marie once. "It would be nice to have a family crest for your silver."

"What difference does it make?" said Marie. "Don't misunderstand. I believe that breeding is a fine possession. Good blood shows in many ways. But, thank God, in our day and age people are judged for themselves. Besides"—she twinkled at me—"there have been plenty of times when I didn't have any silver to put it on and there may be again. You can't get so much for silver from a pawnshop if it's got a crest."

The Marie Dressler of today. "At sixty-one she is the greatest box-office attraction in the entire motion-picture industry."

Wherever he came from, Alexander Koerber hated Canada and he hated his life as a music teacher. He was a pianist and a violinist of more than ordinary talent. There were nights, in whatever bare little house they occupied in whatever small town was their temporary home, when small Leila Koerber sat silent before the fire, holding her mother's hand and listening while inspired music flooded the room with majesty.

Upon those nights was born her passionate love of music—a love which was never to leave her.

"THERE are three things," she once said, when we had been listening for an hour to a symphony concert coming over the radio, "three things essential to a full life—music, laughter, and religion."

She thought a moment, that tender smile upon her lips. "*And none of them cost anything*," she said.

Marie literally cannot live without music. I have never been in a room of hers, whether it was her own drawing-room, or the quiet bedroom where during 1931 she fought a six months' battle with the last enemy, a temporary suite in a fashionable Santa Barbara hotel or her studio dressing room, which did not contain both a radio and a phonograph. When she was living in that little apartment on Broadway near Fifty-seventh Street, in the days when it looked as though her career had ended, she bought phonograph records when she wasn't sure where her next meal was coming from.

As a child she wanted passionately to learn to play the piano. But she lived in awe of her father. Too often she had seen him turn paying pupils away from the house, shouting, "I can't teach that stupid brat to play!"

When she was seven or eight she confided her yearning to her mother, and the lessons followed. Three of them.

On the third day Alexander Koerber stared at his child, his eyes black with rage. He must have seen that she was like him, may have seen some startling resemblance to a grand lady of his family. What good would that do her? How could she ever escape the evil, poverty-stricken, drab days upon which they had fallen? With all the vital force, the intelligence and courage and high humor her face showed, would she not find herself teaching music in some backwater instead of thrilling audiences from a platform? Of course she would.

Beneath that bitter look Leila's hands faltered. In her heart she must have known she could do it. There was music in her soul and all her life she was to be able to do anything with her clever magnetic hands. But even her hands would stumble with her father's eyes upon them. His patience gave way completely.

He slapped her hands from the keyboard.

"It is useless!" he roared to the slim little mother, who came swiftly to the door at the sound of that blow and the stifled sob that followed. "She will never learn!"

That blow may have been one of the fateful moments which direct the whole course of life.

William Winter, the great critic, once told someone during Marie Dressler's early days upon the stage that she might have been one of our greatest prima donnas. "Marie Dressler had a real grand-opera voice," he said. "And she had the physique and stamina to carry it. If she had been trained or had a good musical education, she would have been a great singer."

And then the world would have been robbed of her gift of that second thing which she herself calls essential to life—laughter.

Always in Marie's life there have been those vital turning points. Much later, she did not intend to go to Hollywood. She had bought her ticket to return to her beloved Paris, where she expected to open a high-class hotel and remain the rest of her life. A strange thing restored her courage and persuaded her to one final battle before she gave up her beloved profession.

Her father believed in the theory of the rod. Her tomboy pranks never escaped punishment. The madcap escapades—the time when, having been dared to jump across it, she fell into the ditch with her only good velveteen dress on; the time when she hid with her dog on the roof because he had been condemned to death for biting a neighbor—these brought the wrath down not, as she once said, upon her head but upon another portion of her anatomy.

As she grew older she fought back, her healthy young temper—oh, she has a temper—blazing. There were some violent scenes under the Koerber roof.

With her mother it was different.

Anne Henderson was the daughter of an English-Irishman who owned trading stores, sailing ships, and a racing stable. She had been delicately reared and highly educated according to the standard of her times. Although her father had not approved of her marriage, it was expected that she would be an heiress. Her father did in fact leave her a fleet of merchant ships. But during a terrible gale, when all had put into the docks, a fire broke out and they were destroyed, and with them Anne Koerber's hopes of doing anything for her small girls.

SHE was a tiny thing, Marie's adored mother, with a small heart-shaped face and the merriest laugh that ever tinkled above the chords of adversity. She had dancing feet and dancing eyes, and dance they would, no matter what befell.

"My mother was my first audience," Marie told me once. "When I was a kid around the house, and I knew things were tough for her, I used to try to make her laugh. Usually I could. No laughter I have ever won since, from Broadway openings or movie audiences, has ever been quite so precious to me.

"It was in those days that I learned the healing power of laughter. Troubles can never seem so big, life can never seem so dark, when once you have laughed."

The Marie Dressler of twenty years ago, in Tillie's Nightmare. She was easily the foremost favorite among stage comédiennes.

During the first thirteen years of Leila's life the family moved endlessly from one small town to another. She never saw a big city and she had practically no consistent schooling.

"I never really had any lessons in anything," Marie said. "Perhaps it's just as well. I didn't have so much to unlearn and I had to figure things out for myself. That can be a big advantage."

Cobourg and Lindsay, Ontario, Saginaw and Bay City, Michigan, and Findlay, Ohio, were some of the places where they set up housekeeping for brief periods until Alexander Koerber would antagonize all his pupils and most of his neighbors.

"Then mother would get a letter from the rector and we would move on," said Marie.

Always Anne Koerber left friends behind.

"MY mother had a great sense of the dramatic, a real genius for stagecraft," Marie told me. "I realize that now. Never have I seen anything lovelier than the living pictures she used to arrange for church socials. She loved the theater with a real passion and she could do anything."

But, of course, in the Koerber family there was neither money nor opportunity for the real theater. So Anne Koerber created a substitute for herself.

In every small town she persuaded the people to give benefits, she arranged church entertainments to raise money for the poor. She cajoled her husband, for whom she usually procured the position of church organist, to write songs or orchestra. She herself was stage manager, author, leading lady, costumer, and carpenter.

Always she used her own small daughters in the cast.

From the time she was five until she was thirteen Leila Koerber's life was milestoned by these amateur performances for charity.

Anyone who remembers the church socials in which the two Koerber girls took part must be utterly amazed to know that it was plain clumsy Leila and not the exquisite blonde May who became a famous stage star.

Marie's first stage appearance took place in one of these affairs, in Lindsay, Canada, at the age of five. She posed as Cupid, *sans* clothes but with bow and arrow. And fell off the pedestal, to the ruination of the living picture and the delight of the audience—and as a portent, perhaps, of stage falls later on which were also to disrupt companies and send Broadway first-nighters into hysterics.

"Yes," said Marie reminiscently, "I got my first laugh with a fall. And I've been doing 'em ever since."

There are, unfortunately, no pictures of Marie in her original rôle of Cupid.

"I was never photographed until I could pay for the plates myself," said Marie. "That shows you what I must have looked like at an early age. But"—there was a triumphant twinkle in her eye—"it's different now.

ΦBK

yet he flunked feminology

A SHORT CHEER for this poor boy . . . and a *very* short one. When he figured that the ladies love a pipe smoker, he was right. But he ought to be told that they don't like heavy, soft-coal tobacco, in a soggy chimney of a pipe. He'll pass "feminology" the minute he starts smoking Sir Walter Raleigh in a well-kept briar. This fast-growing brand pleases the persons at both the stem and the bowl ends of the pipe by its aromatic mildness and rich, satisfying flavor. Young man, on your way to Greek class, stop in any tobacco store and spend the most useful 15 cents you ever dropped on a counter for a tin of Sir Walter Raleigh Tobacco. It's kept fresh in gold foil.

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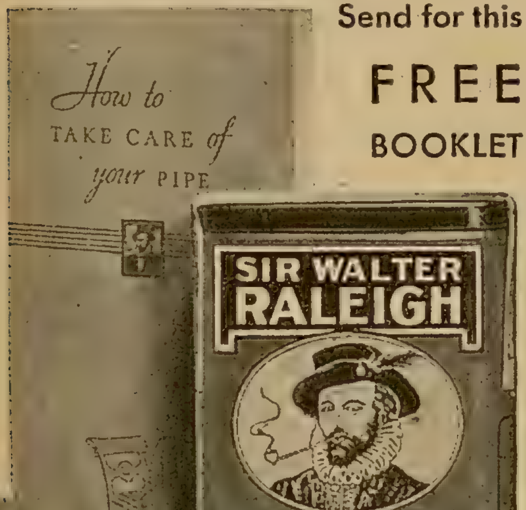
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My family didn't realize that you can get almost as far being funny as you can being beautiful."

Her big laugh rang out.

"You see, my dear," she said, "life is full of compensations. If you can't get one thing, you can get another. If you haven't one asset, you have something else. Just look around until you find it."

Those early days convinced Marie that she was an ugly duckling—a belief she has not outgrown.

Alexander Koerber was never a success. Even when he worked he barely kept a roof over their heads. And there were times when he grew bitter and rebellious and would not work at all. It was for that, rather than for his severity, that his younger daughter began to look upon him with something very close to hatred.

For when he put down the burden, it was her mother who was obliged to pick it up.

To Leila, to the sensitive, hot, loyal, emotional child heart, one fact began to swamp the horizon. Her frail little mother was slaving to support the family.

They still laughed together, she and her mother. They romped in the fields, when a few moments could be spared, like two children. Yet one picture began to dance constantly before Leila's eyes—the picture of her mother bent above stove, sewing machine, washtub.

When she was thirteen Leila could stand it no longer.

If it was her mother who taught Marie Dressler to laugh, it was because of that mother that she learned to weep.

"A laugh without a tear under it is nothing but a shell," I once heard her shout at a rather superior young writer who had come to Hollywood from New York.

In Marie Dressler they are so close that always the tear glistens through the laughter, and always the laugh waits in the wings to enter upon her tears.

MARIE DRESSLER used to go out on to the stage and sweep away the troubles of an audience, heal them with laughter, comfort them with fun, clothe stern reality for a glorious respite in the gay garments of comedy—while in her dressing room, in a wheel chair, beneath the very shadow of death, sat the man she loved, the man who was kept alive only by the vitality of her presence and the flood of her love.

Thus always behind the inspiration of Marie's laugh you hear the throb of that great heart of hers beating in tune to all the sorrows of the world.

When, after the war, she used to go to the hospitals to sing for the boys, Marie Dressler sang sad songs. And the boys who had come back from France, leaving youth and hope behind, wept.

"You see," Marie explained to a friend, "I know they want to cry. But their manhood won't let them. Yet tears are sometimes good for the soul. The right kind of tears wash away bitterness and rebellion and hatred. They ease the heart. When I sing sad songs they may weep unashamed. It is just Marie Dressler singing."

What can you do with a woman who understands the healing power of both laughter and tears, and knows when to use them, and *cares* to use them to make life easier for others?

That is what makes her great. That is what gives her genius.

Even at thirteen, when she was still Leila Koerber, she saw through the merry gayety with which her mother attempted to cover failing strength. At night, alone in her narrow bed, the girl grew to an early womanhood through suffering and contemplation.

HER mother was working too hard. Her mother was deprived of all the comforts, all the beauties, sometimes the very necessities of life. Her mother, whom the big overgrown daughter could actually pick up in her arms and carry, was giving all and getting nothing. The slim shoulders were beginning to bend. The golden hair was graying at the temples.

It was hopeless to expect anything of her father, who sat brooding over the world's rottenness and playing Beethoven.

"*I* must do it," said Leila Koerber aloud in the darkness. "I must take care of mother and May. I am old enough and strong enough."

The next morning she started to look for a job.

She found it behind the counter of a department store.

"Comedy," says Marie, "has a great place in life. But you must know where and when to use it. I didn't mean to be funny, but comedy cost me my first job. Still, it's repaid me a good many times since."

Somehow, I can see her standing there, tall as a young Amazon, eyes alert, the fresh Canadian color aflame in her cheeks, trying to steady the excited beating of her heart. Always boisterous, never able to keep still, throwing strength enough to move mountains into selling cotton thread and safety pins. I can see the plain general store and the people who puttered about, never dreaming that genius had paused for a moment to serve their everyday needs.

For a day and a half she stood behind that counter, undergoing her first—but by no means her last—experience of stage fright. In fact, stage fright began to be her Nemesis right there. For in consequence she wrapped up a pair of gentlemen's flannel drawers for Miss Jennie Thistlewaite, the town's primmest old maid.

That ended, for the time being, her career as a saleswoman.

Yet Anne Morgan, famous philanthropist, social leader, and sister of J. P. Morgan, told me only the other day that Marie Dressler has no equal in the world as a saleswoman. And proved it.

There was a brief interlude when a circus came to town and Marie, who had learned to ride during one glorious summer on her grandfather Henderson's breeding farm, appeared once as a bareback rider.

Her father dragged her home in disgrace and she suffered it for the last time. Perhaps something within her told her that the answer had not yet come. Department stores, circuses—no, these were not the answer to her need.

Then a miracle happened—and she knew.

The brother of Emma Nevada, then famous prima donna, brought a small traveling musical show to a near-by town and the local papers carried his advertisements for actors and actresses.

Breathless with excitement and hope, Leila Koerber poured out her soul to him in a twenty-page letter setting forth her many qualifications, her long amateur experience, and telling him baldly that she was sixteen.

"I was engaged by letter," says Marie. "It is probably just as well. If he had seen me he would probably have sent me straight home. That was my first break."

THERE was one last bitter quarrel with her father. The house rocked to the tempest. Leila was as big as her father by that time. She faced him, chin thrust forward, lower lip protruding, brows down—her famous "fighting face." That may have been the first time she wore it—certainly it was not the last.

He realized it was hopeless and gave in.

"But you'll never disgrace my name prancing around behind the footlights, a common actress!" he yelled.

"All right," she yelled back. "I'll change my name!"

In that moment Marie Dressler was born. At fourteen she started out to conquer the world. She was heartbroken to leave her mother. But the spirit of adventure, the love of danger, the hunger for life filled her with joy and excitement.

What lay ahead of her, a young girl without money, position, connections, or friends? Without beauty or recognized talent?

Nobody, of course, had ever heard of Hollywood. The motion picture had not even been invented.

But there, like some distant El Dorado, lay New York, Broadway. Would she ever reach it? And if she did, what awaited her?

The youthful Marie Dressler's first professional stage venture; her seizure of a chance to sing Katisha in The Mikado, the comic rôle in which she first "panicked 'em"; her capture of the attention of the great showman George Lederer; her friendship with Lillian Russell; her marriage, her Broadway début, and the hit she made in Lady Slavey—these will be recounted in next week's installment of this story of her life.

I WONDER HOW MRS. DUNCAN GETS HER WASH SO SNOWY. SHE'S ALWAYS THROUGH HOURS EARLIER THAN I AM, TOO
WHY DON'T YOU ASK HER?
OH, I COULDN'T DO THAT, FRANK. SHE'D THINK I WAS "NOSEY"
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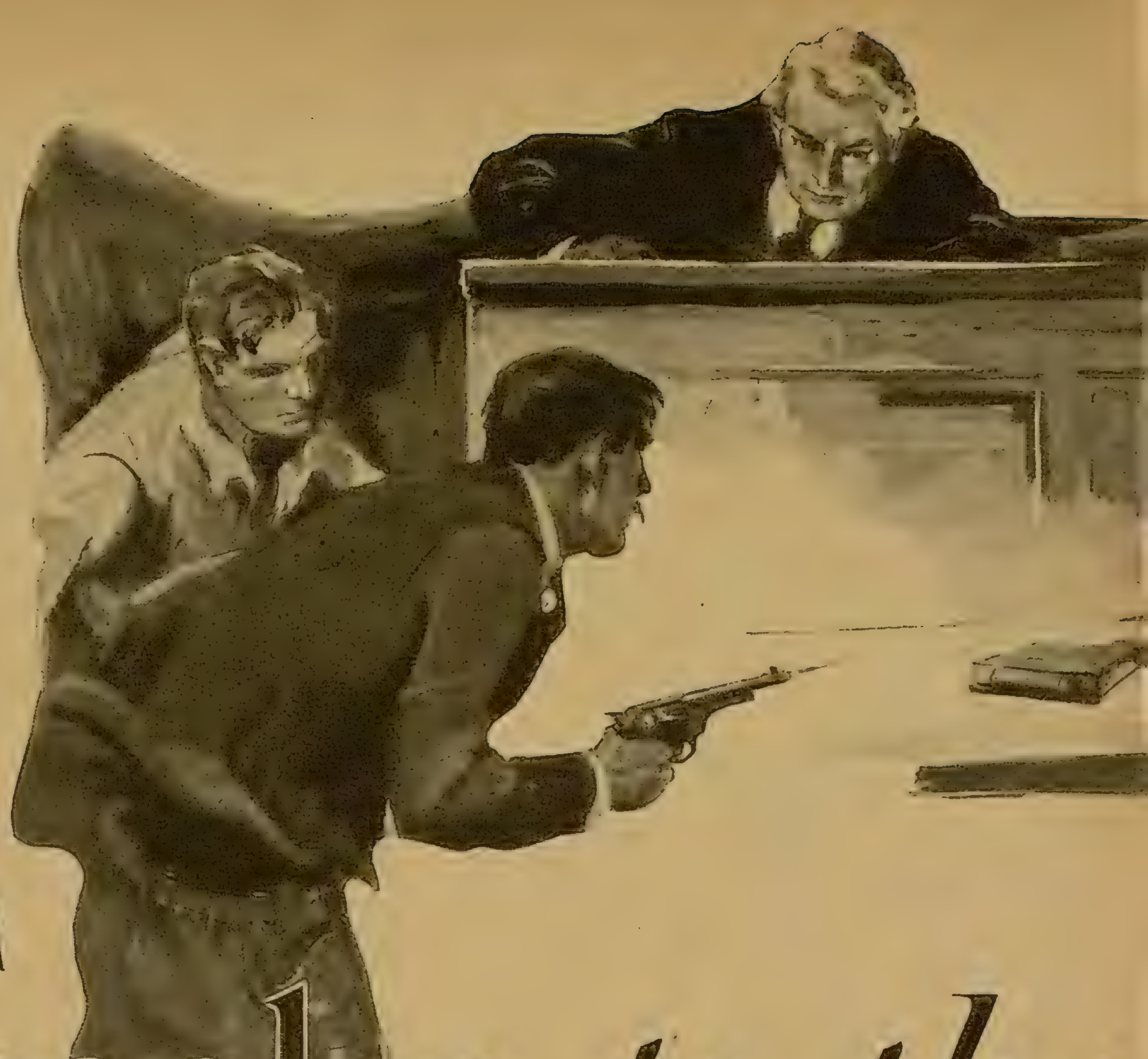
The Story of a Mysterious Crime and the Mistake of a Slave of Habit

By

EDWINA L. MacDONALD

Illustrations by DELOS PALMER



Tracks *to the*

(Reading time: 25 minutes 7 seconds.)

"IT do beat all," said Big John Duncan meditatively, "how folks love a murder. No wonder so many people go to live in cities." Big John was justice of the peace of Wayo. He came downtown every morning at seven and sat most of the day on his bench three doors from the post office and across from the courthouse, watching over the town for fifty dollars a month.

It was not yet eight o'clock and cars were parked end to end around Court House Square. Not in years had there been such activity in the somnolent county seat.

Farmers were coming in over every road, bringing their families to witness the trial of Bud Davis, well known and well liked young business man, indicted for the murder of his sweetheart's father, Harlan Taylor.

Absent-mindedly Big John emptied his pipe and refilled it, wasting a smoke. Joe Straw, who was Big John's deputy, not to be outdone in concentration, spat out a fresh " chaw " and took another.

"The state of Floridy orter fu'nish her officers with books on the detectin' business," complained Big John. "Bud ain't done that murder. Hit don't make sense. That boy ain't got hit in him to shoot a man in the back."

Joe Straw spat far into the street. "Well, there warn't nobody else in the sto' who could of did it. I allow you an' Aline's about the only ones in town thet don't b'lieve Bud done hit."

The romance between Aline Taylor and Bud Davis had started in shy post-office meetings when Aline was fifteen and Bud seventeen. Then, after the death of Bud's mother, he had gone to room with the Taylors. And when Bud bought out Sam Hawkins' hardware store, on time payments, Bud moved into Mr. Taylor's big stucco store building.

Splitting through the center of the store from front to back was a wall with two wide, arched openings. These Taylor closed with laths, thus converting the spacious store into two long narrow stores. In the other half Mr. Taylor kept a coffin store. Not a funeral home with the coffins hidden away in a back room, but stacked and up-ended in full view of the street.

Finally one day Bud, seeing the old man tugging with the coffins, tore several laths out of the back arch and went in to lend a hand. The laths were never restored, and they helped each other considerably, passing to and fro through the back arch.

"Hey, Bud," Mr. Taylor would call, "gimme a hand, will you?"

Or Bud would sing out: "Mr. Taylor, can you gimme a lift with this dad-blamed box o' wrenches?"

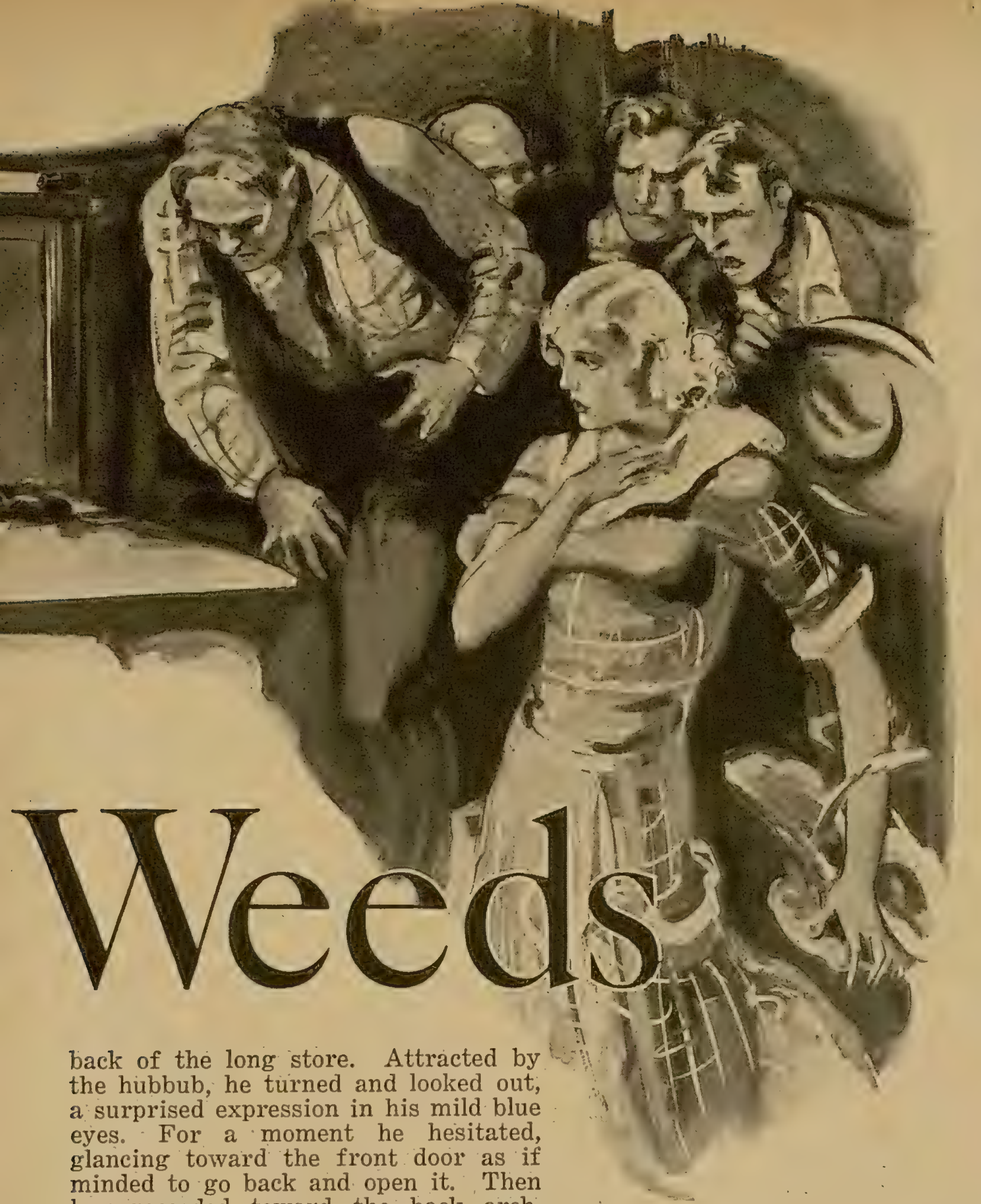
Then one afternoon, late, Aline drove up to the store, and a few minutes later High Street was galvanized by the ondaciousest ruckus that had enlivened the town in many a day. Shouts, oaths, and, upon drawing nearer, a woman crying. That night Bud went to the hotel to sleep.

He was the first man to open up the following morning. In a little while old Taylor, leathery-skinned and grim-visaged, appeared and, passing his own door, entered Bud's store. Big John, already in his place as guardian of the town, said afterward he had fully expected a killing. But no sound came from the big store. . . .

Business men and loafers began dribbling into the street. Dogs wandered out of the alleyways. Chickens scattered languidly before indifferent pedestrians. There had been a heavy rain in the night, and steam rose under the mounting sun.

Joe Straw had just taken up his position beside Big John when a shot tore across the morning peace. Big John, panting heavily, was among the last to reach the double store.

The crowd stopped before Mr. Taylor's wide plate-glass windows. The front doors had not been opened; but there, among the stacks of coffins, up near the front door, was Bud Davis slowly making his way toward the



A shot rang out. Big John slumped. Sheriff Bailey, true to the yellow streak, had shot from fright.

Weeds

back of the long store. Attracted by the hubbub, he turned and looked out, a surprised expression in his mild blue eyes. For a moment he hesitated, glancing toward the front door as if minded to go back and open it. Then he proceeded toward the back arch, which he had broken open for his and Mr. Taylor's mutual benefit, disappeared into his own store, and presently came into the street.

"What's up?" he asked.

"You hear a shot?" demanded Big John.

"Thought I did; but I reckon it was a coffin fell. I was openin' my back door when I heard it, and I run in thinkin' Mr. Taylor might 'a' been in the way and got hurt. But I reckon he'd stepped out the back door."

At that somebody was reminded that maybe somebody'd better go in—maybe it *was* a coffin.

"I'll go through Bud's sto' an' make sho'," announced Sheriff Bailey, who had just arrived on the run.

Sheriff Bailey was a small, pompous man and the niftiest dresser in Wayo. He owned two Sunday suits which he wore every day. It was said he almost supported Buck Jones, the town's one dry-cleaner. One or the other of his suits Buck Jones pressed every day. Bailey had never been known to take a prisoner alive; but as there weren't many prisoners to take, the occasional talk about removing him never came to a head.

Bud and Big John followed him into Bud's store and through the back arch. The crowd watched tensely as the three men wove in and out among the coffins. Presently Bud's voice rang out, high and sharp: "Good God! Mr. Taylor!" He was bent over behind a stack of coffins. The sheriff came running toward Bud. Big John knocked over a coffin. It fell with a hollow thud.

The three men bent together for an interminable time over something behind the stacked coffins.

Part of the impatient crowd had entered Bud's store and was crashing through the arch.

Straightening up, Mr. Bailey turned on them. "Folks, in the name of the law, git back, an' somebody git Doc Logan quick. Mr. Taylor has been shot."

The doctor, on his way to his office, seeing the crowd, had already arrived. Mr. Taylor died as Dr. Logan turned him face up. He had been shot in the back. A new .38 Colt's with one chamber empty was found near the rear arch behind a child's coffin.

"John," said Bailey, "I got to git out to see Barnes quick. I'll put you in charge o' the body till I git back with Barnes."

BAILEY went out the back door, which was partly open. Big John followed him to close the door. "Now I wonder how come thet doah part way's open?" mused John. "Ef Taylor hed went to open hit befo' openin' the front, he shorely would o' opened hit all the ways."

It was a wide door, sliding on casters into the wall when open. John gave it a push to see if it had stuck. It moved easily. "Jest 'bout wide open 'nough fur a medium-sized man to git in or out," thought John.

His eyes falling to the ground on which the store gave without step, he drew a sharp breath. He stepped out and examined the wet earth. "Now thet's quaar," he mused. "Never seen no tracks lak them befo'. An' thet palooka of a sheriff walked right out this doah and never noticed them clues a-tall," reflected John disgustedly.

It occurred to Big John that, as these significant clues had been passed over by Bailey and found by himself, he'd just keep still, solve the mystery, and make a monkey out of Bailey before the whole county.

A man that was too quick on the trigger had no business being sheriff, anyhow. "Bailey's too little. I allow he gits skeert an' dassent try to fetch his prisoner in on his feet."

He examined the ground thoroughly all around and as far as Bud's door. To his surprise he found Bud's back door only part way open. "Hell's bells! How come neither one didn't open up entire?"

He scratched his head and stood staring, then turned back to his charge.

He examined Taylor's door. Heavy iron latches secured it on the inside, and a big chain spanned it from side to side when closed.

Big John made his way back to the body and sat down on a coffin to try to think things out. "Thet doah couldn't 'a' been fo'ced open fum the outside. But ef Taylor opened hit, why in tarnation didn't he open up right, while he was at hit? An' whut's the meanin' of them tracks leadin' only *one* way—fum the sto' but not *to* hit? An' be they man, woman, child, or devil's tracks? Ain't no human feet made them tracks!"

The crowd was dispersing in groups, slowly, reluctantly. Bud stood like a figure of bronze near the child's coffin, looking down at the gun which the sheriff had forbidden Big John to touch. Without a word the boy returned to his store through the open arch.

He did an excellent picayune business that morning.

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..and your
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Everybody seemed suddenly to be out of tacks and picture-wire, ice picks and cheap saucepans. He served them courteously, silently.

It was closing time before the sheriff came into Bud's store. "Well, Bud, I reckon I'll have to take you along," the little man announced mildly. He seemed uneasy and kept his hand in his sagging coat pocket.

"I been sorter expectin' you, Mr. Bailey," Bud said, restoring odds and ends of hardware to the shelves. "Sit down for a few minutes, won't you, till I git things tidied up a bit?"

Bailey sat on a nail keg. His first uneasiness had evidently passed, but he kept his hand in his pocket. Bud, taking his time, put everything in perfect order just as if he wasn't expecting to be back soon; took down his hat from a peg over the water bucket; drank a gourd of water, wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, and said:

"All right, Mr. Bailey." And "they walked along over to the jail house plumb peaceable."

Three days were required to impanel a jury. It appeared that two thirds of the sparsely settled county had formed an opinion.

"Well," remarked Joe Straw, "hit looks tough for Bud."

"Bud had orter got him a lawyer fum Pensacola," said Big John. "Carver's deef in the fust place, an' never had much lawyer sense noways."

They were watching the town open up. "Mebbe so you'd orter told the sheriff 'bout them clues you found," contributed Joe. "Here he comes now. Ef ever he missed goin' to the post office a mornin' I allow the town would blow up."

"Or if he lost the crease in his pants," grinned Big John.

The dapper little sheriff greeted the two men: "'Nother hot day on the way."

They made room for him on the bench.

THERE were folks in Wayo who set their clocks by Sheriff Bailey's morning walk to the post office. At seven thirty he stepped out of the jail house where he maintained his bachelor quarters. At seven forty he reached Big John's bench, where he would stop for a ten-minute chat. At eight to the second he would enter the office.

"Reckon Bud's got any chancet atall?" inquired Joe.

The sheriff shook his head doubtfully. "Whut makes it look so bad fur him is ever'body knows him an' Taylor had had a ruckus the night befo'. More'n one heard Bud shout to the ol' man to go heeled from that present time on."

"Thet's what makes hit so onreasonable," declared Big John. "Ef Bud wanted to take advantage o' the ol' man he hed ever'thing his own way thet evenin'. The ruckus was in Bud's sto'. Whut was to hender him killin' Taylor then an' there, an' givin' out he done hit in se'f-defense? 'Stead of which, he waits tell nex' mornin' an' follers the ol' man into his own sto' to shoot 'im in the back; then stan's an' waits fur the whole town to come an' ketch him. No, siree! Hit don't make sense."

"A fool thing to do," agreed Bailey. "Course I ain't sayin' Bud didn't have plenty good reason—"

"Dag-on hit, Bailey," bellowed Big John, "they's more'n a dozen men hed better reason to kill ol' man Taylor, not excludin' me an' you, on down to the prosecutin' attorney his own se'f."

"Whoever murdered him sure done his wife an' daughter a good turn," put in Joe Straw. "Mebbe now Aline Taylor'll git some pleasure outen her daddy's money."

"Yeah; that same bein' whut Barnes aims to bring out," said the sheriff. "An' es Bud wus in debt bad, an' figgerin' on marryin' Aline, hit looks bad. Well, I mus' git on to the post office." He looked at his watch, rising hastily.

BIG JOHN puffed vigorously on his pipe. "The murderer wus hid inside thet sto' behin' them coffins," he mused. "The skunk hed been there all night. Thet's how come they wasn't no signs comin' in. Hit wus the murderer opened thet doah part way, fum the inside, arter he fired. An', dag-on my hide, I been all this time figgerin' hit out!"

"Well, ef thet's all you got figgered out to clair Bud, he's es good es daid now," opined Joe.

His pipe catching, Big John drew several puffs. "Hit ain't all. They's somethin' I been tryin' to ricollict sence the mornin' o' the murder, which, ef I *could* ricollict hit, I'd know who done hit. I cain't sleep fur tryin' to ricollict hit. Hit wus somethin' that happened, which same knocked me off'n my pins fur a minute. Somethin' I hadn't never seed in this town befo'. But in the excitement o' findin' ol' man Taylor shot down hit clean got away fum me."

"Then hit muster happened a leetle mite befo' you diskivered the ol' man wus murdered," supplied Joe eagerly.

"Yep, thet's hit! 'Cause ef hit had happened after, I'd 'a' ricollicted hit—bein' on the lookout then. Hit happened betwixt the shot an' the findin's, an' blame my skin, ef I could ricollict hit I could put my finger on the man thet murdered ol' man Taylor."

The trial started in the trivial fashion of trials. The finding of the body. The cause of death. A dozen witnesses testified to seeing Harlan Taylor enter Bud Davis's store, and arriving five minutes, three minutes after the firing of the shot, they had seen Bud in the coffin store making his way out toward the back arch. It also came out that the two men had had a bad ruckus the previous afternoon.

Joe Straw's testimony was particularly damning. Joe was passing the store through the back alley and had stopped when he heard the row. He didn't hear the plumb start; but from what he could gather, Bud had told the old man he and Aline were going to get married next day.

"Well, at that Taylor jest naturally went hog-wild, callin' Bud a fortune-huntin' son-of-a-gun. *Gun* wasn't the word he used; but, ladies bein' present— The ol' man accused Bud o' knowin' he'd jest sold his Floridy holdin's to a man fum outside fur twenty-five thousand dollars cash, which wus why he wus in sich a hurry to marry Aline. Thet's about all I heerd."

"In the course of the quarrel did the defendant make any threats against the life of the murdered man?" asked the prosecution.

"Well, ef he did, you would have did the same."

"Confine your answers to yes or no, Mr. Straw."

"Well, then—yes, he did! An' so did you when ol' Taylor reported you fur shootin' outer season."

The judge had to rap for order.

Barnes, very red, continued: "Exactly what did the defendant say to the deceased that was of a threatening nature?"

"Bud said, 'Mist' Taylor, git outen my sto' befo' I murder you right befo' yo' own daughter's eyes.'"

"What did Mr. Taylor say to that?"

Joe hesitated, but under pressure admitted Taylor had said that might be a way for Bud to get his money quick, seeing that Aline was his only heir.

Bud admitted the quarrel, but swore that he and Mr. Taylor had made friends. Mr. Taylor had come into his store at opening time to talk things over and had given his consent to the marriage. Said he'd been a jealous old fool father trying to hold his girl a little longer. They'd shaken hands and Mr. Taylor had gone through the back arch into his own store.

BUD was opening his back door when he heard something like a shot. The noise of opening his door, which was heavy and had been sticking, due to the casters being rusted, also the noise of a big chain running across it, had confused the sound from the adjoining store. He thought a coffin had fallen and rushed in to help Mr. Taylor. Not seeing him about, nor any sign of disorder, he, Bud, was just turning back when he heard voices in the street and looked out to see a crowd gathering. He went into the street by way of his own store to find out the trouble.

"You say Mr. Taylor had gone through your store," said the prosecution, taking up the examination; "yet when you went in his store you didn't see him about, and you were turning back without trying to find him. Didn't you think it strange—"

"No. He could have been stooping behind a pile of coffins; but—"

"Didn't you call him?"

"Yes; but—"

"And receiving no answer, you were turning back without trying to find out why he wasn't in the store. You didn't try to find him, did you?"

"No; I—"

"And you didn't think it strange to find the store empty?"

"Well, you see, the reason—"

"Confine your answers to yes and no, Mr. Davis. Did you think it strange the store was empty? Yes or no?"

"No. I tell you—"

"Yet probably five minutes previously you'd seen Mr. Taylor enter that store through your back arch. And you were turning back without even looking around for him. Didn't it occur to you that Mr. Taylor might have fallen and be badly hurt?"

"No; I never thought of that, because—"

Bud's lawyer saw to it that he was given a chance to amplify his answers.

THE reason he hadn't thought strange of Mr. Taylor's absence from the store, nor undertaken a search, was because, seeing the back door open, he supposed the old man had stepped outside, and that what he had thought a falling coffin was probably the shotlike pop of a stuck door.

Bud was forced to admit that he had threatened Mr. Taylor; but affirmed it was just "mad talk."

"You mean to say that you meant to take the epithet Mr. Taylor called you? That you had no intention of killing him when you told him to go heeled? That you were just a bully who made threats you had no intention of fulfilling? Is that what you want the court to understand?"

Bud's face was red with fury. "No!" he shouted.

"Then you meant it when you told Mr. Taylor you were going to kill him?"

"Yes, I meant it then; but I cooled off."

"You boarded at the home of the deceased, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Did you go home that night?"

"No."

"You were too mad to go home, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"Then you didn't cool off that night!"

"No. I cooled off next morning, when Mr. Taylor came in my store just as I was opening up."

"Mr. Taylor came in your store, and you just cooled off at sight of him!"

"No, I didn't. He said he was sorry and—"

"Mr. Davis, isn't it a fact that Mr. Taylor came into your store to tell you to vacate his building?"

"After we'd made friends he said I might have to—"

"Yes or no! Did he mention your vacating the store?"

"Yes; he said I better be lookin' around."

"He told you to vacate; then he went through the arch into his own store!"

"Yes. But that was after we'd—"

"And having been told to vacate, you cooled off and followed him into

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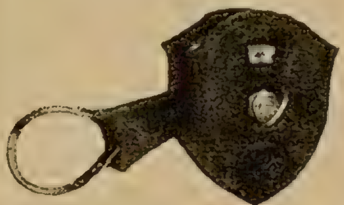

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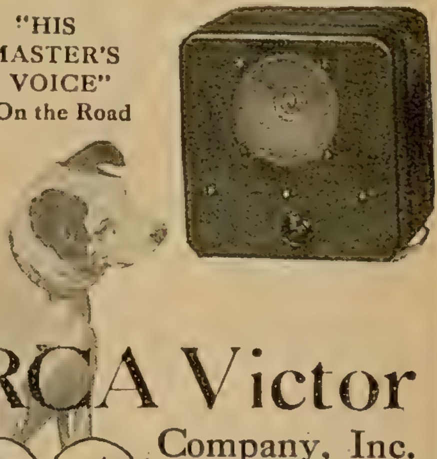

RCA Victor
Company, Inc.
A Radio Corporation of America Subsidiary
Camden, N. J.

his store and shot him in the back on his way to open his front door?"

Bud's attorney was on his feet with an objection, which was sustained by the court.

"Mr. Davis, is it a fact that you are in debt for your business and behind in your payments?"

"Yes."

"And yet you wanted to marry?"

"Yes."

"Did you know Mr. Taylor had sold his Wayo holdings?"

"No. He'd told me he was on a deal but—"

"You didn't know that it had gone through, nor what he had gotten, *till he let it out in the course of your quarrel?*"

"That's it."

"Was it a surprise to you to learn that Mr. Taylor had sold out for twenty-five thousand cash?"

"Yes."

"Had you ever considered killing Mr. Taylor—been mad enough at him to think of killing him—till the afternoon before the murder?"

Objection overruled. Question repeated.

"No," Bud answered.

"Then it was after you learned that Miss Aline would inherit twenty-five thousand dollars that you decided to kill her father?"

Objection by Bud's attorney was sustained by the court.

"Mr. Davis," the prosecutor continued, "you say Mr. Taylor came into your store that morning to apologize and you made friends?"

"Yes."

"Did he consent to your marriage?"

"He said if we'd wait a couple of years, till I got on my feet—"

"But you didn't want to do that?"

"No."

"Mr. Davis, isn't it a fact that if you had married Miss Aline immediately, as you wanted to do, against her father's will, you couldn't have gotten the help you so sorely needed—while Mr. Taylor lived? While his death would give it all to her immediately?"

Bud's attorney succeeded in getting the question stricken from the records. But the sinister suggestion was not stricken from the minds of the jurors and people. It was true Aline was an only child—twenty-five thousand dollars cash was a lot of money—Mr. Taylor meant to retire on it and live it up. Aline would inherit what was left—years hence maybe.

"YOU followed Mr. Taylor into his store, didn't you?"

"Well, not exactly."

"You were in there when the shot that killed Mr. Taylor was heard from the street, weren't you?"

"I was in there about a minute afterwards."

"Was anybody else in there when you got in—about a minute afterward?"

"I didn't see anybody."

"If there had been anybody you would have seen him, wouldn't you?"

"I reckon I would. Yes, I would."

"And there was nobody?"

"No; not as I could see."

"In your opinion, could there have been anyone in the store at that hour?"

"No."

"And Mr. Taylor was shot in the back, so that it couldn't have been suicide?"

"No."

"He left your store, and before he'd had time to open up was murdered. And one minute after he was shot you were seen in his store, and nobody could have been there so early besides the murdered man and you. Is that right?"

Bud's attorney objected to this but was overruled. Bud answered: "That's right."

"Do you happen to know this gun, Mr. Davis?" The prosecution produced the gun found in Mr. Taylor's store. It was a new Colt .38. The prosecution pointed to its newness. He handed it to the jury, who verified the fact that but one shot had ever been fired from it.

Bud admitted that he had guns like it for sale. That he had not sold such a gun to Mr. Taylor, nor to anybody in town in several weeks; that he was the only man in town who had carried Colt's in stock; and, finally, under sharp questioning, that the gun was his; had been taken from his stock; had not been sold from it; and that he didn't know how it had gotten out of the box.

"When did you first miss the gun?" he was asked sarcastically.

"About a half hour after Mr. Taylor was found."

"How come you to miss it so soon?"

"I went to look."

"Then you recognized the gun at once as your own?"

"I thought I did. I wanted to make sure."

"And you did make sure it was your gun?"

"Yes; but—"

"That will do, Mr. Davis."

ALINE TAYLOR was called by the defense. She was a small girl with a childish face and big dark eyes. She was very white but calm. She testified that she had called Bud at the hotel the night of the quarrel from a neighbor's house and had met him. She had made him promise not to hold what her father had said against him, and had on her side agreed to marry him that night. They went together to try to get a license, but the circuit judge was out of town and they had gone to see Mr. John Duncan, who was justice of the peace, to see if he could help them out.

He agreed to marry them, but couldn't issue a license; and the three of them went to look for the sheriff to see if he could do anything about it. But they couldn't find him. He wasn't in his quarters at the jail; nor at the pool room where he mostly spent his evenings; nor at the hotel where he had his meals. Nobody had seen him since the middle of the afternoon.

So she went back home, and the next morning told her father that she was twenty-two and that she was going to marry Bud that day. Her father stormed a while, then cooled off and said if they'd wait till Bud got out of debt he'd give his consent. She agreed to abide by what Bud said, and her father went down to see Bud and fix things up.

Barnes could not shake her story. Big John was put on the stand. He verified Aline's testimony about the effort to get a license, and he told about the tracks in the mud leading from Taylor's back door to a weed patch where they ended—hand tracks and the swiping signs of crawling knees, showing the murderer had been hidden inside all night, had shot, ducked behind the coffins, having the door all ready to open, and had crawled out as Bud came in.

Barnes wanted to know why Mr. Duncan had not called attention upon his, Barnes', arrival that morning to these tracks to which Mr. Duncan so belatedly attached importance.

Big John explained how Bailey had "tromped" right out over them, and how he, Big John, had decided it was time for the county to have a new sheriff, and thought if he could run down the real murderer "an' bring him in alive" the voters would see their duty at the polls next election.

This brought a snicker. Big John then went on to give his reasons for not apprising the prosecuting attorney of the facts later on, when it appeared that his "clues" ended in a patch of weeds and couldn't be made to go farther.

"I knowed by thet time 'twarn't no use telling you.

You hadn't had a conviction in this county in so long you wus gittin' to be a plumb burden to the taxpayers," declared Big John. "So I jest kep' tryin' to ricollict who done hit. An' jest now, while Miss Aline wus talkin', hit come to me! With my own eyes I hed seed the skunk runnin' fum his crime the mornin' of the murder. Then in the excitement hit got away fum me. Mr. Prosecutor, if you'll ast Sheriff Bailey why he couldn't be found in town the night befo' the murder, an' how come he missed goin' to the post office fur the fust time in fifteen year on the mornin' o' the murder, an' how come he lied on this 'ere witness stan' an' said he wus one o' the fust on the scene o' the murder, an' how come he come fum the wrong direction when he did come, an' how come he'd lost the crease in his pants, the knees bein' all muddy, which I noticed straight off when I see him runnin' tow'ds me—"

"It's a lie!" shouted the sheriff.

"An' ef you'll put Buck Jones on this stan'," Big John went on, "an' ast him did Bailey come into his shop fifteen, twenty minutes arter the murder an' change his pants, leavin' a pair o' muddy ones—"

A shot rang out. Big John slumped to his knees. Sheriff Bailey, true to the yellow streak that had made him a killer under the shelter of his office, had shot from fright.

The citizens of Wayo saw no sense in putting the county to the expense of a trial. Bailey's shot had convicted him. The motive was history. It had started when young Bailey stole one of young Taylor's bird dogs and Taylor beat Bailey up. A week later, Taylor, alone on the banks of the creek, was set upon by the three Bailey brothers and beaten into insensibility. Taylor soon after built up a political machine which for years frustrated the ambitions of the Baileys. Finally, tiring of the game, Taylor withdrew from politics, making no objection when Bailey ran for sheriff. Then, when a few months ago Taylor had Bailey's younger brother arrested for butchering one of Taylor's heifers without leave, and sent him to the penitentiary, the two reopened hostilities.

Taylor had thereupon become politically active for the openly declared purpose of ousting "that sneakin' yellow killer, which same is a blight on the fair name of this county."

The economical designs of the citizenry were, however, frustrated by the district attorney, assisted by Joe Straw and Bud Davis, who got Bailey out of the county that night just before the deputation arrived.

Bud and Aline were married the following day in a bedroom over Mrs. John's restaurant, Big John, attired in loud pyjamas, officiating.

"I sent out an' bought 'em special," he confided to Aline. "Told my ol' 'oman to git the brightes' colors in town."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—What is the lowest level in the United States?
2—From what was the name Quebec derived?
3—Who was the first King of France?
4—What is anchor ice?
5—When was penal transportation to Australia abolished?
6—What state leads in the mining of salt?
7—What American military unit fought in the town of Château-Thierry?
8—What is the thymus?
9—What is an alewife?
10—Who was Christoph Willibald von Gluck?
11—What is the capital of Morocco?
12—What is a chewink?
13—What is Sanskrit?
14—What does the name Beelzebub mean?
15—What does the abbreviation C. I. E. mean?
16—Who wrote The Man Without a Country?
17—Has the United States Congress any control of the members of the press gallery?
18—When was Alaska purchased from Russia?
19—What was Dorr's Rebellion?
20—How many Pilgrims were on the Mayflower?

(Answers will be found on page 47)

Why are the "six-year" molars important?

(See page 47 for the answer)

A whole handful of ordinary dentifrices can't give you

SQUIBB'S 5-way protection

SUPPOSE you were to buy a whole handful of "one-way" dentifrices, and use every one of them daily. Even then your teeth wouldn't have the *balanced* protection of Squibb Dental Cream.

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3 It prevents bleeding of the gums the *safe* way—by keeping them healthy, and avoids using dangerous astringents. Frequent bleeding of the gums no dentifrice can cure. The dentist should be consulted.
4 It combats the germ acids that cause tooth-decay.
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Squibb Dental Cream is made by a *scientifically balanced formula* with Squibb's 75-year record of reliability behind it. If you would safeguard the soundness and beauty of your teeth, do these two things: Visit your dentist regularly. And at least twice a day, brush your teeth with Squibb Dental Cream—the 5-way dentifrice. Copyright 1933 E. R. Squibb & Sons

SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

Gary Cooper and Joan Crawford in a scene from Today We Live, a film with a wartime flavor.

Shirley Grey and Neil Hamilton in Terror Aboard. Nearly the whole cast meet an untimely end in this.

Pleasure Cru
pleasure! —
Tobin and

Subs, So

A Good Sea Picture; Cagney as a Reporter; Another Service Talkie, a Farce, and a Horror Film

(Reading time: 11 minutes 4 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ HELL BELOW

CAST

Lieutenant Thomas Knowlton, U. S. N., Robert Montgomery; Lieutenant Commander T. J. Toler, U. S. N., Walter Huston; Joan, Madge Evans; "Ptomaine," Ship's Cook, Jimmy Durante; MacDougal, Chief Torpedo Man, Eugene Pallette; Lieutenant "Brick" Walters, Robert Young; Herbert Standish, Flight Commander, Edwin Styles; Lieutenant "Speed" Nelson, John Lee Mahin; Lieutenant Radford, David Newell; Seaman Jenks, Sterling Holloway; Buck-teeth Sergeant, Charles Irwin. Directed by Jack Conway. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

WORLD War. American fleet in Italy. Robert Montgomery, young submarine officer, ordered ashore to dance with fat wives of admirals. Dreadful bore. But ha! a peacherine—Madge Evans, daughter of his hard-boiled commander, Walter Huston. What if Madge is married to a crippled officer? Robert's ego, which includes "my love," is greater than honor and all that tripe. Huston tries to soft-pedal the mess.

At sea. Veiled enmity between Robert and his superior officer. Robert disobeys orders and causes death of eight men from German depth bomb. Arrested and degraded. Robert visits Madge's husband in hospital and realizes he's a cad to butt in. Pretends to be drunk and quarrels with Madge. Sub ordered to attack fortress and Robert sneaks aboard and makes the supreme sacrifice.

A corking story, well told, and the greatest sea stuff yet. Fun ashore and excitement at sea. Gene Pallette and Jimmy Durante relieve the intense drama without being dragged in. Jimmy's fight with a kangaroo one of the funniest scenes of the year.

★ ★ ★ PICTURE SNATCHER

CAST

Danny, James Cagney; McLean, Ralph Bellamy; Patricia, Patricia Ellis; Allison, Alice White; Jerry, Rolfe Harolde; Casey, Robert Emmet O'Connor; Renée, Renée Whitney; Grover, Robert Barrat; the Fireman, George Pat Collins; Head Keeper, Arthur Keeper; Leo, Tom Wilson. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Produced by Warner Brothers.

Like the comedians who wish to play Hamlet, one would think that James Cagney would want to switch from rogues to Romeos. If he isn't a crook he's a tabloider. In this picture he is both. Sprung from Sing Sing, he passes up his old gang and decides to go straight (?!!!) by getting a job on one of those papers that thousands of people say they simply loathe and then go right out and buy. His job is to get pictures of people in trouble. Honorably or dishonorably, it doesn't matter.

He does it. But *en route* he falls in love with Patricia Ellis, daughter of Robert Emmet O'Connor, a cop. He is desired by Alice White, trollop of his boss, Ralph Bellamy, who is in the act of assaulting him when Ralph arrives. Socko! He gets O'Connor promoted to captain and then demoted by snatching a picture of a woman's electrocution which O'Connor is press-chaperoning.

During another assignment he gets jammed up in a gun battle between Rolfe Harolde, an old crook pal, and the police. By adroit lying he clears himself and again gets O'Connor promoted by giving him the credit. It's all old stuff, but it moves fast and the dialogue is bright. Cagney is at his best, Alice White takes a couple of good beatings, and O'Connor and Rolfe Harolde deliver handsomely. Patricia Ellis, however, is a rather weak reward to hand the energetic James.

★ ★ TODAY WE LIVE

CAST

Diana, Joan Crawford; Bogard, Gary Cooper; Claude, Robert Young; Ronnie, Franchot Tone; McGinnis, Roscoe Karns; Applegate, Louise Closser Hale; Major, Rollo Lloyd; Eleanor, Hilda Vaughn. Directed by Howard Hawks. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

There is no laughter or sunshine in this picture. For seven reels Joan Crawford suffers and cries. When it isn't raining, night descends upon the action, and we see the figures eerily. Not a note of musical relief, but for reels on end the terrible roar of battle.

Joan, an aristocratic war orphan, rents her ancient home to Gary Cooper, a rich American, otherwise unaccounted for. Joan has two loves, her brother, Robert Young, and a neighbor lad, Franchot Tone, both of whom join the navy. Of course she falls in love with Gary, and to run away from her dilemma joins an ambulance corps. Gary, not to be outdone by his young rival, enlists in the British air service and later is reported dead, so in soul's desperation, Joan "gives herself" to Franchot. But, alas, Gary turns up, and there she is "dead" to him!

-and was it
h Genevieve
alph Forbes.

Robert Montgomery, Madge Evans and Walter Huston in the vivid and thrilling picture Hell Below.

A soft snap for Jim Cagney! The lady is Renee Whitney and they appear in Picture Snatcher.

os, *and* Sex

By ROB WAGNER

Long sequences in which Gary tests out Franchot by taking him on air raids, and Franchot tests out Gary by taking him on torpedo adventures. In the end brother Robert and lover Franchot, who has gone blind, clear the road to romance by getting themselves blown up in a torpedo attack.

It is a grim, dour story, but the acting is fine and—if you like the stuff—the battle sequences thrilling. Joan Crawford, forgoing that awful black lip goo, is exceptionally beautiful and suffers superbly. Gary Cooper is, as usual, restrained and gentle.

★ ★ PLEASURE CRUISE

CAST

Shirley Poole, Genevieve Tobin; Andrew Poole, Roland Young; Richard Orloff, Ralph Forbes; Mrs. Signus, Una O'Connor; Henry, Herbert Mundin; Judy, Minna Gombell; Marchison, Theodore von Eltz; Alf, Frank Atkinson; Crum, Robert Greig; Rollins, Arthur Hoyt. Directed by Frank Tuttle. Produced by Fox.

If you are squeamish about sex you hadn't better see this one. It is terribly naughty, but so charmingly done that perhaps you won't mind.

Roland Young's beautiful home is auctioned off. Nevertheless Genevieve Tobin marries him. She keeps her job, and Roland keeps house. He becomes jealous of her business contacts. Very tiresome all round. Genevieve thinks a marital holiday might help, so off she goes on a ten-day "pleasure cruise." Roland, still jealous, gets a job on the boat as barber in order to watch her. He manages to scare off several cuties by tipping them to the homicidal impulses of his wife's husband. But Ralph Forbes sticks. After a romantic costume ball aboard he asks Genevieve to leave her door open. "Nobody'll hear me come in; I won't say a word." Genevieve retires. Indecision. She'll let him in. No, she won't. She throws the bolt, but it doesn't catch. Roland has overheard the plan and, locking Ralph in his room, *he* sneaks in with Genevieve!

Next morning Ralph comes to explain why he didn't keep his engagement. Genevieve is puzzled and horrified. *Somebody* tucked in! And whoever it was also took her cigarette case. She begins to suspect every man aboard. It's awful! Arriving home she discovers Roland with the cigarette case, and she is relieved and delighted. She pretends she knew it was he all the time. And the poor male of the species is licked again!

★ ★ TERROR ABOARD

CAST

Maximilian Kreig, John Halliday; Blackie, Charlie Ruggles; James Cowles, Neil Hamilton; Lili Kingston, Shirley Grey; Vincenzo Cordoff, Jack La Rue; Millicent Hazlitt, Verree Teasdale; Lena, Leila Bennett; Morton Hazlitt, Morgan Wallace; Captain Alison, Thomas Jackson; Wilson, William Janney; Boatswain, Paul Hurst; Captain Swanson, Stanley Fields; Larson, Frank Hagney; Ship's Doctor, Clarence Wilson; Chef, Paul Porcasi; Sparks, Marty Faust; First Seaman, Clem Beauchamp; Mate on Yacht, Peter Hancock; Cross-eyed Sailor, Bobby Dunn. Directed by Paul Sloane. Produced by Paramount.

Scene: Supervisor's office at Paramount studio. Writers and gagmen in conference. Supervisor: "Boys, we've got a swell horror story here of how John Halliday wants to kill off the guests and crew of his yacht so that he can pull a getaway to a South Sea island. He's got to murder about twenty-five people in horrible ways."

They read the synopsis and this is what they came up with: The radio fellow was to be shot, the captain impaled on a rapier-like desk file, Jack La Rue hanged, Morgan Wallace stabbed, Verree Teasdale frozen in the refrigerator, Leila Bennett pushed overboard, Paul Porcasi poisoned, the crew drowned while lowering a boat. The only ones saved were to be Neil Hamilton and Shirley Grey.

"Swell," said the supervisor. "But how do we kill the villain?"

"Easy!" shouted the staff in unison. "Have him start swimming for his island and the sharks get him!"

"But won't the fans laugh at so much hokum?" asked one writer.

"We can fix that by giving 'em something funny to laugh at. Better write in Charlie Ruggles."

That may not be a correct account of how Terror Aboard was made, but it sure looks that way.

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Topaze, Rasputin and the Empress, 42nd Street, Cavalcade, The Animal Kingdom, Babes in the Wood, Silver Dollar, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, A Bill of Divorcement.

★★★—Baby Face, The Masquerader, The White Sister, The Rome Express, King Kong, The Great Jasper, Be Mine Tonight, The Face in the Sky, State Fair, Luxury Liner, The Sign of the Cross, She Done Him Wrong, Grand Slam, Tonight Is Ours, Me and My Gal, A Farewell to Arms, The Son-Daughter, If I Had a Million, The Mummy, The Half Naked Truth, Three on a Match, The Match King, The Kid from Spain, Cynara, Night After Night, Red Dust, Trouble in Paradise, One Way Passage.

The CROWN *Tells* What He HIT

The Hohenzollern Heir as Germany's Savior from Back at Other

Mussolini, to whom the Crown Prince likens Hitler in nature and worth.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Crown Prince feels that developments in Germany warrant him in adding to this article, at the last moment, his estimate of Adolf Hitler, and thus telling a waiting world what the man who may be Germany's next emperor thinks of its dictator. The estimate will be found at the end of this article. It is his final word to America and concludes his story for the present.*

By

CROWN PRINCE WILHELM OF GERMANY

(Reading time: 20 minutes 35 seconds.)

I HAVE always had a soft spot in my heart for King Edward, as he had a soft spot for me. I know that he is usually regarded as an inveterate enemy of the Germans. I do not agree with this opinion.

King Edward as well as my father strove for friendly relations between the two countries. But intrigues crossed their paths. Misunderstanding poisoned their best intentions. Fate was stronger than they!

Germany has been blamed for not accepting the proffered hand of England. But England's offers of an alliance were never unconditional. They always imposed upon us the task of pulling England's chestnuts out of the fire in a conflict with Russia. England had many irons and many chestnuts in the fire. The multiplicity of her interests sometimes engendered duplicity. Such, at least, it seemed to our statesmen. Moreover, in England as well as in Germany opinion was divided. Even the same statesmen did not hold the same opinion at all times.

Prince Bismarck once remarked: "I am ready to love the English, but they don't want to be loved." In a heart-to-heart talk with Sir Edward Grey I once said: "England and Germany could divide the Old World between them if they chose to coöperate."

"England does not want to divide the Old World with anyone—not even with Germany," Sir Edward replied softly.

While some English statesmen were formulating policies which might lead to an Anglo-German alliance, her admirals discussed the possibility of "Copenhagening" the German navy. If anyone doubts this, let him read the memoirs of Lord Fisher. It will be remembered that the English, sweeping down upon the harbor of Copenhagen in the midst of peace, demolished the Danish fleet.

Adolf Hitler in conversation with the Crown Prince
the Reichstag at which the Nazi leader demanded and

Germany's increasing economic power, and her navy keeping pace with the growth of her commerce, made a conflict almost inevitable unless the two powers agreed to join forces. With England guarding the seas, with Germany guarding the land, the golden age of peace might have dawned for mankind. The gods willed it otherwise. But the gods may change their mind. Coöperation in the future may repair the damage wrought in the past.

King Edward did not live to see the World War. I have always felt that his invincible shrewdness might have

PRINCE
Thinks of
LER

Hails the Nazi Dictator
Bolshevism and Looks
Famous Personages

International photo

at Potsdam just before the opening of the session of
received full powers as dictator of the new Germany.

evaded that trap. It was a trap for England as well as for Germany. It is by no means impossible that when an impartial tribunal weighs the result, it may appear that Great Britain suffered no less than the German Empire. If King Edward had lived in 1917 he would have lent an ear to those farsighted Englishmen who demanded peace before the uttermost farthing and the last available drop of blood had been spent.

King Edward was sixty years of age when he ascended the throne of his mother. Soon afterward the King, always kind to me, bestowed upon me the Order of the Garter. We had many intimate conversations. He often talked to me like an uncle, not like a king. I learned to admire his knowledge of the world and his uncanny grasp of reality.

King Edward VII, the Crown Prince's great-uncle, whom he remembers warmly.

A gentleman of the old school, King Edward loved life.

The King has often been censured for the company he kept and for the scandals he grazed. Nevertheless it seems to me that the experience he thus gained made him a better ruler. No one could pull the wool over his eyes! No courtier could build around him that invisible wall that separates most princes from their environment. Transferring to diplomacy the technique which he had acquired in his contacts with men and women, the King fascinated nations as well as individuals. He wooed France and Russia as he would woo a beautiful woman.

King Edward and I understood each other. It amused him at times to play practical jokes on me. We were attending the jubilee of the King of Denmark. There was a great festive dinner. I naturally assumed that King Edward would make the main speech and propose a toast to his Danish cousin. Suddenly, between the fish and the fowl, King Edward sent word to me to speak in his place. On official occasions of this type one must weigh every word to eschew a blunder.

Summoning my courage, I spoke in English as well as I could.

After the dinner King Edward patted me on the back and said with a smile: "I wanted to test your mettle to see if you were adroit enough to make an impromptu speech. I am pleased. You have acquitted yourself with honor." To me he always seemed not only the first gentleman of Europe but also a very successful modern monarch.

KING EDWARD had wisdom as well as shrewdness, robust energy as well as delicate sensitivity. What personally endeared him to me was his sense of humor and his interest in sports. King Edward owned the best racing stable in England. I believe that he twice won the Derby. He could talk to everyone, groom or diplomat, in his own language. His German was as good as his English and he spoke French almost without an accent. If Sir Edward Grey had spoken French and German as well as King Edward and if he had seen as much of the world as the King, he would not have imperiled the British Empire and wrecked all Europe.

Intensely human in all his relations, King Edward was very grateful for any kindness. Whenever King Edward came to Germany while he was still Prince of Wales, the regiment with which he had been invested by my father tendered a special reception to him. The King was rather heavy and, like Bismarck, did not like to dine in the tight military collar. He relished his cigar after dinner but he did not like to inhale other people's smoke. Knowing this, I conspired with the colonel of the regiment, von Baerensprung.

While the festive banquet was going on, the colonel continually yanked at his collar. His actions caught the attention of the King.

"What's the matter with your collar?" he asked.

"I beg your Majesty's pardon," the colonel replied, apparently somewhat embarrassed, "but we are accustomed when we are among ourselves to open our collars while we are eating."

"Very well," said the King delightedly; "then we will do the same today." And with immense relief released his neck from its bondage.

After dinner the colonel offered the King a fat cigar and lit his own without offering a smoke to his officers.

"Is smoking forbidden here," the King asked, "or are all your officers opposed to nicotine?"

"No, your Majesty," replied Baerensprung; "but we are accustomed to give a quarter of an hour's instruction after each dinner, during which my officers never smoke. And it is perhaps better if they do not get into the habit."

Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary, whom the Crown Prince regarded as "a born ruler."

The King winked understandingly. By this time he understood, no doubt, the delicate consideration shown to his idiosyncrasies. He told me afterward that he never enjoyed himself more than at that dinner. "It was," he said, "extraordinarily *gemuetlich*. And *Gemuetlichkeit* is one of the things which most kings must forgo!"

I suspect that his grandson, the present Prince of Wales, inherited the jovial temperament as well as the suavity of his grandfather.

I have often been asked what I thought of my uncle Czar Nicholas. When I was his guest I always had the impression that I was visiting a prisoner of state in his jail. It was a splendid jail. But it isolated him completely. Its walls were supported by bayonets.

The Czar was friendly to Germany. In that respect my father's judgment was right. My father hoped to maintain cordial relations with Russia through his intimacy with the Czar. But he did not realize to what extent the Czar depended upon others and the inconceivable lack of respect with which the Little Father was treated by his own family. I do not believe that the Czar would have ordered mobilization in 1914 if his hand had not been forced by the grand dukes who cajoled and deceived him.

Constant intrigue and constant pressure undermined "Nicky's" intellectual integrity. He was completely out of touch with his people and with world events. His fear of assassination was even greater than that of the Sultan. Living under such conditions his individuality was crushed. He could not dare to be himself. Such being the case, it is unfair to judge him.

THE tragedy of my uncle's fate was brought home to me when the woman who claims to be the Grand Duchess Anastasia appeared in Germany. Whether or not there is any justice in her pretension I am not prepared to say. My wife visited her in a Berlin hospital.

"Do you think it is the Grand Duchess Anastasia?" I asked.

"That is a question I cannot answer. I knew Anastasia as a child. But I cannot tell if this woman is Anastasia or an impostor."

Everything that concerns the Imperial Russian family seems to be wrapped in mystery and blood!

Whereas the Czar's mind was nebulous, his Prime Minister, Witte, was a farseeing statesman. We often discussed the political situation of Europe. Witte's dream was a central European alliance—Germany, Russia, France. But events shattered this dream.

Another statesman who impressed me with his sagacity was Pope Leo XIII. When his eyes rested upon me they seemed to penetrate to the very core of my brain. Most of my contemporaries saw only the glamour of my position and the apparent nonchalance with which I faced life. Pope Leo saw the worries that tantalized and depressed me. When, after my last audience with him, I bade him farewell, he firmly clasped my hand in his and said: "If life should not be easy with you, God will help you. God takes care of us all."

I have always treasured the words of this sagacious Pope.

If Leo XIII was a *grand seigneur* among churchmen, Francis Joseph, the tragic ruler of the Dual Monarchy, was a *grand seigneur* among monarchs. He was perhaps the last of the *grands seigneurs*. Aristocratic, charming yet resolute, everyone, friend as well as foe, fell under the spell of his personality.

He had the temperament of a born ruler. There was in him a certain quality that exacted obedience from men as well as from horses. Even at the age of seventy-five Francis Joseph still managed to ride so well that strangers, not recognizing him, would inquire: "Who is this elegant horseman?" The severe Spanish etiquette of his court reflected his temperament. The archdukes literally trembled in his presence. It was only a man of this type who could still hold together the heterogeneous elements of his empire. Even a stronger man than his successor could not have averted its doom. Its clock, as one of its own ministers said, had run down.

FRANCIS JOSEPH apprehended but did not live to see the end of his empire. Our Turkish ally, Sultan Abdul-Hamid, was less fortunate. Abdul-Hamid was one of the monarchs whom I visited in the course of my official travels. It is not merely the Far East that appeals to my imagination but the Near East as well. I was therefore delighted when my father intrusted me with a mission to his friend and ally, Sultan Abdul-Hamid.

Unlike ancestors of mine, I did not come as a hostile crusader. I came as a friend. It was not the first time in history that friendly ties united the emperor of the West and the ruler of all the Faithful. In Aachen, where twenty-five German emperors were crowned, the city fathers preserve to this day the sword presented by Harun-al-Rashid to Charles the Great, the first German emperor. There are many other examples of friendship between the successors of the caliphs and the successors of Charlemagne.

I shall never forget my first glimpse of Constantinople. I arrived on the British yacht Saphir, accompanied by my brother Prince Eitel Friedrich. It was an incomparable spring day. We were young and eager to see a country praised in fable and song.

The favorite son of the Sultan called on us and conducted us to the palace of his Osmanic Majesty.

The quarters designated for us by the Sultan were situated in a splendid kiosk in the central palace of the Yildiz. We had hardly reached our rooms when the Sultan himself appeared, driving in a small basket carriage *(Korbwägelchen)*. His generals and high officials of his court ran panting after him on foot.

Abdul-Hamid could be exceedingly captivating. Small in stature, somewhat bow-legged, he was not an exemplar of masculine beauty. But he impressed us with his shrewdness, his versatility, and the charm of his manner. He was particularly kindly, almost paternal toward us.

Although he possessed a wonderful mastery of tongues, tradition and etiquette compelled him to use Turkish exclusively in his conversation. This somewhat impeded the easy flow of thought, since it was necessary to translate every word we said into Turkish and to translate his words into our language. It was rather funny when Abdul-Hamid started to laugh long before the interpreter had translated his little jokes and ours.

The official dinners to which we were invited took place, so to speak, in secret. The place where a banquet was to take place was revealed to us only a few minutes before the event. At the time of our visit the fear of assassination hung over the court like a pall.

As I talked to the Sultan at dinner I noticed that the resplendent uniform of the ruler of the Faithful fitted him very badly. I then discovered that he wore a bullet- and dagger-proof vest under his coat.

Shortly before bidding us farewell his Majesty gave a little dinner for us in his private apartment. This was a distinction rarely bestowed even upon royal visitors at the Turkish court.

After the dinner we indulged in music. The eldest son of the Sultan accompanied me on the piano. I played Schumann's Träumerei, and Laugh, Clown, Laugh.

I had a special surprise in store for our host. I had carefully practiced the Turkish national hymn for several days. As the finale of my performance I played it for the Sultan. Abdul-Hamid was deeply moved. Tears came into his eyes, and in commemoration of the event the caliph bestowed upon me his medal for art and science.

My brother Eitel Friedrich was particularly impressed by a huge chest made of amber which had been presented to the Turkish ruler by Friedrich Wilhelm I.

One day Abdul-Hamid happened to admire a stick pin I wore. I took the liberty of presenting it to him. The present seemed a trifle to me, for in the Sultan's palace rubies, pearls, and emeralds overflowed in golden bowls.

But somehow my little present must have pleased the mighty potentate. Perhaps the Sultan felt that, small as it was, it conveyed the sincerity of my gratitude for his hospitality.

I HAD already made my departure and had reached my yacht when a little speed boat bearing the royal colors came after me. It stopped and a high Turkish dignitary stepped aboard my ship. It was a messenger from the Sultan. With many genuflections he presented to me a priceless pigeon-blood ruby set in a ring. I treasured the ring and wore it on many occasions.

Many years later, on a visit to Copenhagen, I had the honor of conducting Queen Alexandra of England, the mother of King George, to the dinner table. I happened to wear my ruby ring. The Queen, a keen judge of precious stones, greatly admired the Sultan's gift. It was as if she could not take her eyes from the unique jewel that glowed on my hand like blood and fire. Following a chivalrous impulse, I drew the ring from my finger and presented it to her Majesty. My heart was attached to that ruby. I wonder what fair hand it adorns today.

My contacts in the countries I visited on my official visits were not confined to royal personages. I rubbed elbows with many of the great statesmen of Europe. Among my father's advisers the man who most appealed to me was von Tirpitz. Colonel House was right when he said that von Tirpitz would have made a better chancellor than Bethmann-Hollweg—the Hamlet of European diplomacy. Right or wrong, Tirpitz was never irresolute. His service in helping my father to create a great German navy was incontestable. It is unfortunate that intrigue succeeded in displacing him when he was most needed.

I have never concealed my admiration for Field Marshal Hindenburg. There are some critics who attribute to Ludendorff a large portion of Hindenburg's success. The partnership of the two men was an extraordinary phenomenon. It is difficult to tell who was greater. Since the war Hindenburg has become almost a legend. But he is great enough to live up to that legend. Today his personality con-

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stitutes the one imperturbable rock against which partisan strife beats in vain.

I have refrained from saying much about my father. I have often disagreed with him. Some of these disagreements were due to the difference in our ages, some to differences in our character. But the longer I live the more I realize his innate nobility, the knightliness of his character. Frank, sportsmanlike, loyal, he did not always recognize deceit in others. But all the records will show that in many large affairs of state he was more often right than his advisers. It was he who insisted upon farseeing social legislation. In fact, Germany would have been better off if she had followed his advice in these matters. He certainly did not seek the war.

We were fast becoming a world power. We had nothing to gain by a clash of arms. Germany is the only country which had no war aims. Long before the war, France cast her eyes upon Alsace-Lorraine. England wanted our commerce. Russia coquetted with Constantinople. Italy in secret treaties assured for herself Dalmatia and a slice of Tirol. Germany wanted no aggrandizement either in Europe or elsewhere. No one can study the documents of the war without realizing that Austria-Hungary as well as Germany made every possible effort to localize the conflict.

There are those who blame Austria-Hungary for taking stringent measures against the assassins of the heir to her throne. What steps would England have taken if the Prince of Wales had been murdered by the Boers? What would America have done if the Vice President of the United States had been assassinated in Mexico? What did America do when the Maine blew up in a Cuban harbor?

It is not the fault of the Central Powers if what would have been otherwise a punitive expedition became a world conflagration. Once it started, there was no one strong enough to halt the disaster. Similarly, as I pointed out, there has seemed to be no one strong enough today to make the wheels of industry turn in orderly fashion, with the possible exception of one. And his thought has belonged to Italy.

It is impossible to meet Mussolini without being struck by his creative energy. The greatest among our contemporaries, the Duce is above all a man of ideas.

Italy was denuded of trees. Mussolini immediately suggested a remedy: He decreed that twice every year every school child in Italy must go out and plant a tree!

Again, in France near the Italian border there are several hundred thousand Italians. To save them from being lost to their country, Mussolini established lying-in hospitals on the Italian side. Every Italian woman in France is entitled to the aid of these hospitals. And child thus coming into the world is born on Itali

Italy stood trembling on the verge of Bols Mussolini not merely saved her from the abyss but lated her with the tradition of the Cæsars. It is to recognize the Italy of yesterday in the Italy o

Unlike many other great reformers, Mussolin tinctly human. He has a sense of humor. He ca as well as he can talk. He is not only a great st but also a distinguished musician. I found no fe four violins in his house. Perhaps the Duce sciously betrayed his method when he said: "T many sounds in my violin. But the only sour matter are the sounds that reach the heart."

I met Bismarck only in his declining days, wh too young [illegible] appreciate his greatness. I thank my stars that I have the privilege to see Italy's man of destiny in the fullness of his career.

No country has ever been saved by committees, commissions, or soviets. The hope of the world lies in great individuals. Instead of diverting all our ingenuity toward creating new machinery, let us seek human dynamos like Mussolini. If I am right—and I speak on the basis of personal observations and impressions—Germany has the good fortune to have at the helm of its government, in its new Chancellor, Adolf Hitler, a personality of the format of Mussolini.

For fourteen years Hitler wrestled for the soul of the German people, throwing into the battle every ounce of his intellectual, moral, and physical strength. His achievements, in my opinion, constitute an absolute guaranty that, in spite of the inconceivable difficulties which beset his path, he will reach the great goal which he has marked out for himself as a statesman.

Hitler's undaunted and merciless fight against Marxism more than anything else has saved Germany from Bolshevism. If the specter of the Red peril is now apparently banished, the fact is of the highest importance and significance for the rest of Europe, for the United States, and the entire civilized world.

Under these circumstances it seems all the more regrettable to me that even today large circles of the American public have an entirely false conception of Adolf Hitler, Adolf Hitler's personality, his achievements, and his aims. I attribute this to the misinformation deliberately disseminated by the German parties of the Left.

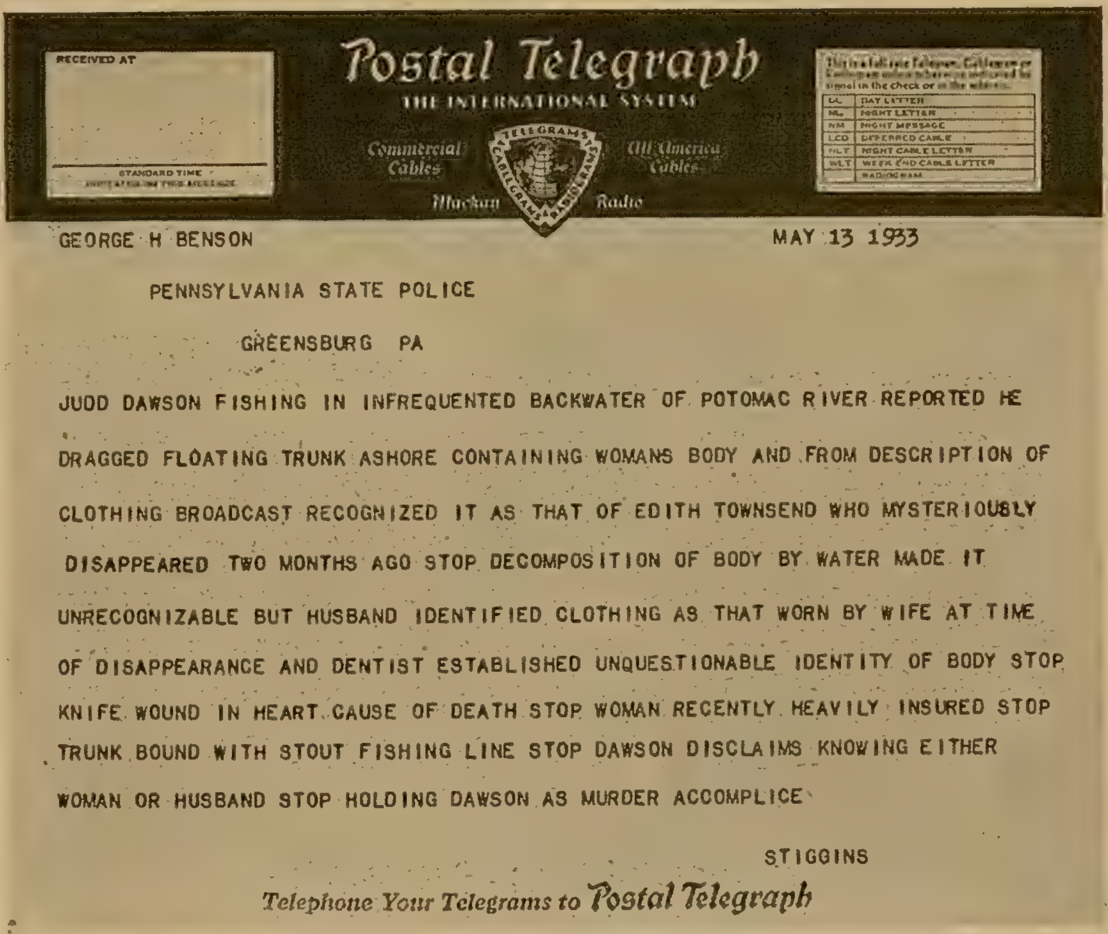
I hope and am convinced that before long the rest of the world will revise its judgment of Adolf Hitler in the same measure, to Hitler's advantage, as it did in the case of Benito Mussolini.

THE END

DETECTOGRAM

Professor Stiggins, world-renowned criminologist, has assisted the police of many cities in the solution of baffling crimes. One of his eccentricities is his flat refusal to write reports. He even conducts his social correspondence by telegraph. Sometimes this is a bit trying on his associates, as he delights in making them somewhat baffling, although perfectly clear. Below is one of his telegraphic reports. In it is every fact and clue necessary to solution—and it has only one possible answer. How long will it take *you* to solve it?

By H. A. Ripley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NM NIGHT MESSAGE
LCO DEFERRED CABLE
NLT NIGHT CABLE LETTER
WLT WEEK END CABLE LETTER
RADIOGRAM

GEORGE H BENSON MAY 13 1933

PENNSYLVANIA STATE POLICE

GREENSBURG PA

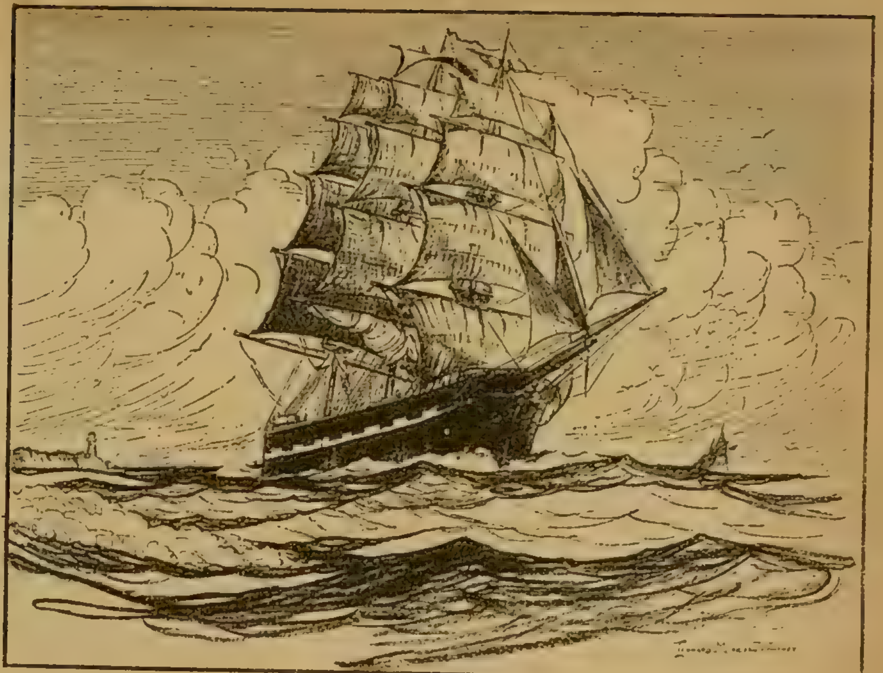
JUDD DAWSON FISHING IN INFREQUENTED BACKWATER OF POTOMAC RIVER REPORTED HE DRAGGED FLOATING TRUNK ASHORE CONTAINING WOMANS BODY AND FROM DESCRIPTION OF CLOTHING BROADCAST RECOGNIZED IT AS THAT OF EDITH TOWNSEND WHO MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED TWO MONTHS AGO STOP DECOMPOSITION OF BODY BY WATER MADE IT UNRECOGNIZABLE BUT HUSBAND IDENTIFIED CLOTHING AS THAT WORN BY WIFE AT TIME OF DISAPPEARANCE AND DENTIST ESTABLISHED UNQUESTIONABLE IDENTITY OF BODY STOP KNIFE WOUND IN HEART CAUSE OF DEATH STOP WOMAN RECENTLY HEAVILY INSURED STOP TRUNK BOUND WITH STOUT FISHING LINE STOP DAWSON DISCLAIMS KNOWING EITHER WOMAN OR HUSBAND STOP HOLDING DAWSON AS MURDER ACCOMPLICE

STIGGINS

Telephone Your Telegrams to Postal Telegraph

Why Did Stiggins Hold Dawson as an Accomplice in the Murder?
The solution will appear next week.

UP *Jumped* *the* DEVIL



A Short Short Story

By

GUY GILPATRIC

(Reading time: 4 minutes 52 seconds.)

ON the morning of July 4, 1854, the good citizens of New York turned out to celebrate the seventy-eighth anniversary of the nation's independence and an event of even greater local importance.

All through the winter they had heard the thudding clamor of shipwrights' mallets. Early in the spring three masts reared up above Webb's sheds, the tallest of them towering a dizzy hundred feet and crossed by a mainyard spanning ninety. Drays came bumping over the cobbles and splashing through the mud of Pine Street, delivering bolt after bolt of new-spun canvas to the lofts—fourteen thousand running yards of it, people said.

After the launching (Mrs. Horatio Seymour, the Governor's wife, had cried, "March down to the waters, brave ship; I christen thee Columbia!") came weeks when the riggers crawled aloft like spiders. And toward the end of June the great ship was towed around to Pier Nineteen at the foot of Wall Street to load a cargo of tools, blasting powder, and chemicals for the California gold mines.

What a clipper she was! Captain John Bannerman, arriving from Baltimore to take command of her, swaggered up and down the wharf in his suit of Shantung silk and his Panama hat of weave so fine that he could drag it through his signet ring, and pronounced her the finest craft afloat.

"Gentlemen," he declared to all within earshot, "I was never one to boast, but if I can't jam this beauty round the Horn to Frisco in eighty days flat, my name's not Bannerman."

"So?" growled a waterside loafer. "And maybe his nickname's not Satan, either! God help the crew that's under him, once he washes off his shore face!"

The Columbia was advertised to go out with the tide, 11 A. M., on Independence Day. At a quarter to eleven the city's windows trembled to an eight-gun salute, and a farewell toast was drunk on the quarterdeck.

Now, according to the likeness preserved for us by an old print, Captain Bannerman was a handsome man with a frank, kindly face and a pleasant smile. It is difficult to believe the stories of the change which came over him as soon as he struck blue water; then, it seems, he was invariably transformed into a raging ogre and a fiend incarnate. He had brained one seaman with a heaver, and broken both arms of another. He had kicked a man overboard in a Cape Stiff snow squall for refusing duty when doubled up with ptomaine from rotten grub. He was, said fo'c's'le gossip, Satan himself, from the very instant he completed his usual ceremony of ducking his head into a bucket of salt water, "to wash off his shore face," until his vessel reached port. But like most hell-ship commanders, Satan Bannerman was a reckless sail carrier—a cracker-on who could be depended upon to make quick passages. Thus his services were always in demand by owners with an eye on the profits and none on the brutality which earned them.

At eleven sharp Mr. Wharton, the owner, shook Bannerman's hand, delivered the time-honored formula, "A pleasant voyage, captain, and a safe return," and led the group of visitors ashore. The lines were cast off.

Clear of the Narrows she caught the breeze. Along toward midafternoon, when with everything set she was reeling off a clean twelve knots down the Jersey coast, Captain Bannerman appeared on the poop.

"Muster all hands aft!" he bawled at the mate. "Stir 'em up, stir 'em up, mister, and shake a leg yourself! This vessel's at sea now, so don't go acting like you're in Trinity Church!" To emphasize his words he thumped savagely upon the rail with the heaver which was slung by a cord to his wrist.

"Come on, you rats, you scum, you mudsuckers!" he shouted. "Gather round down here. I'm going to preach hell-fire to you swine—and give you a red-hot sample of it before you get off this ship. But here—wait—I'll turn this into a testimonial meeting. Hey, Robinson—Robinson, step up here and answer some questions!"

ROBINSON, the Negro steward, was the only man ever known to have made more than one voyage with Captain Bannerman. He had been punished and kicked and beaten into a state of vague imbecility, and seemed to accept abuse as the normal meed of life. He came up the ladder grinning stupidly, and stood beside the captain.

"Now, then," said Bannerman, "speak up, now. Did you ever see me kill a man?"

"Yassuh," said Robinson, shuffling and grinning. "I seen you kill three or fo'. Yassuh, mebbe five."

"What did I kill 'em for?"

"Well, mos'ly fo' bein' slow and sassy, I reckon, suh."

"Yes, that's right." Bannerman turned toward the crew. "I don't stand for laziness and I don't stand for lip. Oh, I guess there was a lot of you curs picked me for a softy when you seen me back there in port, hey? But I guess you've heard about my little trick of washing off my shore face, haven't you?"

He wheeled toward the steward. "Robinson," he barked, "fetch me the bucket of salt water."

"It's all ready fo' you, cap'n, suh."

"Good!" said Bannerman. "I've learned him his lesson all right. But now, you men, I'm going to stick my face into this brine, and when I take it out you'll see Satan—Satan himself! Watch, now! One—two—three, and up jumps the devil!"

He knelt and plunged his head deep into the wooden bucket. Then, with a howl, he sprang to his feet.

And they did see Satan—Satan or—something! But even more horrible than the sight were the sounds—the screams—as the acid lye ate away Captain Bannerman's flesh—and the shrill cracked laughter of the Negro steward Robinson.

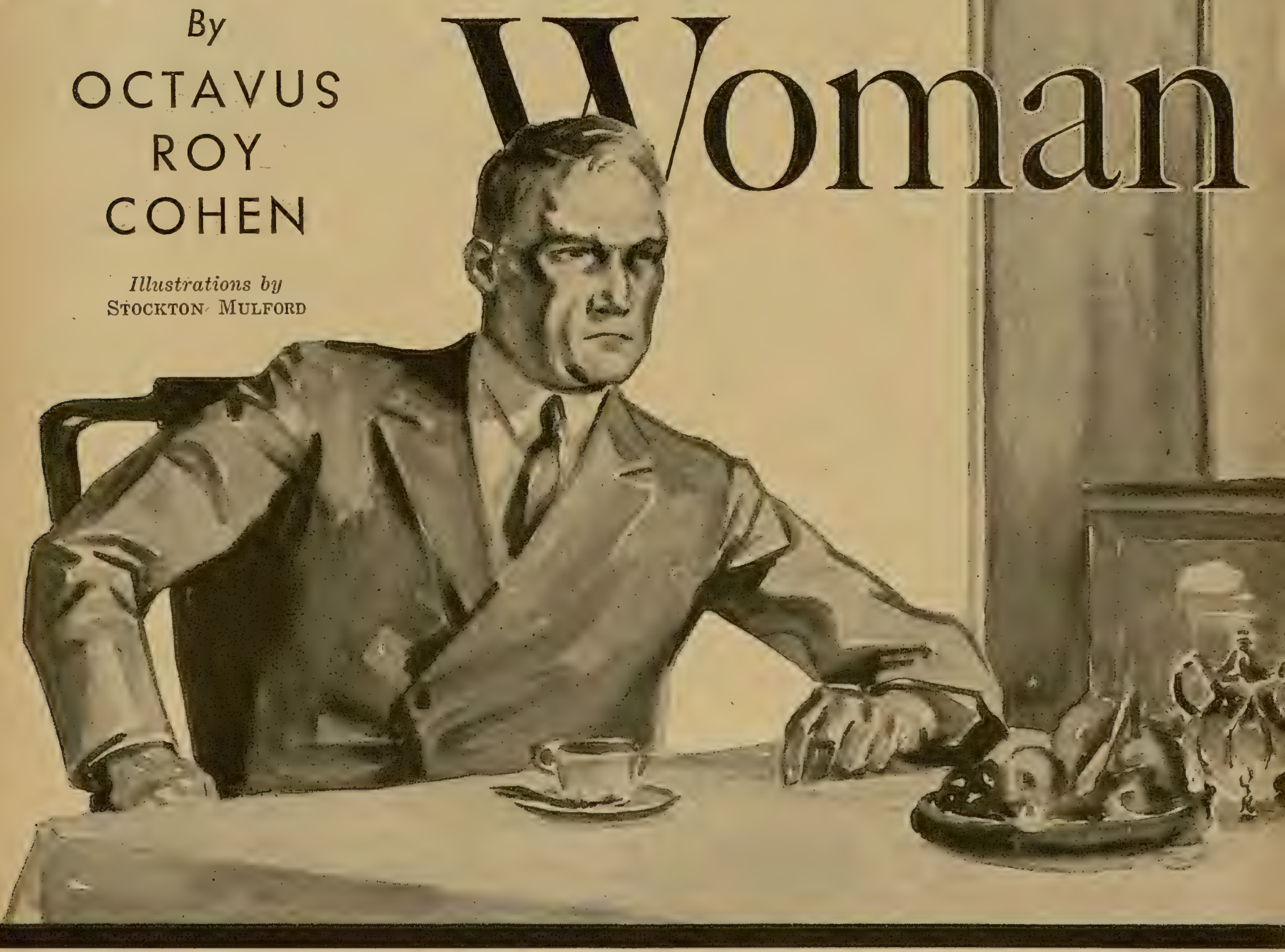
THE END

Scarlet Woman

By
OCTAVUS
ROY
COHEN

Illustrations by
STOCKTON MULFORD

"It's an impossible situation — this immoral woman having control of the bank."



(Reading time: 26 minutes 20 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Judith Morgan and Eddie Grainger and their battle against the gossips of a small Southern town. Judith, employed by Kurt Weigand in his Karnak State Bank, runs away and marries Bill Vernon, only to find that he is a bigamist. Vernon is sentenced to three years in prison and Judith returns to Karnak and the bank. The busybodies, led by Lisbeth Morrow, hound her, and Eddie, the ne'er-do-well, offers to marry Judith and she agrees. Kurt Weigand gives them a house down by the railroad tracks and Eddie looks for work, but no one will employ him except Ernie Rudd, who runs a diner. Then Kurt Weigand dies suddenly.

PART FOUR—JUDITH LAYS HER PLANS

KURT WEIGAND died as he had lived. Alone.

His aged housekeeper came to work one steaming, sultry morning in August—when the heavens were like an inverted bowl of burnished bronze—and knocked on Weigand's door. He did not bark at her, nor inquire testily what she wanted. After a few minutes of uncertainty she pushed open the door, and then went screaming into the street. Dr. Revelle pronounced him dead of heart failure. But Karnak did not care of what he had died. They only cared that he was dead.

Important as the wizened little man had been in life, in this the hour of his death he assumed a greatness which he had never actually known. There had been a feeling of satisfaction in his astuteness as a banker, a sense of safety—and of pride—in the knowledge that, however difficult the man might be in a business transaction, his bank was one of the stanchest in the state.

The most prominent men of Karnak—fair-minded and able men like Quincy Morrow—had felt that Kurt Weigand always was, and always would be, a bulwark against hard times. His bank had ridden the storm of depression magnificently when all about them other banks had foundered. Those who hated the man most bitterly confessed that he was a great banker, a magnificent financial physician at the bedside of an ailing community.

And now he was dead and panic struck at the heart of Karnak. The news dazed and frightened the entire town. No one had ever regarded Kurt Weigand as entirely human, and it therefore seemed inappropriate that he should have been the victim of so human a failing as death.

Business men walked around with drawn faces, wondering what would happen. Their enterprises were hopelessly involved with the bank. It had been a one-man

A Dazed Community—Kurt Weigand's Will—The Conference—Ready for the Battle

institution, and that one man had ceased to be. There would be a new man at the helm—nobody knew who. The town sorrowed not for the passing of the man but because its financial well-being was threatened.

The day of Kurt Weigand's death Judith held a hurried consultation with Gregory Karen, the cashier, and decided to carry on as usual. They cashed checks, accepted deposits, and advised all other clients to wait until after something had been done about the Kurt Weigand estate—at least until somebody was appointed to operate the bank.

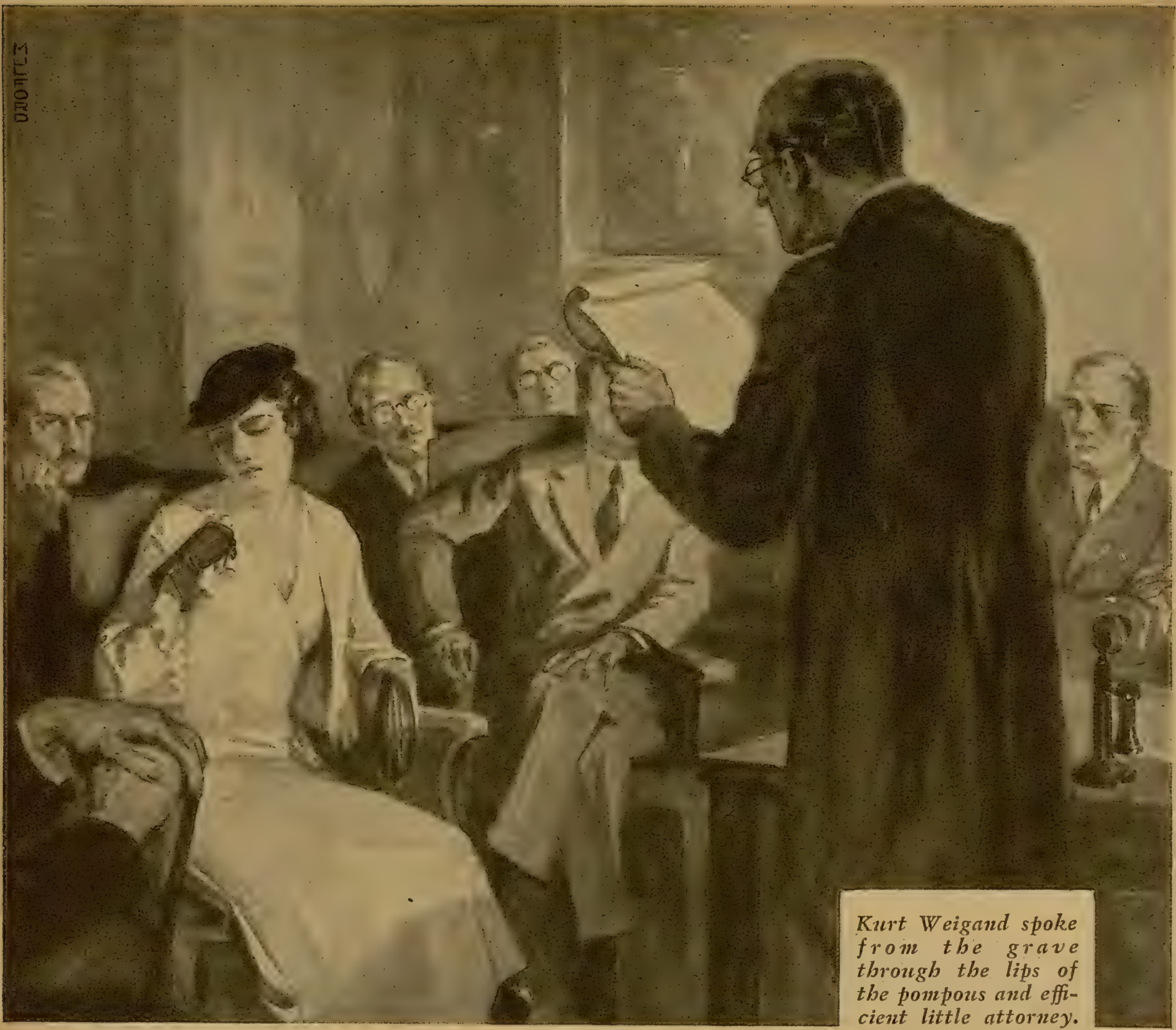
The second day, which was when they buried Weigand in the moss-shaded cemetery across the railroad, they closed the limestone building in deference to the man whose monument it was.

In the thirty-six brief hours since his passing, Kurt Weigand had commenced to become a tradition. Queer, little-noticed citizens appeared to tell of gruff kindnesses extended by the testy, lonely little banker. Karnak awakened to the fact that he had possessed a gentler side and a genius for effective philanthropy. Banking rules that had been regarded as inflexible were now found to have been violated time and again to save some small struggling business. The beneficiaries of these excursions into the realm of pure charity now dared to praise the man who had threatened them with dire things if they betrayed his beneficence.

The town feared but, for the most part, it did not mourn. The funeral services were preached—at rather too great length—by Brother Tidball; Weigand having been an unregenerate person affiliated with no particular church. There were a few genuine mourners, and one person who was actually grief-stricken: Judith Grainger.

WEIGAND'S death had come as a shock, a deep personal bereavement. Judith had understood and loved the old man. There had existed between them a bond of affection which had never been translated into words. And even at the funeral—in the little house where Kurt Weigand had lived in monastic simplicity and where the town gathered because even in death it was afraid to ignore Weigand—Judith was noticed and discussed.

Now she was helpless. No matter who took over the bank, Judith would go. Not immediately perhaps, but eventually. Influence could, and would, be brought to bear. She and her worthless husband would be, figuratively, stoned out of town. But it was only later, in the long, fetid morning after Kurt Weigand had been laid to rest, that Judith thought of herself. Before, she had



Kurt Weigand spoke from the grave through the lips of the pompous and efficient little attorney.

only considered that a friend was gone: suddenly—unbelievably.

She and Eddie sat on the veranda, their faces set with lines of worry, their hands clasped, their thoughts in the cemetery across the railroad tracks beyond their high fence—the fence which Weigand had given them with the observation that it was tall enough to shield them against the jackals.

"It is the end, isn't it, Eddie?"

"Or the beginning," he answered bravely. "Perhaps things will be better this way."

"They're bound to put me out of the bank."

"Yes, Judith, they'll put you out. Then we'll go away. I'll get a job and we'll make out somehow."

She squeezed his fingers, and after a long while he spoke again:

"Would it help any, Judith, if I left—now? Do you think they'd be easier on you if I were gone?"

She met his eyes squarely. "Do you, Eddie?"

He hesitated, but only briefly: "I'm afraid not."

"Neither do I. Besides, I'd rather stick together on this." She made a valiant effort to be bright. "Perhaps it's better that we'll have the decision forced on us. Perhaps we should have left long ago, and were unnecessarily frightened because I had a good job here and might not get one elsewhere. I'm afraid we considered me too much and you too little."

"That's rot. I have never counted—until now. But I hate to leave this town as matters are. Run out! And you—the woman who wasn't good enough for a narrow, nasty little community. We could have beaten them in time—if Kurt Weigand had lived."

"Yes—if he had lived. He was a real friend, Eddie. In his own wordless way he was helping, too."

There was much speculation about the value of Kurt Weigand's estate. He was the wealthiest man in the county, of course; perhaps even the wealthiest in the state. His investments were sound; anybody who had known the man conceded that. The bank was prosperous despite the hard times. He had no relatives, no friends. But he was methodical. He had left a will. Bainbridge Crosby, short and fat and tight-lipped, Kurt Weigand's attorney, admitted that there was a will and that he would read it that afternoon, in Kurt Weigand's private office at the bank.

HE invited a group of persons to be present: Quincy Morrow, Max Crane, Tony Marino, Greg Karen, Judith, the sheriff and clerk of court, the probate judge—men who had been friends of the deceased and men who had been enemies. Some of Weigand's dynamic personality seemed to have settled briefly on the pudgy shoulders of the little attorney.

They gathered in the room at the bank: a nervous, eager, worried, curious crowd. A few persons sorrowed for the dead banker, but only a few. Bainbridge Crosby made the most of his moment of calcium. He read all of the preamble; he read the first and only specific bequest—a trust fund of twenty-five thousand dollars, the proceeds from which were to go to the old housekeeper for life.

Then the will commenced to say things which Kurt Weigand had kept to himself throughout his life. In sharp, clear, unmistakable words Kurt Weigand flayed the town—most of the town. He made due allowance for those persons who were real and genuine and friendly, but he scourged the narrow, selfish ones; railed against their uncharitable outlook. Kurt Weigand spoke from the grave through the lips of the pompous and efficient little attorney.

News flared across the town of Karnak. Those who had attended the reading of the will emerged from the white building looking dazed, as though stricken by a sudden awful illness.

"All the rest and residue of my estate . . ." Legal phraseology. ". . . everything of which I die seized and possessed . . ." Phrases! Phrases! Then the blow:

". . . I do give, devise, and bequeath unto the one person I have ever loved and who has ever loved me—all of this—unto Judith Grainger, formerly known as Judith Morgan."

LISBETH MORROW was enjoying a fine fit of indignation. She glanced across the table at the drawn, worried face of her husband and sniffed audibly.

"Disgraceful!" she snapped.

Quincy Morrow nodded wordlessly. His forehead was creased with horizontal lines of worry and his thoughts were elsewhere: out in the homes of Karnak, in the homes of men who had been stunned by realization of the fact that their financial futures were to be governed by the whims of a girl who had been persecuted by smugly virtuous townsfolk. As from a distance, Morrow heard the acid voice of his wife beating on and on:

"It's shameful—that's what! Who knows why Kurt Weigand left her his money and his bank? Who knows what might have been going on for years between Weigand and Judith Morgan?"

Morrow's face flushed. His tone was quiet but there was a sting in his words: "You're not very charitable, are you, Lisbeth?"

"To that—that—person? Why should I be? Didn't she live with a man she wasn't married to?"

"She thought she was married to Bill Vernon."

"Thought! That's what she says. Don't you suppose a woman *knows* if she's married?"

"Judith didn't."

"Hmph! Running off with him that way! And then to return and flaunt herself in the face of a respectable community—and to influence a doddering old man to make her his heir! Why don't you do something about it, Quincy?"

"What, for instance?" he inquired mildly—now, as always, amazed at his patience with this woman to whom he was married.

"Break the will."

The man laughed shortly. "I fancy it would be rather difficult to convince a Karnak jury that Kurt Weigand was not in full possession of his faculties when that will was signed!"

"Break it anyway. It's an impossible situation—this immoral woman having control of the bank."

"Perhaps you'd better understand something, Lisbeth." Quincy Morrow folded his napkin with meticulous care. "Judith Grainger owns Karnak. She owns the bank, and that means she controls eighty per cent of the businesses in this town. You have been particularly militant against her: your tongue has been responsible for most of the persecution to which she has been unjustly subjected."

"I suppose you're standing up for her!"

"I always have. But before this your attitude wasn't dangerous. Now it is. I assure you, Lisbeth, that if Judith chooses she can paralyze this community, and among other things—she can eventually take over the Morrow Cotton Mills."

"I don't believe it!"

"It doesn't matter what you believe. I'm giving you facts."

"And you propose to sit idly by and permit her to wreck your life's work?"

He smiled, but without humor. "Not exactly. A few of the most prominent business men of Karnak are due here any minute now. We're going to see whether we can't find some solution to the problem. But meanwhile I must ask you not to make our task any harder. In brief, Lisbeth—you must stop crusading against Judith."

Lisbeth rose huffily. "The girl has cast her spell over you, Quincy Morrow. Bank or no bank, she should be run out of town."

She flounced from the room, and the servant who entered softly to remove the dinner dishes glanced uneasily at the big broad back of the man at the window.

QUINCY MORROW was frightened. Not that he blamed Judith for anything she might do. This was her chance to strangle the community. Her new power was incalculable. It extended beyond the town to great plantations and tiny farms, to private homes and crossroads stores. Kurt Weigand had also held that power. But Kurt had been impersonal. Judith could not be impersonal—not after the merciless way she had been flayed.

Quincy's guests arrived—leading business men of Karnak: Ezra Gaines, nominal owner of the Karnak Hotel and member of the Town Council; Gardner Seebeck of the Elite Drug Store; Max Crane, owner of the rival pharmacy; David Levy, merchant; Arthur Connor, proprietor of the town's only department store; Gus Schlemmer, who owned the bakery; H. Barnes, the jeweler. One or two of them were also on the directors' board of the great Morrow Cotton Mills. All of them were men of substance—in theory at least—and they walked into Morrow's cavern-

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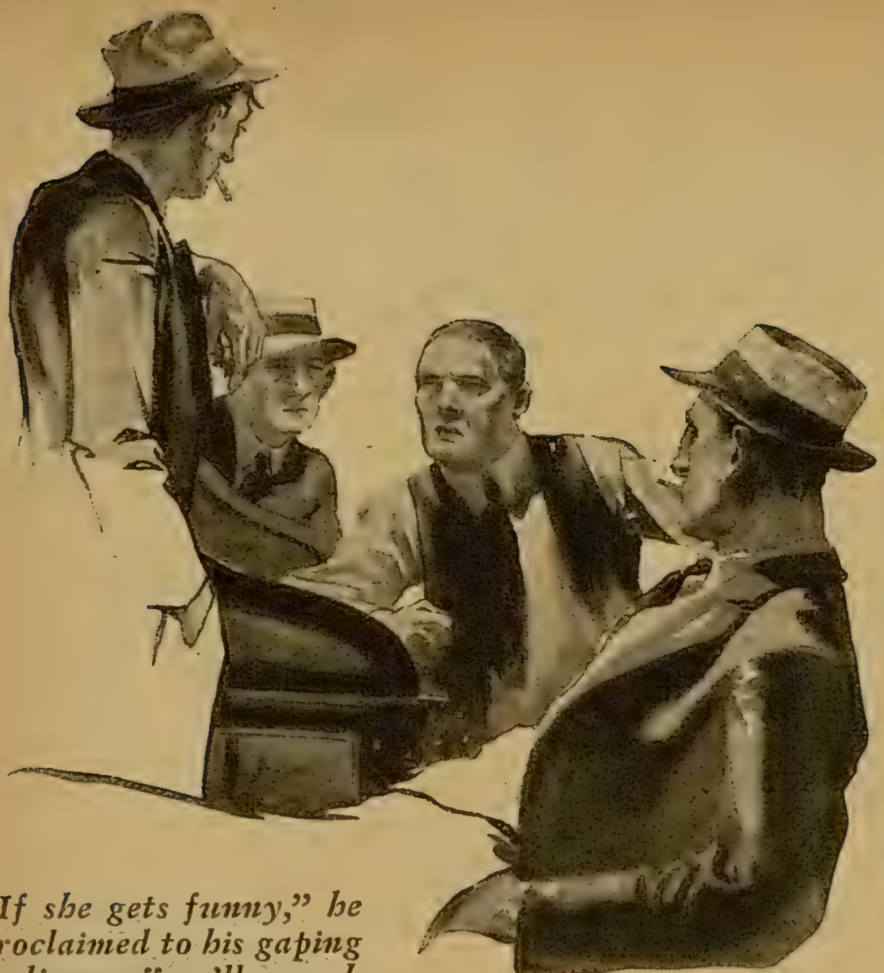

"If she gets funny," he proclaimed to his gaping audience, "we'll wreck the damned bank!"

ous living room as men walk at a funeral: on tiptoe.

Quincy Morrow spoke quietly. He reviewed briefly what they all knew: that Judith Grainger had them at her mercy, that she could choke the breath from their financial life whenever she cared to do so.

"There seems to be only one hope," concluded Morrow. "We know that any will drawn for Kurt Weigand by Bainbridge Crosby cannot be broken. But we do not know whether Judith will be willing to listen to reason."

"Meaning just what?" inquired someone.

"Meaning this. Mightn't it be a good idea to call upon her tomorrow and advise her to turn the operation of the bank over to a committee selected from among the ablest business men of the town? Don't you think there's a chance that she might be so impressed with her new responsibilities that she would listen to reason?"

Their eyes lighted with forlorn hope. Some of them said nice things about Judith—though it was agreed that she wasn't competent to operate the bank singlehanded. They appointed a committee of three to call upon her the following day. They smoked incessantly and tried to make themselves believe that the situation was less than desperate.

AND eventually they rose to go. Quincy Morrow bowed them out of the front door. Then he moved slowly and heavily up the vast curved staircase, past the stained-glass windows of which the Karnak citizenry were so inordinately proud, and thence toward the bedroom which he shared with Lisbeth. With his hand on the knob he paused. He heard her sharp, biting voice at the telephone:

". . . Outrageous—that's what it is! . . . And she's got these men scared. As though a girl could do anything to them even if she does own a bank! . . . And another thing, my dear: I'm one who would like to know just what there was between her and Kurt Weigand . . ."

Quincy Morrow stared helplessly at the door. Then he sighed and shook his head. His thoughts, oddly enough, were of Judith. "I won't blame her," he told himself, "no matter what she does." . . .

In the noxious confines of Lefty Bragan's poolroom an informal debate was in progress. The young gentlemen of leisure made great efforts to talk in the manner of tough screen characters and glibly used vernacular which smacked of the romanticized underworld.

"What'll that cluck do now?"

"Anything she likes. She's got this burg where she wants it."

"Reckon she'll put the screws on?" someone asked.

"An' how, buddy—an' how! What you think, Lefty?"

Mr. Bragan's heavy-featured face was impassive. "Can't ever tell what dames'll do. But she better not try no high-handed stuff."

"What would happen if she did, Lefty?"

Mr. Bragan smashed his fist down on the top of his desk.

"If she gets funny," he proclaimed to his gaping audience, "we'll wreck the damned bank!" . . .

Judith Grainger was curled up in a big wing chair, looking unusually tiny and, to Eddie's way of thinking, unusually pretty. The young man's lean, finely chiseled face was eager.

"Have you recovered from the shock, Judith?"

She nodded. "I have, Eddie—and I'm frightened."

"By what?"

"The power—the awful power I've got."

HE smiled slightly. "It does seem queer. A little girl suddenly become absolute ruler of a community which has hated her." He made a gesture of playful deference. "What are you going to do?"

She said one word. She said: "Plenty."

"Will you let me in on the secret?"

Her eyes were big and somber, like the coming of dusk.

"Haven't you any idea, Eddie?"

"Perhaps. But it's none of my business."

Her cheeks flushed and she made an impatient gesture. "It *is* your business. We're married."

"So I'm told," he smiled.

"Is that nice? After all, Eddie, there *are* limits."

"What, for instance?"

"I've practically thrown myself at you, but you persist in being big and strong and silent. Don't you think we ought to do something about it?"

He dissembled with banter. "You're awfully cute, Judith."

"You seem to resist me pretty successfully."

"That's because I'm so terribly fond of you."

Flushed cheeks gave the lie to the lightness of her words: "I should think you'd grow tired of being noble."

"Of course you're not serious."

"Of course I *am* serious. My only difficulty is in making you believe it."

He leaned back in his chair and glanced at her through half-closed eyes. She seemed unutterably tiny and fragile, almost lost in the big chair, and he forced himself to remember that she had suffered, that there were scars he would never see. He wanted her, but more than that he wished her to understand that there could be a love which was not entirely of the flesh. She couldn't have forgotten Bill Vernon.

"Perhaps," he said steadily, "we had better talk about the bank. You haven't told me how you propose to use your new power."

She studied him intently: his narrow, handsome face; the crop of unruly blond hair; the long, finely shaped nose; the thin, sensitive lips; the keen blue eyes. Then, for some unaccountable reason, she sighed.

"You've been doing a good deal of studying since our marriage, haven't you, Eddie?"

"Who says so?"

"I do." She gave a gay little laugh of triumph, pleased with herself for having stumbled upon his secret. "You've been reading the textbooks I used at the university. I've caught you poring over them: Business and Finance, Elementary Economics, Negotiable Instruments, Investments, Practical Banking."

"Guilty, your Honor."

"Why did you do it?"

"First of all, so I'd be able to talk intelligently with you about your work. Then, if you must have the shameful confession, I became interested. And just how long have you known of this secret vice?"

"A long, long time. I've tried to keep you interested. I'm afraid, Eddie, that you already know more about banking than you think you do."

"It was fun," he confessed.

"I'm glad," she said seriously. "And here's why. If you're willing, I'm going to bring in a private tutor for you, to teach you all there is to know about banking."

"Excellent. But why the sudden frenzy?"

"Well—" She was bubbling over with her plans. "First of all, I'm going to give you a small block of stock and have you made a director of the bank. Then, as soon as you are qualified, you're to be president!"

"President!" He sat up straight. "Aw, listen, Dutch—"

She looked at him, startled. "How did you happen to remember that nickname?"

"Could I forget it? I gave it to you when we were in grammar school. And you *did* look it, with your pigtails and those funny square-toed shoes!"

"I always hated it."

"And I've always thought of you that way."

"Then"—she twinkled—"you may use it. It *is* funny, though I had completely forgotten."

"But I hadn't. Not for a minute. And if it's all the same to you—"

"I am at your mercy." She crossed the room and sat on the arm of his chair. She touched his shoulder with a touch light as gossamer, and she was sorry—and glad—that he could not see her eyes. "Will you be president of the bank, Eddie?"

He nodded.

"I'd get a tremendous kick out of it, Dutch." Then he threw back his head and laughed. "It *is* funny, you know—the town character becoming president of the Karnak State Bank!"

EDDIE GRAINGER was by way of being a dreamer and a philosopher. He had observed his fellow citizens with an amused and clinical detachment, feeling faintly contemptuous of their frantic and incessant pursuit of money. Only recently, since his marriage to Judith, had it occurred to him that it might be desirable to conform in some small measure to the standards of a commercial world.

Perhaps it was that he loved Judith and had seen her imprisoned by a world that was essentially material; perhaps he realized that she must be avenged in a manner that her world would understand. He was amazed by his discovery that finance was not without romance and not without drama. He sat now wordlessly staring at the window curtains which had been neatly pinned back to permit a breath of air to steal through the room.

"I'm afraid your plan isn't sound," he said.

"Why not?"

He could not see that her eyes were large and luminous, that they dwelt upon him with something more than friendship.

"The bank is yours." He was choosing his words with care. "Mr. Weigand's fortune is yours. And I'd like to say something else if you'll promise that you won't misunderstand."

"Please do."

"You don't need me any more, Dutch. As a matter of fact you've never needed me. I realize that neither of us understood that. And I'd feel better if I stepped out of the picture."

She was sitting above and behind him. He did not see her face, nor the quick rush of tears to her eyes. But he did hear her voice:

"I might have expected that, Eddie."

"I'm sane and sensible," he said doggedly. "It would be a mistake on your part to let sentiment interfere—sentiment or a sense of loyalty."

"I don't intend to. You see, Eddie, I'm fond of you—perhaps more fond than you will ever know." Her voice broke imperceptibly, and then she continued bravely: "When everybody else was against me, you offered what you had. I accepted. We cast our lots together. It hasn't worked out as we planned, but it has been wonderful just the same—in some ways even better than we could have hoped. And while I know you don't mean to hurt me, Eddie, I don't think it's exactly fair to suggest—what you have suggested."

HIS long, slender fingers were interlocked so that the knuckles showed white.

"Look at it from my viewpoint, then, Dutch. My position promises to be even more intolerable."

"Not if you make good. I think you could become an excellent banker."

"I've never had any experience in business."

"You will have." A little laugh flew from her lips. "Everybody connected with the Karnak State Bank is going to have plenty of experience—quickly. I'm going to need you."

"That's a mighty fine way of putting it, Judith. But is it honest?"

"One hundred per cent!"

"And you're not influenced by sentiment? You're not being knocked off balance by the grandness of the gesture—picking the town character up out of the gutter and perching him on the financial throne?"

"Perhaps I've figured that, too," she confessed evenly. "But not from the standpoint of myself. I think it would mean a great deal to you, Eddie."

He turned so that his eyes met hers levelly.

"Would you like to know what it would mean to me?"

"Yes."

"It would mean this, Judith: that I would work as no man ever worked before to justify your confidence; that if it was in me to become a fine banker I would become one; that I would be president of the bank actually, and not a figurehead."

She touched his cheek. "I want you to feel that way."

"But I think it's a mistake, Dutch. I'm not sure that it is fair to yourself

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or the public. First of all because I'd either feel that I was earning my way or I'd quit."

"You haven't said it all, have you?"

He was surprised by her intuition. "No, I haven't. It's difficult—without getting mushy. Shall I?"

"You shall." She tried to make her tone light, and failed miserably, as she always did when it seemed that Eddie might, even for a precious moment, drop his reserve.

"It happens," he said dispassionately, "that I am in love with you. It also happens that, legally, I am your husband. Since our marriage you have been working; I have been idle. For the first time in my life I have wanted to work—and they haven't given me the most menial jobs. And the reason for that, Judith, was because I was married to you. They were hitting at you through me. I haven't talked much about it, because I was helpless. I used to be of a gentle, tolerant disposition. But now I'm not. I've concealed the change from you because to have mentioned it would have increased your unhappiness instead of lessening it. And what I'm trying to say is this: Except for those few persons who have been decent and charitable, I hate this town! I despise it. I want to punish it. Is that clear?"

"Yes, it's clear, Eddie."

"And I will punish it if you make me president of the bank."

"Do you think that would be fair?"

"No; certainly it wouldn't be fair. But neither was it fair for them to flay you when you were helpless and couldn't fight back. Just a few nights ago we sat on the porch and wondered where we'd go when they ran us out of town. And another thing: Why did Kurt Weigand leave the bank to you? Answer that! Wasn't it because he wanted to give you a weapon to fight with?"

JUDITH was looking through the window toward the silver haze hanging over Four Holes Swamp. She found herself strangely stirred by the metamorphosis which had taken place in her husband.

His gentleness was gone; his slow, soft, drawling voice was now sharp and incisive. His sense of fair play was compelling him to warn her against the course she suggested; but his masculinity was begging for the chance to make the community suffer for the injury it had done her.

Her heart was singing in response to this new power he was displaying. And if the cards were stacked now in his favor, they had been until recently stacked hopelessly against him.

"I won't be a figurehead," he was saying; "and I'm warning you now that your whole scheme is wrong."

"It's right, Eddie. You don't know how right it is. We won't make the change, or announce it, until you're qualified. Then you'll take charge—absolutely."

"And you won't interfere?"

"Only with advice."

"Of course—" His eyes were shining. "I can't quite understand myself. It"—he laughed shakily—"it's as though you were giving me a chance to prove myself. I suppose there isn't any way of saying thank you, is there?"

"Yes." Her words were scarcely audible. "There is one way."

He turned and stared at her sharply. Impulsively his hand closed on the soft roundness of her arm. Then he rose abruptly and strode from the room. Her eyes strained after him. She saw him cross the railroad tracks toward the vastness of Four Holes Swamp. And then, scarcely conscious of what she did, she looked down at a tiny bruise which his fingers had left on her arm.

She touched the bruise—touched it lightly, affectionately. And her lips were smiling.

HALF an hour later, Eddie not having returned, she roused herself. She went to the telephone and called the residence of the president of the state's largest and most powerful bank. The man's hearty, booming voice drummed in her ears over the wire. He congratulated Judith and commented upon her new responsibility. And then he listened. . . .

Judith waited for Eddie, but Eddie did not return. Midnight came, and she walked into her room. She pulled her dress over her head, and caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror: warm, eager, desirable. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes shining, and she caught her lower lip between her teeth.

She railed against Eddie's stubbornness. She had tried to make him see, and he'd refused to see. His idealism had been proof against her advances. He knew that she was his for the asking, and had known that from the first. She felt weak and helpless. Baffled. Memory of her months with Bill Vernon rose before her like a specter, and she knew that Eddie was never unmindful of that ghastly interlude.

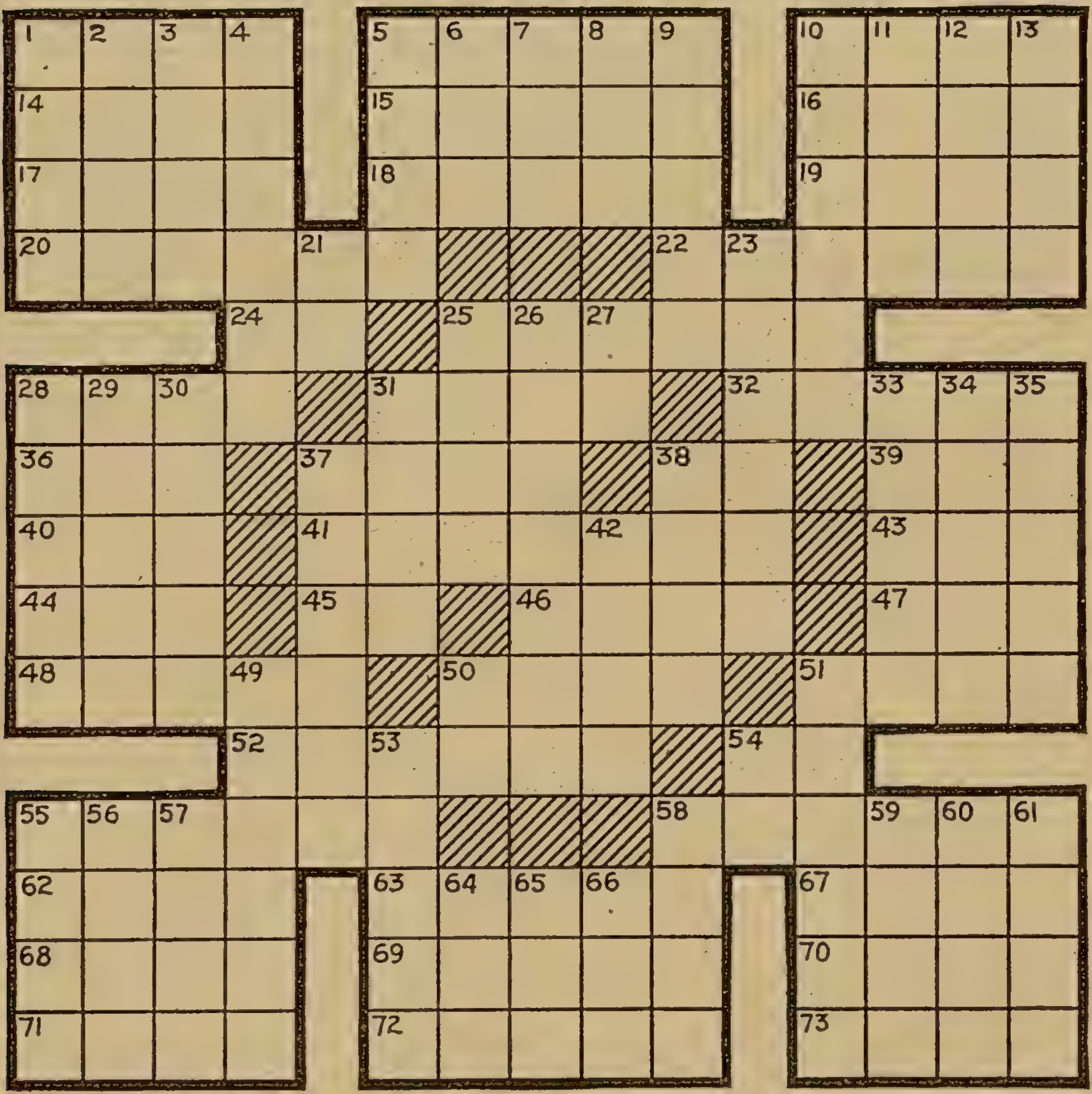
She slipped into a sheer silk nightgown and turned out the light. For a long time she sat there, staring through the window, and eventually she saw a tall, slender figure emerge from the haze. Eddie walked slowly, wearily. He tiptoed across the veranda. She heard him close the front door gently and turn the key with infinite care.

The light went out in the living room. She heard him then through the door, and eventually the light switch clicked in his bedroom. Then, emboldened by the darkness and with her heart pounding, she threw a light dressing gown over the single filmy garment she wore, and opened his door. It was the first time she had crossed that threshold late at night, and she was glad that he could not see her flaming cheeks in the darkness.

In next week's installment you will learn how Judith's plans for Eddie and the bank work out.

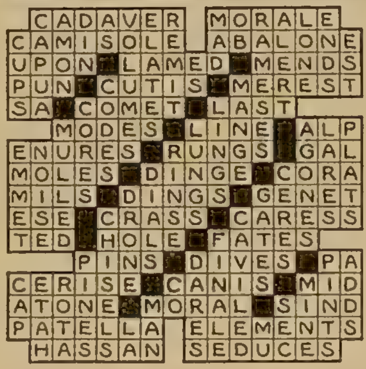
CROSS WORDS

A NEW PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

1 To place with violence
5 The calcareous skeleton of various Actinozoa
10 To concoct
14 Italian coins
15 An apiaceous plant
16 Scarce
17 Eager
18 To close again
19 One sixteenth of a rupee
20 Provided with small globules
22 Wrongful dispossession
24 Syllable sounded in solmization
25 Sets firmly, as in the ground
28 Apportion
31 Carbonaceous substance
32 A district in Austria
36 To row
37 Passionate ardor
38 A pronoun
39 A note of Guido's scale
40 Greek letter
41 Parader
43 Winglike process
44 A color
45 A preposition
46 Immeasurable periods of time
47 Feminine personal name
48 Acute crest of a mountain range
50 Goad to activity
51 Greek god of war
52 Detain



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 CADAVER MORALE
CAMISOLE ABALONE
UPON■LAMED■MENDS
PUN■CUTIS■MEREST
SA■COMET■LAST
  MODES■LINE■ALP
ENURES■RUNGS■GAL
MOLES■DINGE■CORA
MILS■DINGS■GENET
ESE■CRASS■CARESS
TED■HOLE■FATES
   PINS■DIVES■PA
CERISE■CANIS■MID
ATONE■MORAL■SIND
PATELLA ELEMENTS
 HASSAN SEDUCES
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Answer to last week's puzzle

54 A river in western Siberia
55 A shade of red
58 Covers with folds of cloth
62 Heating chamber
63 Sect
67 Inform
68 Nipple
69 Series of Middle Devonian of New York (geology)
70 Language of Scotch Highlanders
71 Strays
72 Shelf
73 Boil

VERTICAL

1 Comparatively thick plate or slice
2 Bright
3 A song
4 To hawk
5 A flat stiff piece of paper
6 Cardinal number
7 To cause to be quit of
8 Masculine personal name
9 A citrous fruit
10 A club used in golf
11 Rage
12 Bird of prey
13 To bear the consequences of use
21 Deity in Assyro-Babylonian mythology
23 Speaks
25 A fleshy pome fruit
26 A set of quadrilles of a certain arrangement
27 By
28 Goddess of fate (Greek mythology)
29 Consumer
30 To sell or barter
31 Dramatic performance
33 Allude
34 Dark brownish or yellowish green
35 Roads
37 Lighted coals
38 Repair
42 The cry of an owl
49 Infects
50 Letter of the Hebrew alphabet
51 Lessens
53 Repulse
54 Else
55 Cottage or hut
56 Always
57 To rise up on the hind legs
58 Unit of force in the C. G. S. system
59 Saucy
60 Otherwise
61 Killed
64 Form of to be
65 To free or clear
66 Label

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 31

1—Death Valley, 276 feet below sea level.

2—The Algonquian word Kebec, meaning narrowing of the waters.

3—Clodian, 428?-48

4—Ice that forms on the bottom of a river, lake, or shallow sea.

5—In 1852.

6—Michigan.

7—The Seventh Machine Gun Battalion.

8—A ductless gland within the chest, between the lungs, in front of the heart.

9—A fish of the herring family found along the Atlantic coast.

10—A composer, 1714-87, often called the father of modern opera.

11—Rabat.

12—An American bird of the finch family, also called the towhee and ground robin.

13—The ancient language of India.

14—God of flies.

15—Companion of the Order of the Indian Empire.

16—Edward Everett Hale.

17—The press galleries are under control of a standing committee of correspondents, subject to the Speaker of the House and the Senate Rules Committee, and can discipline their own members.

18—1867.

19—An insurrection in Rhode Island headed by Thomas W. Dorr in 1841-42 to force extended suffrage.

20—One hundred and two.

•

THE ANSWER TO THE DENTAL CREAM QUESTION:

(See page 31)

The "six-year" molars are the child's first permanent teeth. On them depends much of the future shape and beauty of the mouth. They should never be neglected. Choose a safe dentifrice — Squibb Dental Cream — for the care of your children's teeth.

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Anything Can Happen in Baseball

(Reading time: 9 minutes 45 seconds.)

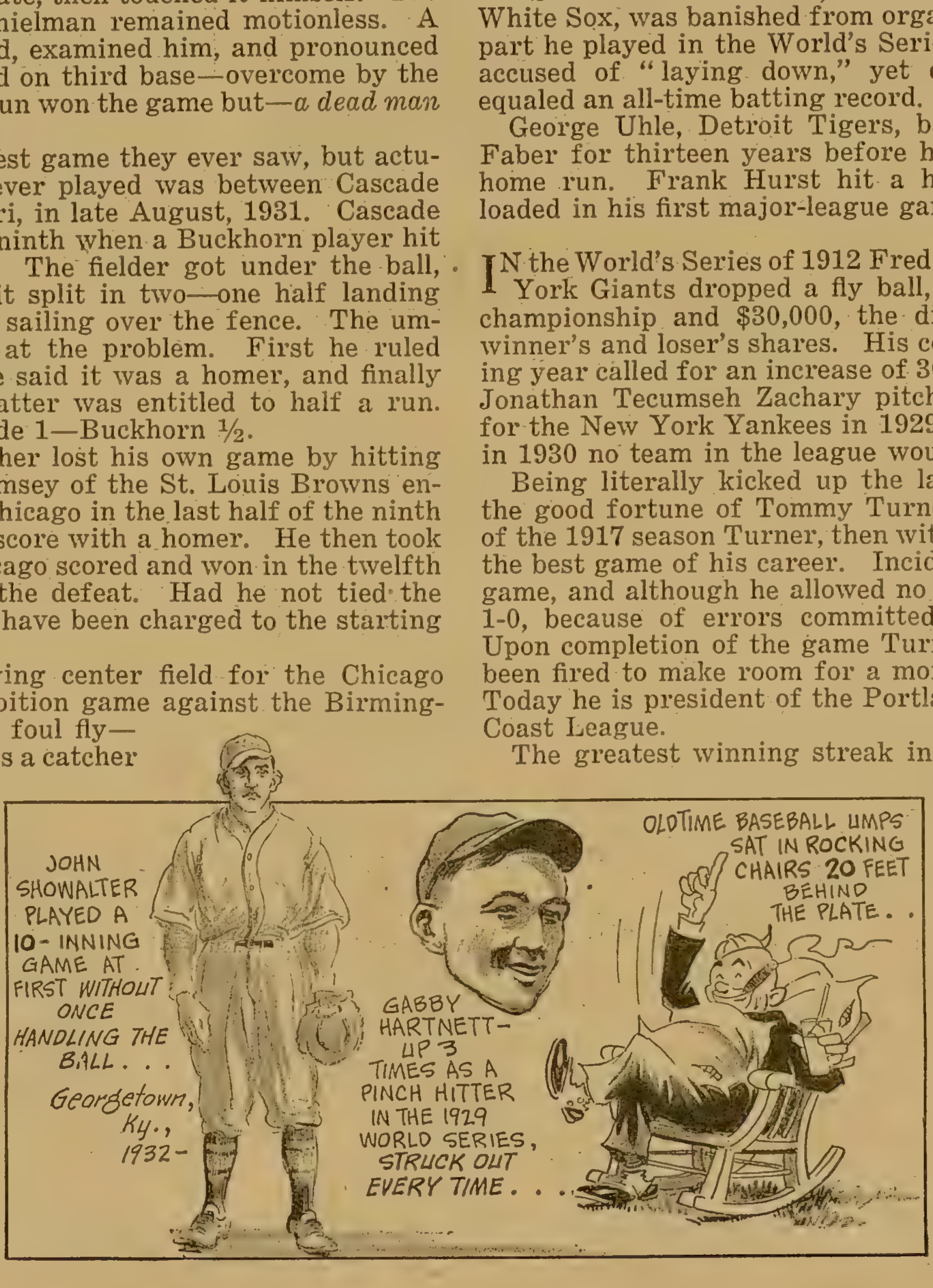
THE honor of the town rested on the shoulders of the players. Two independent baseball teams representing Benson and Willmar, Minnesota, were locked in a battle for the championship and its spoils. The game, played at Willmar on July 14, 1903, had gone into the tenth inning. Willmar was highly confident, for they were pitching Thielman, on whom every fan would bet his last dollar. Thielman weakened in the first half of the tenth and Benson slipped over a run. Obviously tired, Thielman took his position at the plate. He punched out a lucky single. O'Toole, a heavy hitter, was next up and he met the first pitch fair and square.

Thielman started running, got to second all right, staggered on the way to third, and fell prostrate on the bag. Close behind the pitcher followed O'Toole who, knowing that two runs would win the game and that he couldn't score ahead of Thielman, picked him up and carried him to home plate, then touched it himself. The game was over, but Thielman remained motionless. A doctor came on the field, examined him, and pronounced him dead. He had died on third base—overcome by the heat. O'Toole's home run won the game but—*a dead man scored the tying run.*

Fans tell of the closest game they ever saw, but actually the closest game ever played was between Cascade and Buckhorn, Missouri, in late August, 1931. Cascade was leading 1-0 in the ninth when a Buckhorn player hit to the left-field fence. The fielder got under the ball, but as it came down it split in two—one half landing in his glove, the other sailing over the fence. The umpire took three stabs at the problem. First he ruled the batter out, then he said it was a homer, and finally he decided that the batter was entitled to half a run. The final score: Cascade 1—Buckhorn ½.

A major-league pitcher lost his own game by hitting a home run. Chad Kimsey of the St. Louis Browns entered a game against Chicago in the last half of the ninth and promptly tied the score with a homer. He then took the mound, and as Chicago scored and won in the twelfth he was charged with the defeat. Had he not tied the score the defeat would have been charged to the starting pitcher.

Johnny Mostil, playing center field for the Chicago White Sox in an exhibition game against the Birmingham Barons, caught a foul fly—but did you ever witness a catcher fielding a center-field fly without moving from home plate? It actually happened—not only once, but three times in one game. In May, 1932, Gaylord Anderson, catching for Dalton, Nebraska, in a game against the Sidney, Nebraska, team at Sidney, caught three center-field flies from behind the plate. Each drive was hit into a gale blowing in from the outfield which carried the ball back from center field to the plate.


JOHN SHOWALTER PLAYED A 10-INNING GAME AT FIRST WITHOUT ONCE HANDLING THE BALL . . .
Georgetown, Ky., 1932-
GABBY HARTNETT- UP 3 TIMES AS A PINCH HITTER IN THE 1929 WORLD SERIES, STRUCK OUT EVERY TIME . . .
OLDTIME BASEBALL UMPS SAT IN ROCKING CHAIRS 20 FEET BEHIND THE PLATE . .

The one game in all major-league history that stands out most strictly as a tie was played on August 13, 1910, between Brooklyn and Pittsburgh. Every total in the box score was a tie.

Following orders, Nap Lajoie, famous old-time star, singled twice during the 1906 season without having a bat in his hands either time. Lajoie tossed his bat at the ball and singled over first both times.

Disobeying orders, Sammy Strang, a member of McGraw's first great team, hit a home run with two on base and was fined twenty-five dollars. He had been ordered to bunt.

Chick Hafey lost his batting eye when it was most needed. He won the 1931 National League batting championship but was benched during the World's Series that year for inability to hit.

"Shoeless Joe" Jackson, a member of the 1919 Chicago White Sox, was banished from organized baseball for the part he played in the World's Series that year. He was accused of "laying down," yet during the series he equaled an all-time batting record.

George Uhle, Detroit Tigers, batted against "Red" Faber for thirteen years before he got a hit—it was a home run. Frank Hurst hit a homer with the bases loaded in his first major-league game.

IN the World's Series of 1912 Fred Snodgrass of the New York Giants dropped a fly ball, costing his team the championship and $30,000, the difference between the winner's and loser's shares. His contract for the following year called for an increase of 30 per cent. Southpaw Jonathan Tecumseh Zachary pitched twenty-six games for the New York Yankees in 1929 without defeat—and in 1930 no team in the league would give him a job.

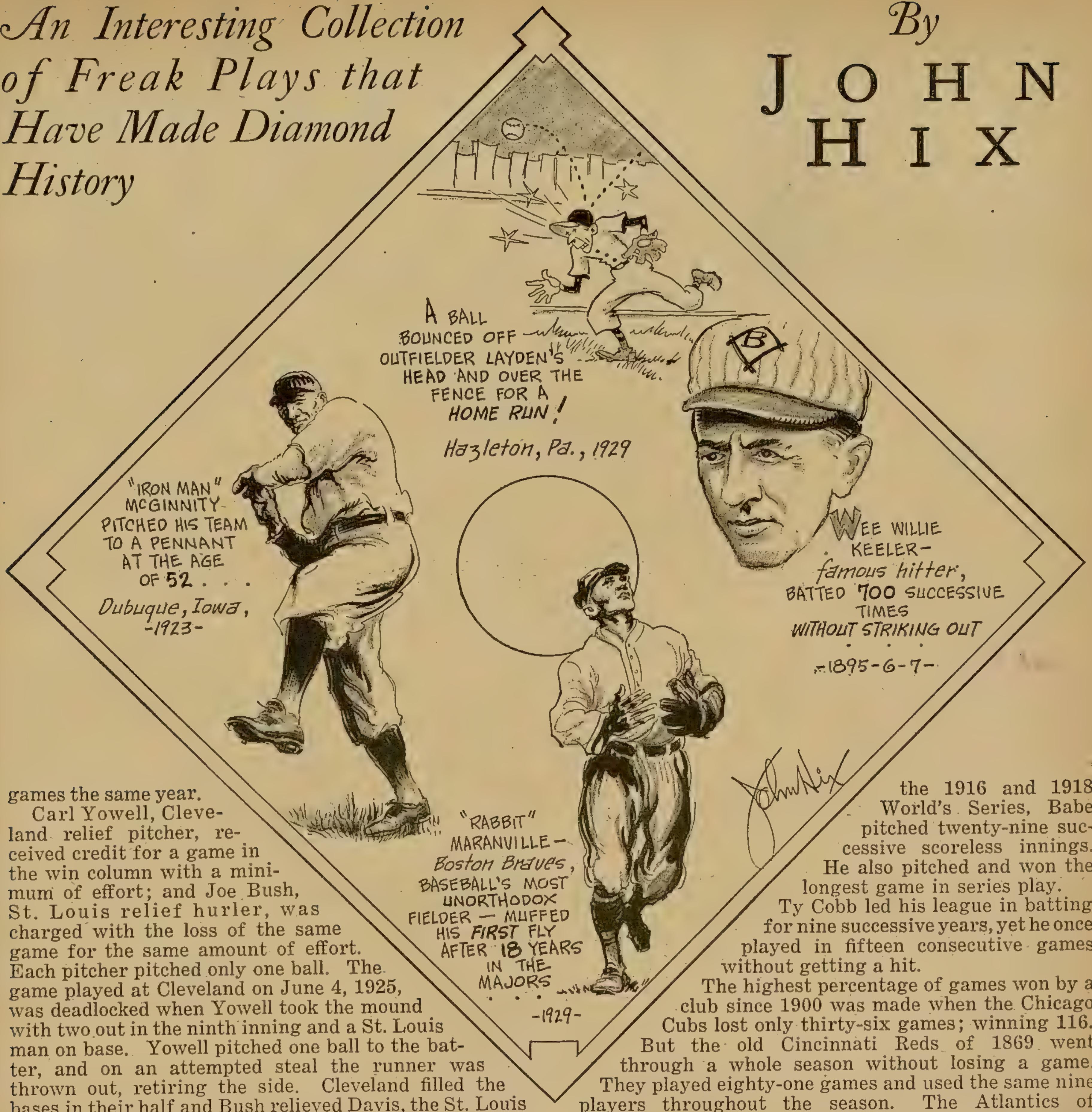
Being literally kicked up the ladder of baseball was the good fortune of Tommy Turner. In the early part of the 1917 season Turner, then with Fort Dodge, pitched the best game of his career. Incidentally it was his last game, and although he allowed no hits he lost the game, 1-0, because of errors committed by his team mates. Upon completion of the game Turner found that he had been fired to make room for a more experienced player. Today he is president of the Portland club of the Pacific Coast League.

The greatest winning streak in major-league history resulted in defeat. The New York Giants won twenty-six games in a row in 1916, but finished fourth.

George Sisler in sixteen years of major-league baseball established many records—yet he never played on a championship team. Fred Lindstrom entered the majors before the age of nineteen and played in seven World's Series

An Interesting Collection of Freak Plays that Have Made Diamond History

By JOHN HIX

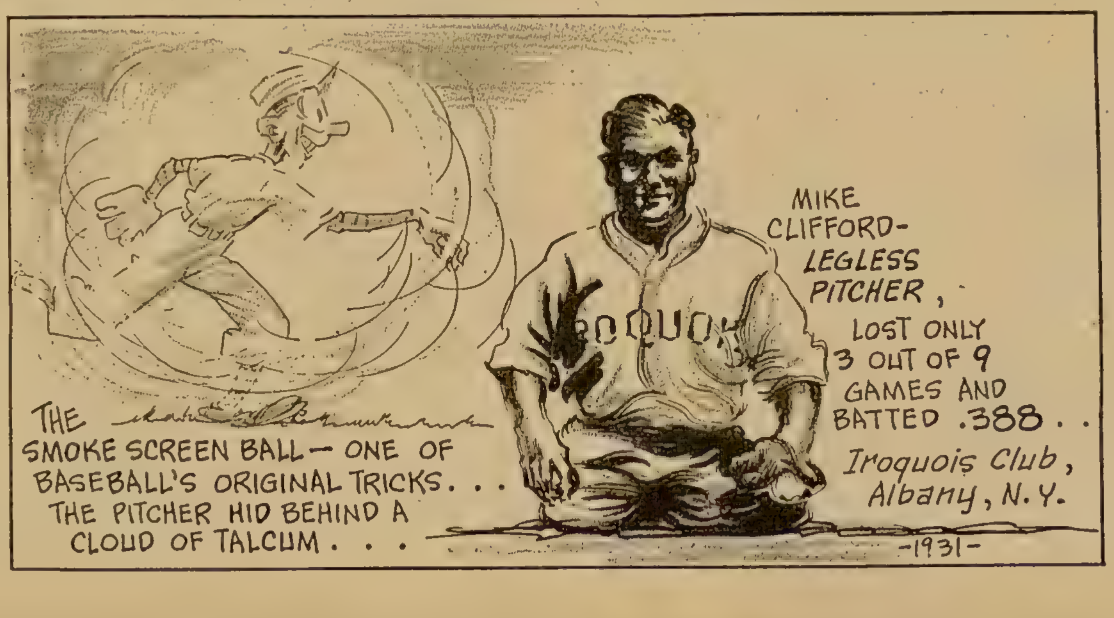

A BALL BOUNCED OFF OUTFIELDER LAYDEN'S HEAD AND OVER THE FENCE FOR A HOME RUN!
Hazleton, Pa., 1929
"IRON MAN" McGINNITY PITCHED HIS TEAM TO A PENNANT AT THE AGE OF 52 . . .
Dubuque, Iowa, -1923-
WEE WILLIE KEELER- famous hitter, BATTED 700 SUCCESSIVE TIMES WITHOUT STRIKING OUT
-1895-6-7-
"RABBIT" MARANVILLE- Boston Braves, BASEBALL'S MOST UNORTHODOX FIELDER — MUFFED HIS FIRST FLY AFTER 18 YEARS IN THE MAJORS . . .
-1929-

games the same year.

Carl Yowell, Cleveland relief pitcher, received credit for a game in the win column with a minimum of effort; and Joe Bush, St. Louis relief hurler, was charged with the loss of the same game for the same amount of effort. Each pitcher pitched only one ball. The game played at Cleveland on June 4, 1925, was deadlocked when Yowell took the mound with two out in the ninth inning and a St. Louis man on base. Yowell pitched one ball to the batter, and on an attempted steal the runner was thrown out, retiring the side. Cleveland filled the bases in their half and Bush relieved Davis, the St. Louis pitcher. He pitched one ball, which resulted in a three-bagger, clearing the bases and winning the game.

Jimmy Dykes since entering the majors has played every position except behind the plate—yet Dykes caught four years of amateur ball before becoming a professional.

Back in 1890 Chicago and New York were playing a game on Staten Island on a diamond near the shore. Jimmy Ryan was at bat. He took a mighty cut at the ball, it sailed out over the water, and dropped on a liner putting to sea for England.


THE SMOKE SCREEN BALL — ONE OF BASEBALL'S ORIGINAL TRICKS . . . THE PITCHER HID BEHIND A CLOUD OF TALCUM . . .
MIKE CLIFFORD- LEGLESS PITCHER, LOST ONLY 3 OUT OF 9 GAMES AND BATTED .388 . .
Iroquois Club, Albany, N.Y.
-1931-
IROQUOI

Strange as it seems, two of Babe Ruth's greatest records were made as a pitcher and not as a batter. Appearing on the mound during the 1916 and 1918 World's Series, Babe pitched twenty-nine successive scoreless innings. He also pitched and won the longest game in series play.

Ty Cobb led his league in batting for nine successive years, yet he once played in fifteen consecutive games without getting a hit.

The highest percentage of games won by a club since 1900 was made when the Chicago Cubs lost only thirty-six games; winning 116. But the old Cincinnati Reds of 1869 went through a whole season without losing a game. They played eighty-one games and used the same nine players throughout the season. The Atlantics of Brooklyn completed two seasons without meeting defeat. Babe Ruth may appear to be the champion home-run hitter of all time, but Ruth never hit twelve homers in one game. Al Reach of the Philadelphia Athletics did in a game against Rockford, Illinois, 1868.

In 1865 and 1866 the Philadelphia Athletics played nine games in which they annexed more than 100 runs. Such scores as 162, 131, 119, 118, 114, 107, 106, 104, and 101 were piled up against opposing teams, while the best their opponents ever did was fifty-one runs.

A. G. Spalding, pitching for the Boston team of the old National Association in 1875, set an all-time record with fifty-seven games

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DON'T let your skin get blotchy—don't let headaches dull your eyes and fill your forehead with wrinkles. This very night, give Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets a trial. For 20 years they have helped thousands banish unsightly blemishes and pimples; have made dull cheeks bloom again with girlish beauty.

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won out of sixty-four games pitched in one season—without throwing a curve ball. He had only a fast ball and a slow drop.

Only two big-league teams suffered the disgrace of making twelve errors in one game—and strangely enough they made them while playing each other. They were the Detroit Tigers and the Chicago White Sox. This happened in two different games that were played in 1901 and 1903.

Ted Donovan, Springfield, Ohio, got a base on balls while sitting on the bench.

Donovan, in a Central League game against Dayton, claimed he had been hit by a pitched ball. The umpire thought otherwise, but Donovan, instead of returning to the batter's box, went to the dugout for treatment. The Dayton pitcher, ordered to resume playing, couldn't locate the plate, threw four balls, and Donovan strolled to first.

Pitching against the Boston Red Sox on April 15, 1911, Walter Johnson struck out four men in the fifth inning. The catcher missed the strike that would have retired the side, the batter reached first base on the error and scored before Johnson registered the fourth strike-out of the inning.

Because of similar inability on the part of the catcher, Al Cline, pitching for Salladasburg, Pennsylvania, against Rauchtown in August, 1931, had to fan seven men in one inning to retire the side.

NINETEEN years ago one John McKee, an Irishman, while setting Jewish type for a Jewish newspaper, got an idea. He decided to organize a baseball team.

With his brother Jimmy and seven other Irishmen he formed the Jewish World Nine, so named in honor of his employers.

Jewish players were not excluded from the team; it just so happened that none ever tried out for it. For nineteen seasons Irishmen alone have composed the team, but appropriately enough, Harry Price, of Jewish extraction, has been since the team's inception its business manager.

Every home-team fan eagerly awaits the seventh inning. Why? Well, isn't it the lucky inning, and won't the team come from behind? Perhaps they will, but the eighth and not the seventh inning is the luckiest—or the unluckiest—for more games are won and lost in the eighth than in any other. All teams have their seven-inning pitchers, and it's after the seventh that the strain begins to take the zip off the ball, and the base hits ring out.

A BOLT of lightning failed to make Red Murray, New York Giants outfielder, drop the high center-field fly he caught at Forbes Field, Pittsburgh, on July 17, 1914, to end the Giants-Pirates game in the twenty-first inning. It was a victory, 3-1, for the Giants. The Giants came to bat in the twenty-first inning with the score tied, 1-1, and made two runs, moving ahead of the Pirates. Of the first four men up for the Pirates in the last half of the inning, two were out on flies, and two hit singles.

When the fifth man came up there were two down, and runners on first and third.

The sky was overcast and flashes of lightning were seen from time to time.

The batter hit a high fly into Murray's territory.

Red caught it, but an instant later a bolt of lightning struck near him. When the base umpire, the first man to reach him, came to Murray, he was unconscious on the ground—but still held the ball, and the game was over.

A bolt of lightning—a nor'easter—a blistering sun—even the climate can contribute to baseball's list of unique happenings.

What is there that couldn't contribute? On the vacant lot next door, in your local park, in distant cities, the game is in progress.

Perhaps you think the instances related here are strange, but—who knows?—tomorrow's game may produce the strangest play of them all. Everywhere the game is played according to the generally accepted rules—but no one knows what is going to happen next.

Yes, anything can happen in baseball.

THE END

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Squandered?

DONALD had broken a neighbor's window and promptly paid her thirty cents for it. The next day he went over to sell her a magazine and she told him she did not have any change.

"Where," said Donald, astonished, "is the thirty cents I gave you yesterday?"—Mrs. Marguerite Cogswell, 775 Buchanan Street, Gary, Ind.

Page the S.P.C.A.

ELAINE stood in the Zoölogical Park watching a polar bear swimming in a tank.

Suddenly he got out and started pacing restlessly up and down his den.

"Oh, mother!" cried Elaine. "The poor thing isn't able to find his bath towel."—Mrs. F. C. Campbell, 505 Ravenna Boulevard, Seattle, Wash.

TO THE LADIES!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 minutes 45 seconds.)

MY first picture dress," says Norma Shearer, "was a tangerine silk, and I paid one hundred and fifty dollars for it."

Norma Shearer

I had asked her about her first thrill as a movie queen. Thrill number one, she told me, was that tangerine dress—the first really expensive get-up she ever had been able to afford.

Norma Shearer's career is interesting to me because it tells the story of a nice everyday girl who climbed to fame entirely on the merits of her natural good looks and intelligence.

There is nothing exotic about Norma, even though she has "gone Hollywood" to the extent of painting her toenails as red as fire engines.

Otherwise Norma is ever so normal—a fine, healthy, workaday Venus, born in Montreal, married to Irving Thalberg the director, and mother of Irving Jr., age two, for whom she performs privately as an acrobat. Stands on her head for him.

I like Norma Shearer's sentimental feeling about New York. Ten years ago she came here from Canada to crash the American beauty market. I met her in her palatial suite at the new Waldorf. She looked out of a window, looked toward the old West Side, and said:

"Every time I hear those elevated trains I remember old friends. Lots of people were nice to me when I was a poor girl in the big wicked city. I used to live on Ninth Avenue, right beside the L tracks. When I come back to New York nowadays, I often walk over there to Ninth Avenue and peek in at the cheap lunch rooms where I used to eat. I seldom go shopping in New York. Dressing for the pictures has taken the fun out of that. Some day, I hope, I'll do a picture about old New York."

ARE you ashamed to carry packages wrapped up in paper and tied with string? Is your husband ashamed to carry them? Would you be insulted if I told you that your brown-paper shame reveals you as a person of countrified instinct? It means that you are still expecting neighbors to peek at you from behind their parlor curtains. In the country, you know, everyone stares at a neighbor's bundle until told what it contains. There isn't much to do in the country.

We city people long retained a good many of our countrified ways, and our self-consciousness about carrying paper parcels was one of them. But package carrying has become stylish with depression. Here in New York we have taken to big paper reticules with handles—and glad to fill them!

QUITE a long time ago I received a letter bearing the signature "An *Other Woman.*" The letter was called forth by something I had written on this page. I had suggested that wives with susceptible husbands be prepared to defend themselves vigorously against home breakers.

The *Other Woman* told me the *other* side of the story. What she said is interesting.

"I took her husband's love unintentionally," she wrote. "I try to be fair to her in every possible way. She does not know, and I would swear that no one knows. He loves his wife as the mother of his children, but I am sure that he loves me as his true mate. Feeling secure in that wonderful love, why should I be cruel? Why should I rob the wife of her home, when that is all she has?"

Now comes the significant part:

"I cannot see where I am headed," writes this *Other Woman.* "Probably the end will be a life of loneliness, with only work to comfort me. But I am trying my best to be kind and fair."

Never have I read a more telling document on the subject of illicit romance. Genuinely in love, this woman has plunged herself deep into an affair of the sort we moderns are inclined to call courageous. Yet she has brains enough to see that it must lead her to inevitable tragedy. Her love must end in loneliness unless she puts justice aside and takes the man away from his wife. This, with decency, she cannot do.

SINCE old Crusading days, people have been bringing home new food ideas from across the sea. Every wave of globe-trotting makes some kind of a splash in our kitchens. This spring, after the winter travel season, I notice a good many smart people drinking pineapple juice for breakfast. They learned that trick in the tropics. As a summer eye opener there is much to be said for a small glass of unsweetened pineapple juice, well chilled and diluted with water.

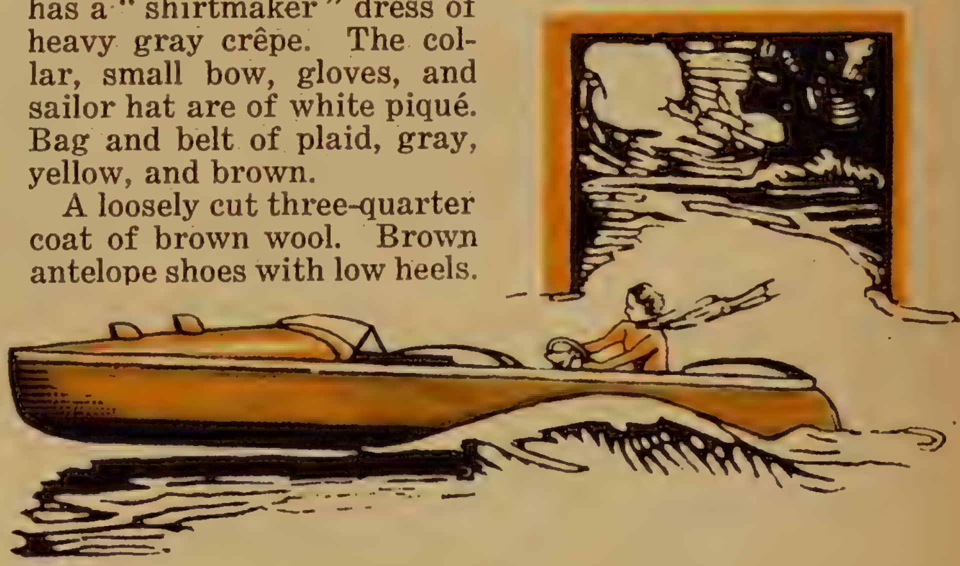
THIS note is for young ladies interested in gold-digging. By the American Institute of Mining Engineers I am informed that hundreds of girls went digging for gold last summer in the California hills. They dug an average profit of thirty cents a day.

Girlish gold-diggers of another kind would stick up their noses, I am sure, at anything like thirty cents a day. Yet I am told that girls galore will try their luck in the California hills again this summer. They'll get plenty of fresh air and fun.

I'VE enjoyed reading Unfinished Symphony, by Sylvia Thompson. (Published by Little, Brown & Company.)

THE most effective spring costume I have seen this year depends almost entirely on accessories for its elegance. To begin with, it has a "shirtmaker" dress of heavy gray crêpe. The collar, small bow, gloves, and sailor hat are of white piqué. Bag and belt of plaid, gray, yellow, and brown.

A loosely cut three-quarter coat of brown wool. Brown antelope shoes with low heels.



Born *to* Raise

The McGinty Cannon—One Man Stands Off an Army—The Battle of Juarez—Pancho Villa Sees Red—Tin-Can Hand Grenades—Sticking Up a Silver Train

DAN SAYRE GROESBECK.

(Reading time: 26 minutes 5 seconds.)

THIS installment finds Tex O'Reilly a revolutionist in Mexico under the banner of Francisco Madero, the little visionary who in 1911 made war on the old president and dictator, Diaz. Meeting Madero shortly before the revolution was to begin, Tex straightway recruited four Mexicans in Texas and applied for credentials as an Associated Press correspondent. From Comstock, the five and a few others slipped across the Rio Grande to a point on the Mexican side where a large revolutionary force was to gather. While only eighteen in number, they were attacked by 160 mounted Federals, half of whom were Rurales. They beat them off in the first, and as Tex recalls it, the fiercest and bloodiest fight of the revolution. He himself was shot through the leg. At nightfall the few surviving insurrectos recrossed to the American side of the river, where under the neutrality laws Tex was arrested by some of his former comrades of the Rangers, but upon proving himself a correspondent, was released.

He went back into Mexico and joined the revolutionary forces that were besieging Ojinaga. A "Mexican Jesse James," Carrasco by name, had also joined them; he deserted with his own men, went raiding from sheer deviltry, and shot up the little Mexican town of San Antonio. The insurrecto commander, Cruz Sanchez, sent Emilio Salgado, another bandit, with four men to bring him in. Tex went along. They found Carrasco in the San Antonio saloon, and Salgado denounced him as a coward who had run away from a fight.

PART SEVEN—VICTORIES FOR MADERO

CARRASCO went cockeyed. He walked out and shouted to his men to saddle up.

"I'll show you whether we're afraid to fight!" And he came back with us.

It was a ticklish trip, seventy miles. Carrasco's men were surly and suspicious. Every few miles they started shooting into the air. I was afraid Salgado would have trouble with them, and he came near it several times. But he kept his nerve and his head.

We came into our lines from the south, and rode up to Cruz Sanchez's headquarters. Carrasco jumped off his horse and stormed into Sanchez's office, and they covered him. Four or five rifles poked into every window, and old Sanchez disarmed him.

Next day they held a court-martial. Carrasco made no defense. He stood there daring them to give him a gun.

"Give me a six-shooter and I'll show you who's best man."

They found him guilty, and when the court-martial pronounced sentence of death Carrasco realized for the first time that he was up against it. He became quiet, polite, and formal to the court. He gave away all his property—to one man his rifle, to another his six-shooter, to another his horse and saddle. To me he gave his sword. I have it yet.

Then the firing squad came in. Frank McCombs was in it, grinning with pleasure at this chance for killing.

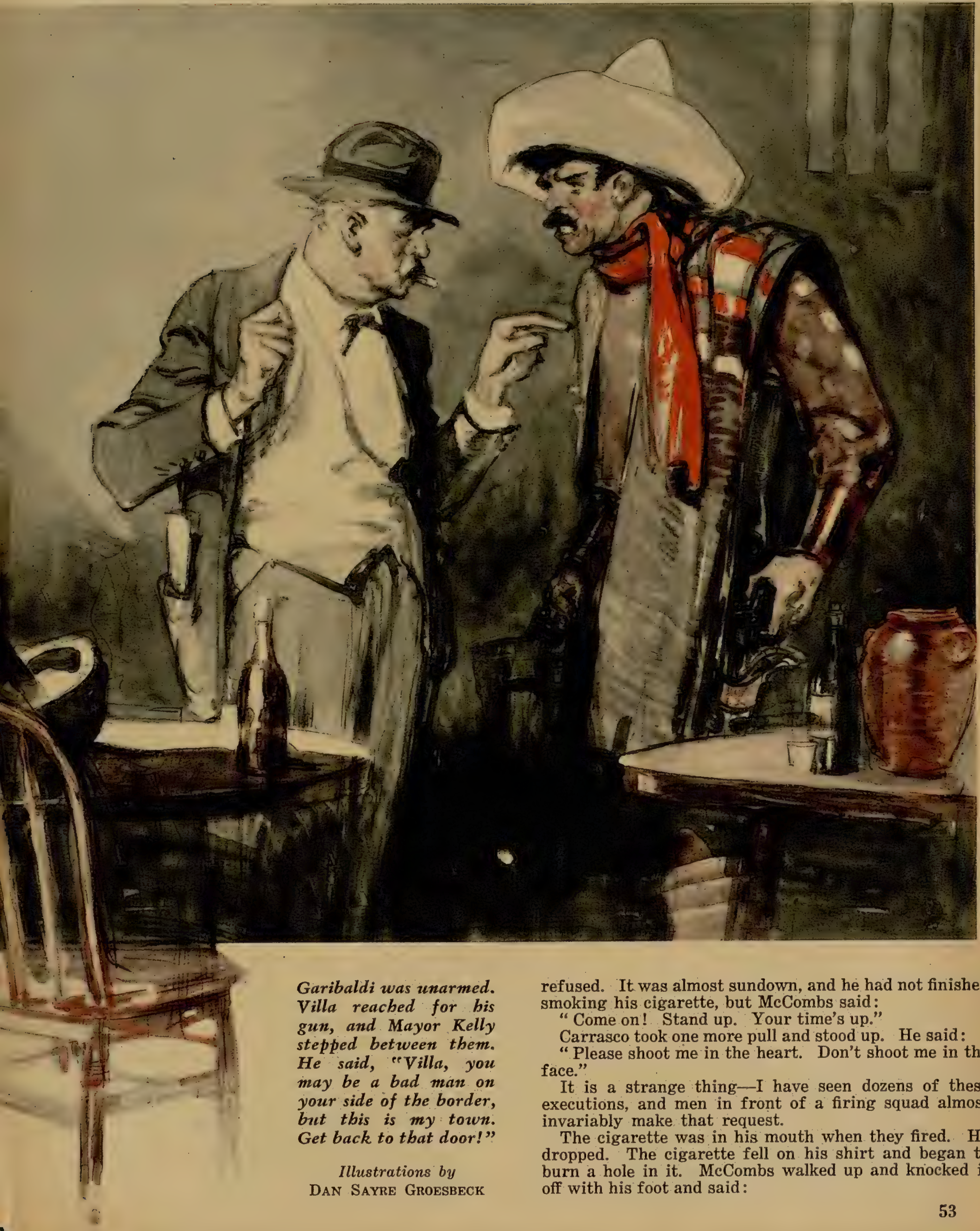
The firing squad marched Carrasco two or three hundred yards up an arroyo. Several of us went along. The five Mexicans and McCombs lined up, and Carrasco asked permission to smoke a cigarette first. He sat on a boulder and smoked it. One Mexican was trembling, and Carrasco asked him:

"What are you shaking for? It's me that's got to die, not you."

Then he began to taunt and shame them for shooting an unarmed man. He asked them to give him a gun and let him fight it out, one against six, and of course they

Hell

By **TEX O'REILLY**
as told to
LOWELL THOMAS



Garibaldi was unarmed. Villa reached for his gun, and Mayor Kelly stepped between them. He said, "Villa, you may be a bad man on your side of the border, but this is my town. Get back to that door!"

Illustrations by
DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

refused. It was almost sundown, and he had not finished smoking his cigarette, but McCombs said:

"Come on! Stand up. Your time's up."

Carrasco took one more pull and stood up. He said:

"Please shoot me in the heart. Don't shoot me in the face."

It is a strange thing—I have seen dozens of these executions, and men in front of a firing squad almost invariably make that request.

The cigarette was in his mouth when they fired. He dropped. The cigarette fell on his shirt and began to burn a hole in it. McCombs walked up and knocked it off with his foot and said:

"Well, another son of a —— gone to hell."

That was McCombs for you. I don't know what went on in his mind, shut in behind his deafness.

Soon after this a message came from General Antonio Villareal, who was coming down the river and wanted horses and guides. Emilio Salgado was sent to meet him with guides and fifty saddle horses, and I went with him. We came into Villareal's camp at dusk. He had 150 Mexicans and about thirty Americans.

Up to that time McCombs and I had been the only foreigners in that district. The thirty Americans had come in with Villareal under the nominal leadership of Jimmie Bulger. But Death Valley Slim was the real boss. He was a Western bad man from the mining districts. He and Creighton had been down in Chihuahua, dynamiting bridges. Slim stood six feet six, lean and hard, and he was one of these quiet, deadly fellows.

Those Americans had brought a machine gun and the old McGinty cannon from El Paso. The McGinty cannon was a famous relic. In the Mexican War, General Kearny had dragged it all over that desert country. Then it was used in the Civil War. After that it became obsolete and lay around the army post in El Paso for twenty years or so, until finally the McGinty Democratic Club presented it to the city. It was mounted in a park and viewed with awe, and sometimes dragged through the streets in patriotic parades.

Somebody had swiped that old McGinty cannon and brought it down to be artillery for the revolution.

"Who's going to fire it?" I asked them.

Jimmie Bulger and I were the only men in the bunch who knew anything about artillery, and Jimmie had the machine gun. They told me:

"You are."

"The hell you say! That cannon hasn't been fired for fifty years."

They said, "It's a cannon, isn't it? We heard you needed artillery."

They had a prisoner with them. He was a burly old German with a bush of beard. They had run across him the day before riding along on a bareback little old mule and carrying an old Winchester rifle. He spoke only a few words of broken English, no Spanish.

They questioned him as well as they could. He said he was going to the Gulf of Mexico. They told him this was impossible, and he shut up and would not say another word.

He seemed harmless enough, but a few Rurales were in the neighborhood, and the insurrectos were afraid he would innocently betray them. They could not talk to him, so as a precaution they made him understand he would have to come along with them.

They did their best to make him understand that they meant him no harm and would let him go next day. But late that night, when everyone was asleep, the sentries caught him trying to steal one of the horses. They arrested him and took away his gun.

His attempt to escape made the insurrectos suspicious and they decided to take him all the way to Ojinaga. He rode along with them that day on his bareback mule, still refusing to talk, and that night someone caught him trying to slip away again.

They took him into a little adobe hut and tried to tie his hands, and he put up one of the darnedest fights I ever saw a human being make. He tried to lick that whole army with his bare fists. Single-handed he tackled that gang of thirty, and there were some tough ones there. He whipped half a dozen of them, but at last one of them rushed in behind him and knocked him down with a club, and then they all piled on to him and tied him hand and foot.

He shut up again. I tried to talk to him, to explain, but he only lay there glaring, furious and afraid.

During that terrific fight he had shouted:

"You can kill me now! You will never take me back and kill me with shotguns in Colorado!"

He was dressed like a miner, and we thought perhaps he had been in some of the Colorado mining troubles.

We left him lying in the hut, tied hand and foot, and all the men were cooking their suppers. It was after dark, a dozen camp fires were burning in front of the shack, and suddenly that old German fired through the doorway. He killed one man and wounded another.

Fifty men fired into that doorway, but he kept on shooting. They fired in through a little window, but he was in an angle there and they couldn't stop him. Four or five rifles and cartridge belts had carelessly been left inside the place, and he kept on shooting.

They had to get him. They dynamited a corner of the building, brought the roof down on him, and called on him to surrender. He kept on firing. They tried to rush him, and he killed another man.

In the end a little fellow named Jones slipped to the edge of the doorway, saw him there in the dark, and shot him through the heart.

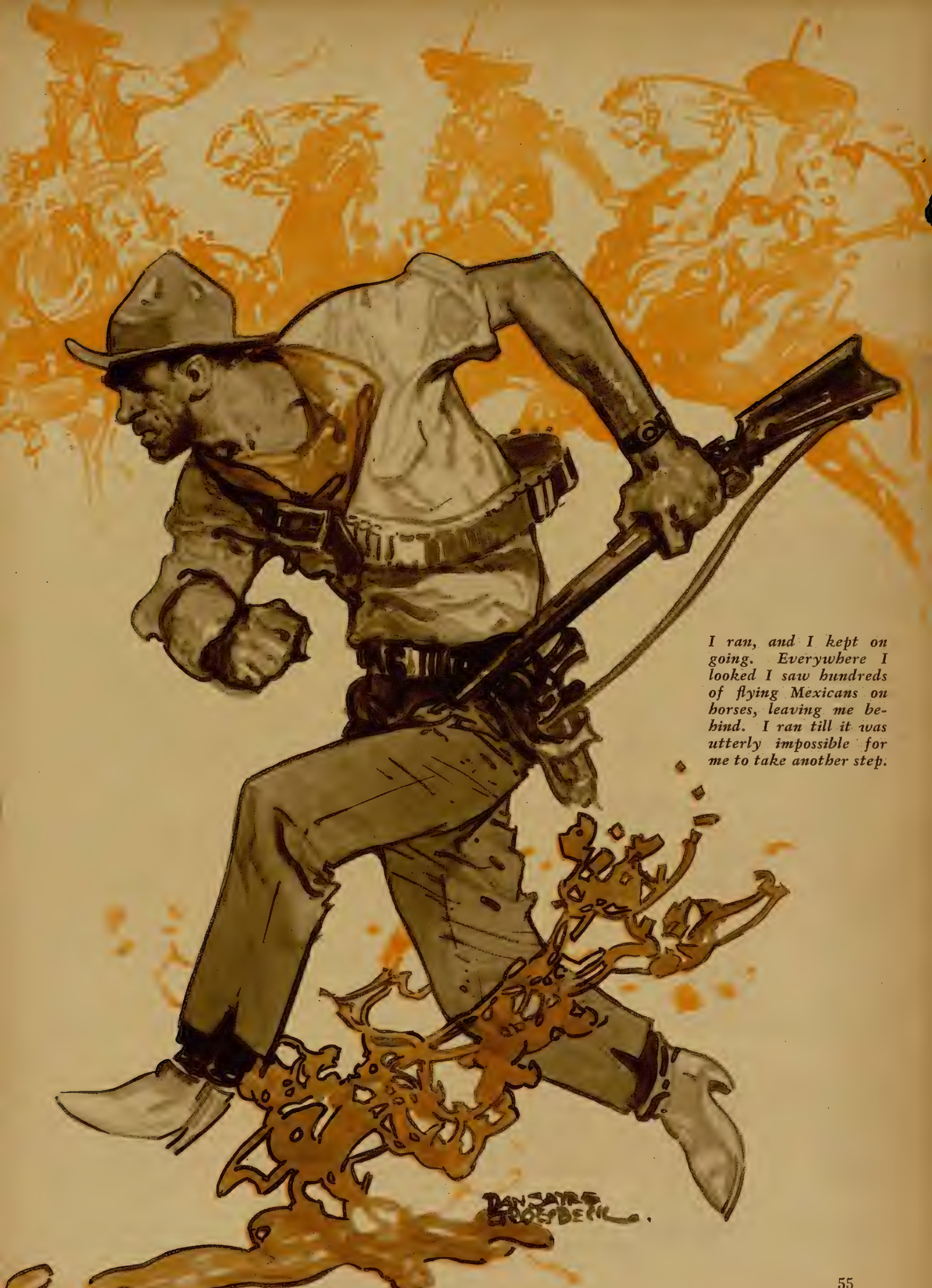
When we looked at the body we found that he had worked his hands loose and got hold of a rifle and cartridges, and had put up that fight with his elbows tied. A dozen bullets were in his body, and one foot had been blown off by the dynamite.

We never found out who he was or anything about him. He put up that desperate fight because he was afraid of something; we never knew what it was.

After we came back to Ojinaga with Villareal we planned an attack. Fighting had been almost continuous, but we had not been able to get into the town.

We planned to attack at daybreak a point where the Federals held a little chapel and a group of adobe houses. Opposite them we had four or five houses connected with trenches and an arroyo.

After dark Jimmie Bulger moved up with his machine gun. About a hundred yards from him I was to go into action with the old McGinty cannon. At the first light of dawn I was to fire at the chapel. The shot was to be a signal for a feint attack on all sides of the town, and simultaneously Jimmie was to open up, and we were to attack and take the chapel and houses.


DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

I ran, and I kept on going. Everywhere I looked I saw hundreds of flying Mexicans on horses, leaving me behind. I ran till it was utterly impossible for me to take another step.

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I thought the old cannon would fall to pieces before I could get it into position. But we eased it along and got it set up, and then I started to load it.

It was an old smooth-bore, of course. I put in a charge of black powder and tried to ram home one of the iron balls.

The ball did not quite fit; we couldn't get it back to the powder. An open space was left between powder and ball and that was dangerous. We worked all night, trying every ball we had, and none of them would fit.

Time was running short; it was almost dawn. I poured powder through the touchhole of the gun till it filled up the space. That made a heavy charge; too heavy. It took a braver man than I am to stand behind it and set it off.

There was a ten-foot cord with which the old-time gunner had yanked fire through the hole in the primer. I got a thirty-foot lariat and tied it to this cord, and I got back at the extreme end of the lariat.

Just as the sky began to show the first sign of dawn I gave the lariat a jerk. There was a terrific explosion, and that old McGinty cannon flew up in the air and turned a complete back somersault. And our Mexicans were so scared that they wouldn't charge.

Firing began all around the town. Jimmie Bulger opened up with the machine gun, but the Mexicans just lay there, loading and shooting mechanically and shaking.

The cannon ball had dropped about twenty feet from the muzzle, and the wheels and carriage of the old cannon had fallen into hundreds of pieces of old rotten wood. Death Valley Slim came running over and yelled:

"O'Reilly, for God's sake load that gun and keep it firing!"

"If you want it fired fire it yourself and pick up the pieces," I said.

So that attack failed.

AFTERWARD we picked up the iron pieces of the McGinty cannon, and we got the iron wheels of a cultivator, and we carved wooden parts out of a cottonwood tree, and put it all together again. That's the condition it is in now. It went all through the revolution, and then I returned it to El Paso. But we never fired it again—not with a ball in it.

Meanwhile the revolution was gathering strength all over Mexico. Pancho Villa had come in with his men, but Madero refused to accept his services because he was a bandit. After the battle at Casas Grandes, where Madero was defeated and wounded, Villa came in again with eighty men. The revolution needed every man, but Madero still hesitated.

Villa was born in a big mining camp. His mother took in washing and nobody knew who his father was. People who knew him as a child have told me that his name was Doroteo Arango. When he first became known, he was calling himself Francisco Villa. Pancho was of course a nickname—a diminutive, like Frank.

He was the Robin Hood of all that country. The peons idolized him. He had no education, could not even write his name, but he was a leader of men.

When he came in to offer his services to Madero the second time, he said:

"You will not let me fight for the revolution because I am a bandit. What does that mean? It means that you have been fighting Diaz three months; I have been fighting him fourteen years."

Madero accepted him.

Madero's new army moved in on Juárez, and with my usual luck I got into that fight. Old José de la Cruz Sanchez sent me up from Ojinaga with reports to Madero, and I arrived on the second day of the battle. A lot of my old friends were in it. I met Garibaldi again there. It was a three days' battle and the Federals put up a strong fight.

THERE was a funny incident in the second day's fighting. We were working our way into the edge of Juárez. The shooting was hot and heavy, and every few minutes one of the Americans dodged out into it like a darn' fool. He was Shorty Anderson, an old miner. A dozen times I saw him running around under fire, and ordered him to get under cover.

Late that afternoon he dodged out of a house right into cross fire, and I yelled at him:

"Get back! You'll be killed!"

He came up to me grinning and said:

"Want some quarters, Tex?"

He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a fistful of quarters. All his pockets were loaded down with quarters. Somehow he had got a key to the quarter-in-the-slot gas meters, and during that whole fight he had been running between the lines, in and out of houses, robbing those slot machines. He kept on doing it, drunk and happy. We couldn't stop him.

That night he was shot in the foot. Somebody picked him up and sent him across the river on a cot, and his arms were full of tin cans. He wouldn't let the customs guards touch them. The guards insisted on examining them, and they were full of quarters.

The third day we drove a wedge into the center of Juárez. It was hot house-to-house fighting, and in the middle of it the rebels cut off and surrounded Colonel Tamborel and his men. Colonel Tamborel refused to surrender. He was a little gamecock of a man, about four feet tall. He fought in that house till his last man was killed, and then he came out with a six-shooter in each hand and walked down the middle of the street, shooting till the insurrectos killed him.

We succeeded in dividing the Federal forces. Part of them were in the bull ring and the others were holding out in their headquarters barracks. I was in the attack on the barracks. We had them surrounded and were closing in, when the Federals stopped firing, the door opened, and an old gray-bearded general stepped out, waving a white handkerchief.

We jumped out with a whoop and raced for that door. Mexicans were coming from all directions. They were trying to get in to slaughter the garrison, and we had to order them back.

The officer who waved the white handkerchief was General Navarro. He was willing to surrender, but only to a properly commissioned officer. None of us was an officer. We had not been formally commissioned.

Somebody thought of Garibaldi. We sent for him, and when he came Navarro surrendered in proper form. The Federal soldiers were standing around in the patio in nothing but their underdrawers. They had hastily pulled off their federal uniforms.

We sent for Madero and he came up, pale and nervous because of all the bloodshed. But a few minutes later he showed that he was no coward. As soon as he came he took Navarro across the street into a private house. Villa was in town, and everyone knew that Villa had sworn to kill Navarro. He walked in and demanded that Madero give him up, and Madero refused.

Anger was a kind of insanity with Villa. It took nerve to stand up to him when he was in a rage. But Madero faced him down.

Villa went out and rounded up his men, swearing to attack that house and take Navarro. But when they attacked, the house was empty. Madero had taken Navarro through a backway to an automobile.

Villa's rage turned then against Garibaldi. He blamed him for accepting Navarro's surrender, and he swore that he would kill him at sight.

THEY met a few days later. Villa crossed to El Paso, and in the lobby of the Shelton Hotel he met Garibaldi unexpectedly face to face. Garibaldi was unarmed. Villa reached for his gun, and a little old man, Mayor Kelly, stepped between them. Mayor Kelly was a noted old frontiersman and he had been Mayor of El Paso for years. He said:

"Villa, you may be a bad man on your side of the border, but this is *my* town. Get back to that door!"

Kelly didn't have a weapon on him, but he stepped up and Villa backed away step by step till Kelly pushed him into a little haberdasher's shop opening off the lobby. Two Texas Rangers followed him in. Kelly said:

"Give me your gun," and he took Villa's gun. This was the only time Villa ever gave up his gun. He handed it over, and he turned around and went meekly out of the hotel and back across the border.

At Ojinaga we learned that General Gordillo Esquedero with 1,000 men was coming to the aid of General Luque. Old Cruz Sanchez and Toribio Ortega went into the mountains to meet Esquedero. I went with them.

To reach Ojinaga the Federals had to come through Mula Pass. We climbed the mountains and were in possession of the pass before the Federals reached it. They moved up and began to bombard the heights.

All Set FOR ANOTHER 10,000 MILES

"I suppose I'm like most women drivers in that I know very little about automobiles. But I do know that a year ago this time you sold me a new set of Champion Spark Plugs • I noticed then that I got much easier starting, more power and speed. And I didn't use as much gasoline as I had been using • So this year when I saw your sign about National Change Week I realized it was time for another set of Champions • Thanks for showing me that test. It's so simple. Anyone can see why they need new spark plugs when you compare the old ones to those new patented Champions. From what you've told me about these new Extra Range Champions I'm going to expect a great improvement in the performance of my car • Now I'm all set for another 10,000 miles" • Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio; Windsor, Ontario.

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I was at the extreme right of our line. Our right wing lay along the crest of a hill, resting against the top of a sheer bluff. The cañon below was considered a perfect defense of our right, because everybody believed it was impossible to scale the cliff. So we concentrated on the Federals in front of us.

Their artillery laid down a heavy bombardment, but the range was poor. Then their infantry charged. Our men went into action splendidly. We broke the charge and drove the Federals back.

There was a little lull, then they formed and came on for the second charge. We began rippling out a steady fire again, when suddenly a bunch of Pima Indians rose up behind us and began shooting. The Indians had climbed the bluff and come in to position at our rear. We had not seen them coming, had not known they were there. At the sudden apparition of those Indians behind us all the insurrectos stampeded as if the devil was after them.

When I saw all those Mexicans leaving their posts, running away like cowards in the face of the enemy— Well, I don't like to be in a minority. I ran too.

Our horses were tied down below us. When I got down there, my horse was dead—shot. The Federals were shooting at us from the top of the hill.

I grabbed my canteen off the saddle and I kept right on going. Everywhere I looked I saw hundreds of flying Mexicans on horses, leaving me behind.

I ran till I couldn't breathe. I ran till it was utterly impossible for me to take another step. All those horses were far out of sight. I sank down, and just then I saw the Federals had brought up a machine gun. It opened up and tore a hole in the ground about ten feet from me, and I got up and ran another mile before I knew that I had started.

The Federal cavalry was pouring through Mula Pass, and I turned off into the hills. For two days I was cut off, wandering lonely as a daffodil in those woods completely infested by Federals. Then I came down to the Rio Grande at El Mulato, our old camping ground. About fifty Mexicans were there. Antonio Villareal and Emilio Salgado were in charge. The siege of Ojinaga had gone all to pieces.

When I came into the camp I found that all the Americans had come down from Juárez, and I was captain of the American company. They had elected me in my absence.

It was not a job I would have asked for. My old friend Antonio Villareal had been having trouble with that American gang. He called them together and told them they could organize their own company, elect their own officers, and come with him into the interior if they liked. But if they did not obey orders and behave themselves he would disband the company, disarm them, and turn them loose in the desert.

They elected me captain and Death Valley Slim lieutenant.

THAT night we started into the interior. Eighty of us started from El Mulato. Villareal's objective was Santa Rosalia, two hundred miles up the Conchos River. Toribio Ortega, with what was left of his outfit, was going in by another route to meet us there.

It was a hard trip. We were obliged to strike off across the ranges, up to the great arid plain of Los Christianos. About thirty miles below Santa Rosalia we came into Toribio Ortega's camp. Altogether we had about 2,000 men when we went in to cut the railroad at Santa Rosalia. It was the first time our forces had equaled the Federals'.

Santa Rosalia is a large mining and railroad town on the high bank of the Conchos River. A large federal garrison—about 1,500 men—held the town, and fighting began as soon as we appeared. During the first day we gradually extended our lines and hemmed the Federals in against the bank of the river. The second day we began working our way into the town.

Santa Rosalia is closely built, of tall stone and dobe houses packed tightly together. The Federals defended every step of the way. For blocks we worked along with picks and crowbars, digging holes through the walls and fighting for every house.

Outside the town in the railroad yards we had captured two freight carloads of dynamite, and around all the shacks there were hundreds of tin cans. I had the bright idea of making hand grenades. We filled a can with dynamite, attached a short fuse, lit it, and threw the can.

Grenades are of course an ancient weapon of warfare, but that was the first time I ever saw them used. And I never heard such a noisy battle in my life. Everybody was throwing dynamite all over the place. We were all smoking cigarettes, using them to light the fuses, and throwing the grenades on to the roofs of the next houses. The uproar was something unbelievable.

The grenades did not do much damage, but the moral effect was very good. And in this battle the old McGinty cannon was loaded twice, but only with powder, to add to the noise.

The Federals' stronghold was in the tall buildings in the center of the city. We fought two days and nights without dislodging them.

DURING the second day I worked my way with four or five Mexicans into a little *cul-de-sac* protected by a house that jutted into the street. A couple of hundred yards farther on the Federals were intrenched; our men were trying to advance up the street, and there was a heavy cross fire outside our shelter.

Suddenly I saw a little mule run by loaded with three cases of dynamite. He ran down toward the Federals and then ran back, and he stood there within ten feet of us. Bullets were whizzing all around him, and any second one of them might hit that dynamite.

Some of our men had had the bright idea of loading him with dynamite, shooing him into the Federal trenches, and then shooting the boxes. But it didn't work out that way.

I jumped out and grabbed the mule's halter and tried to drag him behind the shelter of the house. All that yelling and shooting and explosions had scared him, and when I grabbed him he began bucking—with that load of dynamite! I swung on to the halter, afraid to let go, and yelled to my Mexicans for help. They just lay down and held their sides and rolled.

I'd drag that mule in by main force, and then he'd swing me around into the open, all the Federals shooting at me, and those boxes slipping and sliding as he bucked. Every time I got behind the wall he dragged me out again, and those Mexicans were laughing their heads off.

They were in as much danger as I was. If that dynamite exploded nobody would ever find a fragment of us. But they were laughing so hard they couldn't stand up. There I was hanging on to the halter, playing ring-around-a-rosy with that mule.

Finally I managed to shoot him, and as he fell I grabbed the dynamite and eased it down.

The third day we dug and fought our way into some of the tall buildings. We captured an old big stone church, and we hoisted Jimmie Bulger's machine gun with ropes and set it up in the cupola.

The Federals had a machine gun on the roof of the City Hall, and sharpshooters on nearly every roof, but our cupola commanded all of them. In a few minutes we cleared those roofs.

That was almost the end of the fight for Santa Rosalia. The Federals surrendered that evening at dusk.

All Mexico was rising against Diaz, and he realized that his long reign was ended. He prepared to leave.

Meanwhile there was little doing around Santa Rosalia, and I asked Villareal's permission to join Toribio Ortega in the expected battle for Chihuahua City. Jim Adams and I started out to ride to Aldama, a trip of one hundred and eighty miles.

Jim Adams was a Kentuckian. He had been the bookkeeper on the T-O Ranch in Mexico and had left that job to fight in the revolution. We had fought together in Santa Rosalia.

Riding over the desert we ran out of water, and during the last two days out of Falomir we suffered terribly from thirst. We were worn out when we came down across the dry hills to Falomir on the river.

Bunches of Federals were scattered all through that country, and we did not know whether they were in Falomir. But we could not go any farther without water. So we slid cautiously into the edge of Falomir, got some water, and inquired. There were no Federals in the dusty little town.

From the forlorn little railroad station at Falomir I wired Ortega that we were coming. The station agent was sitting there with nothing to do; no trains had been running for weeks. We went out to look for something to eat, and when we came back there was a telegram from Ortega telling us to come on the train. We could hardly believe it. We had been expecting to ride that eighty miles over the rough, dry mountain country.

An American named Seaman was running a mine in the hills near Falomir, and several tons of silver concentrates, a fortune, had been lying at his mine ever since we took Santa Rosalia. He had not been able to move them. At last he got permission from Ortega to run one train, and the train was going that day.

We were tickled to death at our luck. An open stock car was standing at the loading chutes, and we decided to put our horses in it and ride down to Aldama in state.

THE train came in from the mine: one little old day coach jammed with Mexicans, one baggage coach, and one freight car loaded with the concentrates. Adams and I got hold of the Mexican conductor, showed him the wire from Ortega, and asked him in our best Spanish to attach the box car with our horses. He was cocky, and said:

"Not on your life. Nothing doing."

We argued the matter with him, and finally he said:

"All right, I'll do it for one hundred pesos."

Adams and I talked it over. Between us we could scrape together one hundred pesos, but that was all the money we had. We decided to take charge of that train.

There were about forty Mexicans in the day coach, and we did not know how many were Federals. So we waited until the train was all ready to pull out, and then we went quickly and drew down our Winchesters on the train crew. Conductor, brakeman, engineer, and fireman, we pulled them off the train and lined them up, and Adams guarded them while I went back to the day coach.

I stepped into it, stuck up the passengers, and then went down the aisle looking them over for arms. They didn't have any; they were mostly ranchers and peons.

In the last rear seat I noticed an American. When I came up to him he said:

"Is this a holdup?"

"Oh, no, not unless you have something to smoke. I haven't had a smoke for days."

"I have a box of cigars and some whisky."

I said, "We'll be back to see you as soon as we get through outside."

WE made the conductor back the train down to the loading chute, put our horses in the stock car, and attach it. Then we gave him orders to start, and we rolled out in grand style. Adams and I went back to the American. He was Seaman. He brought out his cigars and whisky and we chatted and smoked and drank and played cards all day going down the line.

That night we unloaded in Aldama and he went on with his silver concentrates. Afterward he told me that he had three thousand dollars in his pocket that day, and when I walked in and stuck up that coach he was certain I had come to rob him. I have met him many times since, and we always laugh about it.

In Aldama we heard that Diaz had left Mexico. Madero was going to Mexico City as provisional president. My old friend Abram Gonzales, the St. Louis lawyer, was appointed Governor of Chihuahua, though the Federals still held Chihuahua City.

It was only fifteen miles from Aldama to Chihuahua City. Fighting was supposed to be over, but the Federals would not allow any armed men to come in. And I did a foolish thing.

I saddled my horse, and I took the stock off my Winchester to make it shorter, and wrapped it in a blanket behind my saddle. I hid my belt and six-shooter under my shirt, and I rode on into the city.

How Tex did time briefly in the Chihuahua state prison, and then squared accounts with the overbearing lieutenant of the prison's guard; how he bluffed his way through a duel with a fire-eating Federal; how Pancho Villa occasionally got married; how the Red Flag phase of the revolution began; and how part of a carload of dynamite changed the whole course of Mexican history—these are a few of the high lights in next week's installment of Born to Raise Hell.

DETECTOGRAM ANSWER

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

PROFESSOR STABUS STIGGINS
STUYVESANT CLUB
NEW YORK CITY

MAY 6 1933

THANKS FOR INFORMATION STOP ADMIT TOOK ME LONGER THAN IT SHOULD HAVE TO REALIZE CHINAMAN WAS STRANGLED WITH QUEUE

HAROLD G GESELL

OH BOY! HOW I ENJOY THIS NOW

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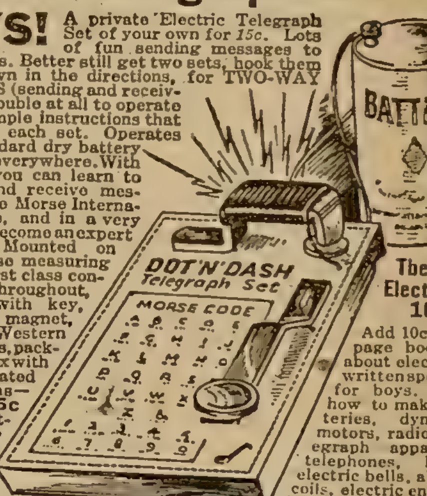
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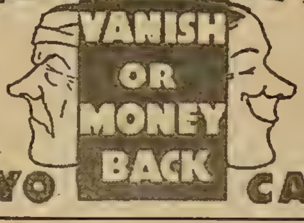

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Vox

Just a Little Touch of Rural Life in Manitoba

RIDING MOUNTAIN, MAN.—I spent my last red on a year's subscription to Liberty. Now we're so darn' poor we have to live on it from week to week.

Soon as it comes I grab it and start reading Vox Poppers to my wife while she chews my mukluks.

While reading your last edition she took convulsions, and Lord! if I didn't have to shove your prize magazine under her nose to bring her around.

Liberty
PADEREWSKI

Yes, sir. No more Liberty for me.—*D. R. Watson.*

Cheerio, Cheltenham!

CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND—I was rather amused to read in Liberty of the March 18 issue that William H. Lamas of Buxton, England, waited a month for Liberty, then had to go sixteen miles for it. I get Liberty within a week of the publication date, mailed by an old pal in Alexandria, Virginia. Why doesn't Mr. Lamas subscribe and get it mailed direct? He would save time and money.

As a 100-per-cent Englishman I am glad to read opinions of 100-per-cent U. S. A. men. It does one good to see oneself as others see us.—*E. F. Fullen.*

We Warned Boston Albert that His Ears Would Burn

CAMPBELLTON, N. B.—Being a Maritimer I do not appreciate the article in Vox Pop, Liberty April 15 issue.

We Maritimers are rather proud of the fact that the fishing schooner Bluenose has trimmed your fishing boats for the past few years, and we expect to do it again this year if there is a race.

Now, regarding our clothing, it is true we do not make a habit of wearing the freak clothing that you will see on the streets of Boston, but I can safely say that our clothing is just as stylish and in all probability better quality than Mr. Boston Albert's, even in this time of depression.

As for our ambitions, I could, if I was so minded, name numerous Maritime Province men who have gained world recognition. Lord Beaverbrook is one example. Furthermore, there are numerous Bostonians who would be only too glad to come over here and drive our garbage carts, if we would let them.—*A Maritimer.*

BRIDGEWATER, N. S.—In Vox Pop of April 15 I noticed a wise crack by a poor misinformed gent who calls himself Boston Albert.

Well, Albert, if you think we "bluenoses" are primitive, drop in sometime and see if you can stand the pace.

Furthermore, if you got plenty of time to spare I'll try to scare up a herring and teach you the little trick you referred to.

By the way, we got a great kick out of driving ice wagons in Boston, because we're up to date over here and we all use electric refrigerators.

Thanks for the space, Liberty. You're a darn' good magazine and we're all for you.—*Malcolm Harlow.*

She Didn't Miss a Trick

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I have had a big shake-up away out here in California, but nevertheless it did not keep me from reading and enjoying your most interesting stories, The Ghost of the San Mareno Hotel, by Ben Hecht; Not for a Hundred Thousand, by Tiah Devitt; and The Truth About My Life, by Crown Prince Wilhelm of Germany, in the March 25 issue.—*I. D. Drivere.*

I. D. Drivere

They Still Pick on Poor Wilhelm

PIEDMONT, CALIF.—The article by Colonel Frank E. Evans, U. S. M. C., in the April 8 issue of Liberty, giving his observations of the French Foreign Legion, rings true. That cannot be said, however, of the tale entitled Hell Hounds, purporting to tell the truth about the Legion, for it disproves itself.

The most preposterous stories may be accepted if presented as avowed fiction, but fiction masquerading as truth is always disgusting.

Further proof of this is the yarn by the self-styled Crown Prince of Germany now running in your magazine.—*B. M. Edwards.*

Don't Ask Us Riddles!

LITTLE FALLS, N. J.—Sergeant Halyburton says: "The Germans treated us like dogs." Colonel Fonck: "The Germans tucked the prisoners in bed at night." Ex-Legionnaire No. 1384: "The French Legion is a living hell." Colonel Evans: "The Legion is the life of Riley." Probably just a friendly conversation, but is black white, or is white black?—*John Gerdes.*

Tough Luck

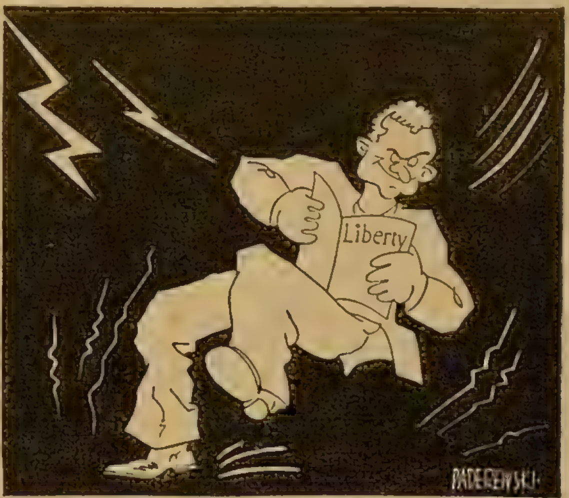
UNIONTOWN, PA.—I'd like to say a few words to cheer up the thousands—well, at least hundreds of Vox Poppers who have complained that they never win prizes in your contests.

Wrote me a Dinky on January 10 and bought each issue with bated breath until one of March 11, and—lo and behold!—there was me name down at the bottom of the list! Was I surprised! And even more so when the check arrived in the next mail.

Now that doesn't sound like a tale of woe, but that's just half the story. I hopped right down to the bank (we actually have one here) to get the cash and put it into circulation (to help out the depression, you know), and whaddayou think? They said they were just out of cash. Now what to do! I'd frame the dern' check and keep it for posterity if I could get any money out of the bank to buy a frame!—*"Hal" Weidner.*

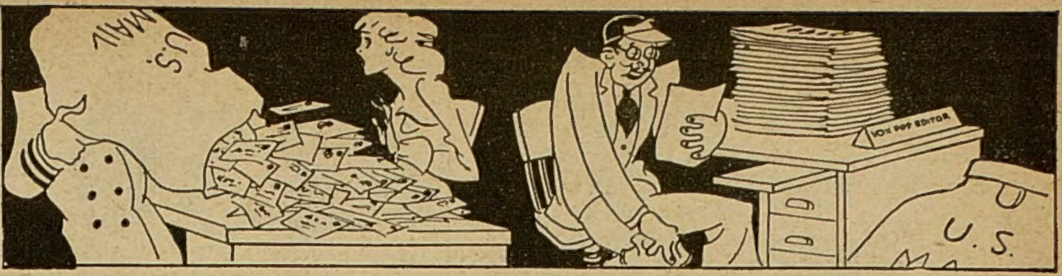
We Wondered Who Had That Copy

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—During the recent temblor in Long Beach the brick wall of a building peeled off, exposing a section of the inwards. Something in one of the hollow tiles attracted my attention, and upon investigating I found it to be—what do you suppose?—an old Liberty dated May 30, 1925, placed there, no doubt, by one of the workmen during the construction of the building. I sat down on a pile of débris and read Samuel Spewack's Boris Buys a Rose, and as the earth trembled under me I trembled from fear lest the beautiful Gertie should make the terrible mistake of marrying the wrong man.



I replaced the magazine in its crypt and carefully concealed it with fragments of rubbish. When the new wall goes up it will be sealed once more, and when it is exposed again let us hope it will be by the hand of man and not by Mother Nature. No doubt the new finder, fifty or one hundred years hence, will sit down and write you a letter about it.—*A Native Son.*

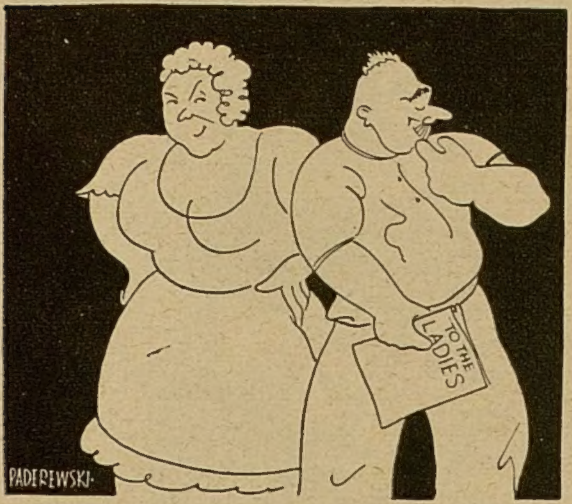
POP



That Pansy Feeling, Eh?

MAPLEWOOD, MO.—I have but one criticism to make. I object strongly to the title of Princess Alexandra Kropotkin's otherwise excellent page. Filled as it is with entertaining and informative paragraphs concerning interesting personalities, places, and events, it is ungracious of her to put up the "Ladies Only" sign.

That I habitually trespass on this feminine privacy goes without saying, but I have the feeling of a six-year-old caught in a jam closet when some female peers over my shoulder and catches a glimpse of the title of the page I am reading.—*John E. Krieger.*



An Ex-Marine Sounds Off on the Job-Holding Woman

GRAPEVINE, TEX.—The scramble for tax reduction reveals some alarming things, one of which is the apparently unreasonable amount paid to Uncle Sam's veterans as compared with European nations.

Why? Experience here and abroad suggests it to be a natural "compensation" resulting from the well known female invasion of American industry.

In spite of the number of women who have to work, there are entirely too many who persist in kidding themselves that they do so from necessity, unaware that their real motive is avarice.

Any veteran would rather have employment than a dole.

He has fought for the latter, knowing full well the futility of competing with women.

As far as the taxes to cover veteran payments are concerned, it is up to the captains and corporals of industry to pay in cash for the luxury of office wives and commercial harems, while the great run of mere emasculated males must pay in humiliation.

You will perhaps murmur "Coward!" when you read this, and throw it in the wastebasket.

But I will hazard that epithet for the same reason you print Liberty—in the interest of American virility.—*Ex-Marine Who's Back to the Land.*

That Taxing of Church Property

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—As a churchman I agree with Mr. Kay Jackson in Vox Pop of March 25 that all church property should have some kind of a tax, if only to keep any one organization from buying property for investment.

But when it comes to what a church really is, the gentleman shows a pitiable ignorance, and it would be like casting pearls before swine to try to explain it.

Mr. Jackson has elected to go with the crowd, but I am thankful that in my contact with the world I do not find very many that seem to have the same hatred of the church that he has. —*Russell Holman.*

GALVESTON, TEX.—Kay Jackson's Vox Pop letter in your issue of March 25 is good excepting the small-tax part of his proposal. Why a small tax? Why not a big one? The churches of America no longer belong to the masses but to the classes; and why should the classes be given the benefit of small tax, or none at all, while the masses pay big ones?

Churches and church institutions are purely superpolitical organizations today. They should be taxed, and, too, just as heavily as anything else. They should be shown no favoritism. They insist upon preaching politics from pulpits. Tax them? Certainly!—*Charles M. Boone.*

Can This Be True?

E. C. Baird

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—I have recently noted a vast improvement in Vox Pop writings.

In the issue of March 25 some of the remarks are almost sane, and the pictures resemble human beings.

Maybe we *are* getting that new deal after all. —*Ernest Clay Baird.*

The Woman Accused as a Movie

DETROIT, MICH.—I thoroughly enjoyed your recent serial The Woman Accused. I viewed the screen adaptation, hoping to find Liberty and Paramount Pictures had really coöperated and the photoplay would do justice to such an excellent story. What a disappointment!

Instead of what might have been a four-star picture we have just another picture.

A muddled plot, the introduction of additional characters and the elimination of others, gangsters, horse-whippings, arrests, etc.

Liberty and Paramount work together like Democrats and Republicans. —*Harry J. Minnis.*

A Friend at Last

BROOKHAVEN, MISS.—I have for the past year been reading some very thin criticisms in the Vox Pop department of Liberty. I think that it is time for someone to come to the rescue of those who have exerted so much effort in the field of short-story and editorial writing.

C. Cleve Scovill

May I ask some of these knockers just one question? Why don't some of you try your hand at writing? It is my understanding that Liberty pays well for good material.

The whole thing in a nutshell is this: We are all inclined to be much more critical than we are correct!

I am including myself in that last line.—*C. Cleve Scovill.*

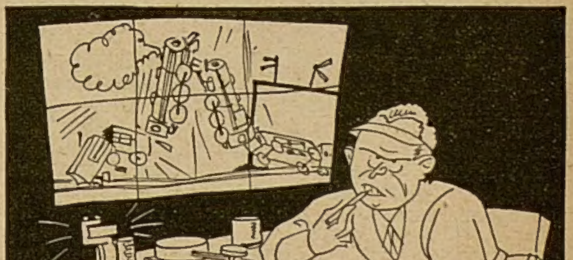
That Old Eric Hatch Breeze

EL CENTRO, CALIF.—I just wish to tell you that I do not, normally, like your magazine or fancy your type of stories. However, I will confess after steaming through Eric Hatch's Five Days I am a much better fellow to get along with.

His yarn was like a refreshing breeze in the dull monotony of the usually stilted tales of that life. But the ending seemed a little dead. The earlier scenes compensated for it.—*Harry E. Drake.*

Consider Yourself Congratulated

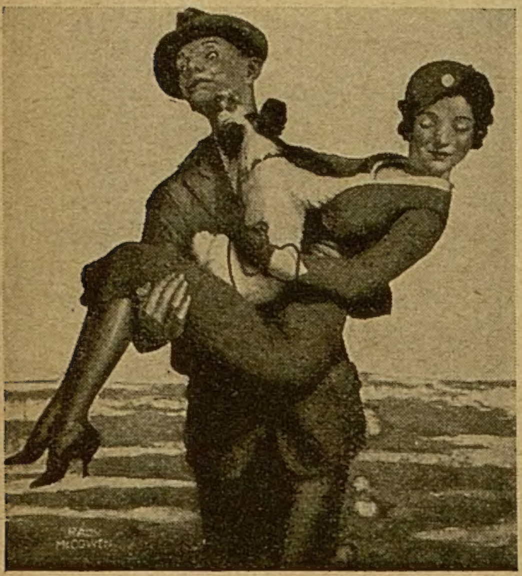
BARTOW, FLA.—I want you to congratulate me. Yesterday afternoon I bought your March 25 issue of Liberty, and as usual turned to the weekly cross word puzzle the first thing, to look it over.



I am a telegrapher, having to work the "graveyard shift," so I spent my spare time last night working the cross word puzzle, and in a few hours had it filled out without benefit of dictionary.

Your magazine helps me while away many a lonesome hour in the still of the night.—*F. Harold Livingston.*

ANNOUNCING
PRIZE WINNERS FOR MARCH 25



$50 FIRST PRIZE

Mrs. A. M. Saylor,
North Henderson, Ill.
"To Heave or to Hold."

$25 SECOND PRIZE

Mrs. Charles H. Marzell,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
"Mutt's Obliged to You!"

$15 THIRD PRIZE

Howard G. Kelley, Westmont, Ill.
"A Little 'Licker' Between Friends."

$10 FOURTH PRIZE

R. T. Perry, Lawrence, Miss.
"Torn Between Two Desires."

TEN $5 PRIZES

Linn Brown, Oxford, Ohio; C. D. Curren, Elmira, N. Y.; Gertrude Frasmer, Atlantic City, N. J.; J. M. Ketchie, Statesville, N. C.; Arthur J. Lopez, Tucson, Ariz.; Thomas Martin, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Bertha Oberndorf, Jersey City, N. J.; E. L. Springer, Washington, D. C.; Ann Thomas, Ontario, Calif.; Mrs. Harvey Wood, Detroit, Mich.

FIFTY $2 PRIZES

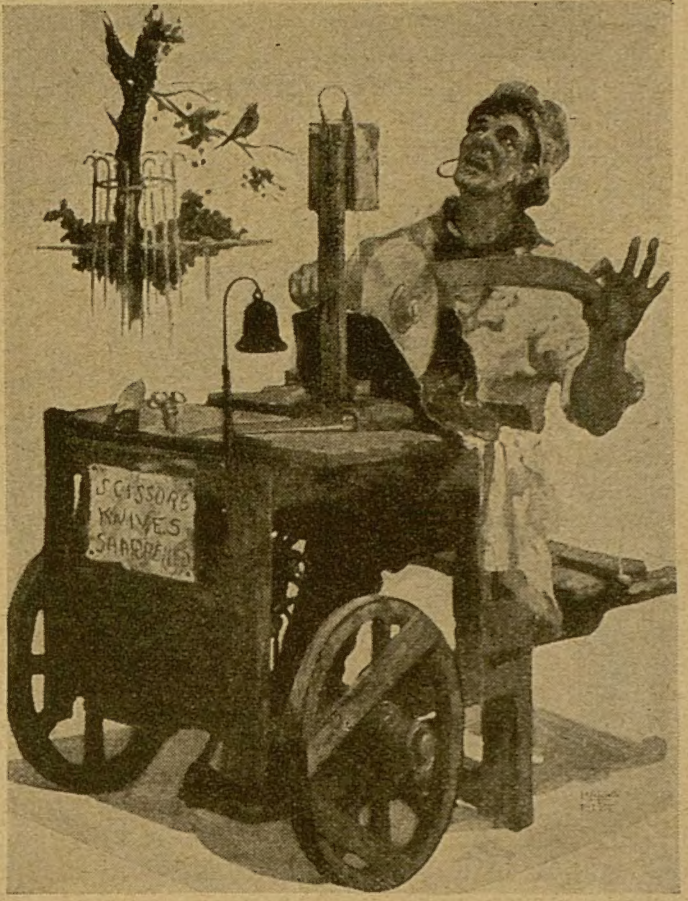
P. E. Baker, Montreal, Que.; Ella E. Becker, Syracuse, N. Y.; Paul K. Blakkan, Los Angeles, Calif.; Howard Bonesteel, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Berenice M. Bradley, Lynn, Mass.; Gertrude Breen, Cleveland, Ohio; L. W. Chilton, Buffalo, N. Y.; Myrtle Conger, Columbus, Ind.; Herbert Cook, Ozone Park, N. Y.; Louis Curtis, Boston, Mass.; Joseph R. Donovan, Clifton Heights, Pa.; James T. Downs, Seattle, Wash.; Mrs. Dan Dyer, Los Angeles, Calif.; Gertrude Featherstone, Detroit, Mich.; Zane A. W. Green, Altoona, Pa.; Otto Haegler, Philadelphia, Pa.

Houston Harper, El Paso, Tex.; Lester Hewitt, Mansfield, Mass.; H. Hodson, Des Moines, Iowa; C. S. Holland, Clearwater, Fla.; Maude M. Hopkins, North Haledon, N. J.; Laura E. Huff, Dayton, Ohio; Mrs. R. P. Jeter, Cameron, Tex.; Leroy E. Jones, Utica, N. Y.; Lillian R. Jones, Baton Rouge, La.; Oscar C. Jurney, New York, N. Y.; G. H. Kerr, Wilmington, Del.; Florence Kellogg, New York, N. Y.; Alice C. King, Erie, Pa.; Charles Kraatz, Jr., Lakewood, Ohio; F. A. Leighton, Minneapolis, Minn.; William L. Lewis, Ilion, N. Y.

Arthur Morgan, Scranton, Pa.; Miss N. E. Mowrer, Easton, Pa.; George Mueller, Stratford, Ont.; Thelma Newman, Draper, N. C.; Charles D. Nyber, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. Harry W. Reed, Minneapolis, Minn.; Douglas S. Renwick, Utica, Mich.; C. M. Seeberg, San Antonio, Tex.; Fred G. Shafnit, Muscatine, Iowa; Mrs. Esther Sherman, Detroit, Mich.; W. P. Tucker, Jr., McKees Rocks, Pa.; Patty Vermes, Minneapolis, Minn.; H. C. Tremoulet, New Orleans, La.; Bert Whyte, Rouyn, Que.; J. Milton Wigley, Birmingham, Ala.; John C. Wilkens, Jr., Menlo Park, N. J.; Mrs. C. Wilson, Philadelphia, Pa.; Walter W. Wilson, Clarion, Pa.

Why Not Win Your Share of This?
$250 *in* CASH PRIZES

FOR NAMING THIS WEEK'S COVER PICTURE



Your Chance to Win Is Excellent!

CUT yourself a slice of prize money! Name this week's Liberty cover picture and win a cut of the $250 cash which awaits the authors of the sixty-four best entries submitted. Every prize, ranging from the first award of $50 down through the great group of $2 awards, must be paid. Your chance to win one is excellent. If you can find use for some extra cash, by all means try your hand at this offer.

No cover illustration in this series of prize offers has provided greater opportunity for the adroit competitor. Consider the genial dispenser of new edges for old. Give heed to the grindstone. And to the appurtenances thereto. Nor should one overlook the songster out there on the end of the limb. These are among the elements of the picture that may inspire you to a prize-winning effort. Get busy!

Please comply with the brief, simple rules below in filing your entry, and make sure that your name and full address are plainly readable.

TITLE CONTEST
CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize	$50
Second Prize	25
Third Prize	15
Fourth Prize	10
Ten Prizes, $5 Each	50
Fifty Prizes, $2 Each	100
Total Prize Money	$250

TITLE CONTEST RULES

Each suggested title must be of not more than ten words.

Each title must be accompanied by a note of not more than twenty-five words stating what, in this week's issue of Liberty, appeals to you most.

The title which in the opinion of the judges supplies the cleverest, most interesting caption for the picture and which is accompanied by the most interesting note, as above, will be adjudged the best.

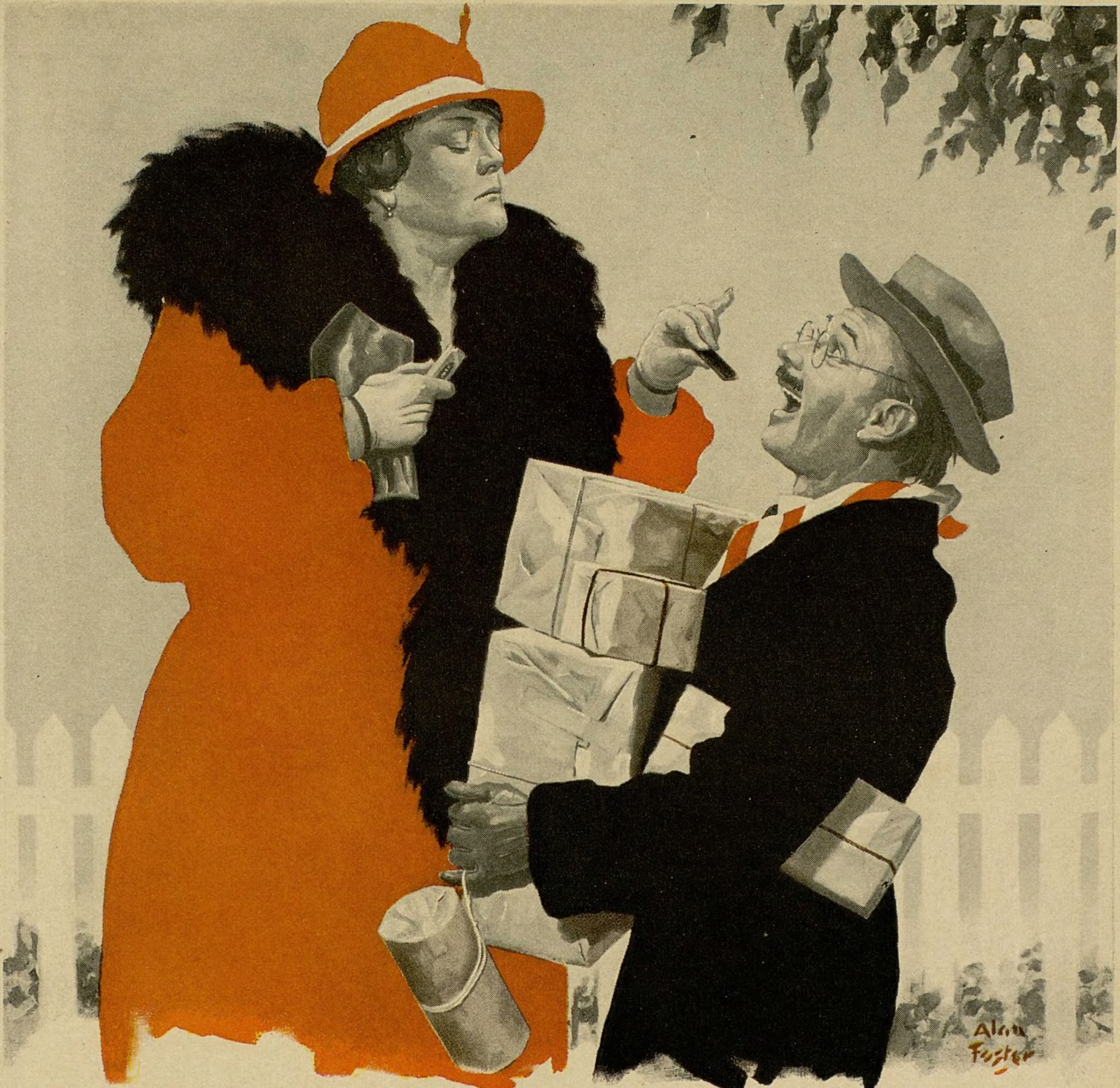
Judging on this basis, Liberty will pay a first prize of $50. For second best, $25; for third best, $15; for fourth best, $10; for the next ten, $5 each; and for the next fifty $2 each will be paid. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

Address all entries to TITLE CONTEST EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Anyone, anywhere, may compete in this contest except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

This contest closes Monday, May 22.

ANOTHER $250 CONTEST NEXT WEEK


Alan Foster

Aw Kitty, you know I like licorice!

Black Jack

CHEWING GUM

For the love o' licorice

ADAMS
Black Jack
CHEWING
For the Love O'licorice
MADE IN U.S.A.
AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

FREE! Black Jack Jig-Saw Puzzle Picture. Send two wrappers *(outer 5¢ wrappers only)* from two packages of Black Jack Gum, together with 6¢ in stamps. American Chicle Co., Dept. L., Long Island City, N. Y.

Print clearly:

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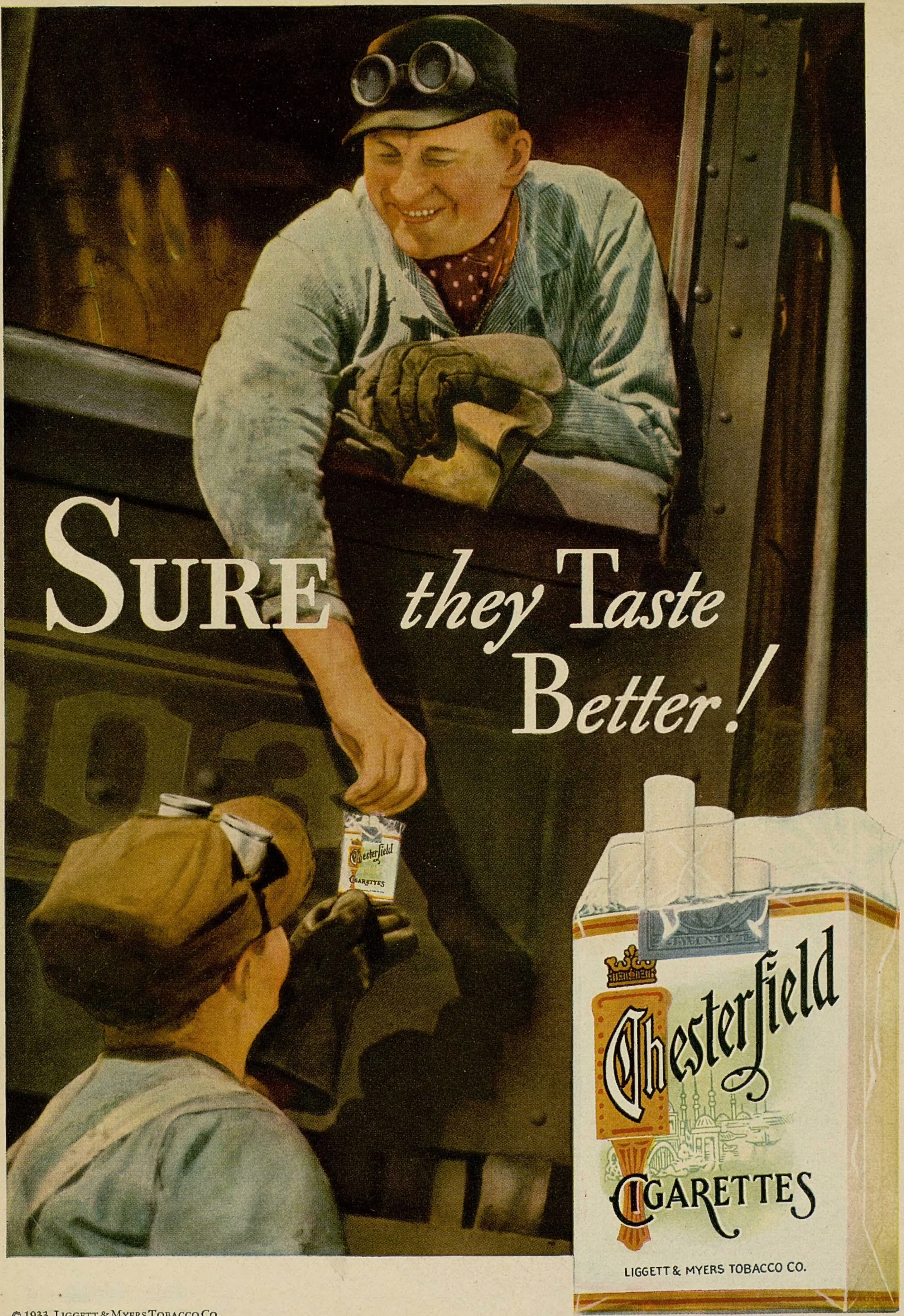
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